"GIVE ME THIS MOUNTAIN"

By

BESSIE HARDIN CHENAULT

Published by

J.C. CHOATE PUBLICATIONS
Winona/Singapore/New Delhi

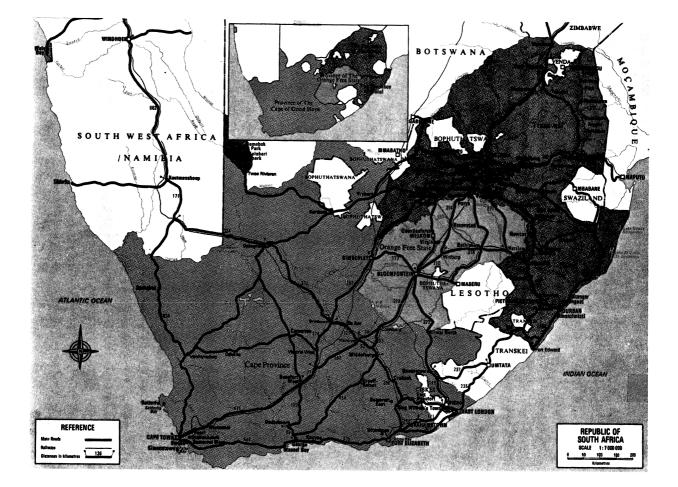
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Printed in U.S.A., 1986 First Printing, 2,000 Copies Typesetting, Kaye Hayes

Order From:

J. C. CHOATE PUBLICATIONS Route 2, Box 156 Winona, Mississippi 38967

Phone: (601) 283-1192



"Give me this mountain." Joshua 14:12

Dedicated to the memory of John Hardin who, with boundless zeal and energy, was always ready to accept a challenge and to climb just a little bit higher for the Lord,

and to our sons: Kent, Don, Brian, Neal, Dale, and Gary, who shared in our South African experience.

FOREWORD

Why Go to South Africa?

The manual for a certain large denomination states that in the Apostolic age, "when there was but 'one Lord, one faith, and one baptism'," or in other words, before there were differing denominations, baptism "was the door into the church." "Now," says the manual, "it is different." (italics are mine.)

The churches of Christ plead with the denominational world to reach back in history, before the reformation movement, before the council of Ravenna that "legalized" sprinkling for baptism, before the apostasy began to divide the body of believers, all the way back to the Apostolic age — there is even now one Lord, one faith, one baptism. The Bible reads the same today as when it was written and our plea is to return to simple "New Testament Christianity."

It is this plea that our missionaries carry into the world, even to places that already have churches of various kinds. Jesus prayed that all believers may be one, "that the world may believe You have sent me."

THE PRICE OF A DIVIDED CHRISTENDOM IS AN UNBELIEVING WORLD

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

I remember that, as a student at Freed-Hardeman College and David Lipscomb College, I heard of the preachers and their various efforts in several African countries. One of those countries was South Africa.

In 1970 I made a study trip through Africa. On reaching Johannesburg, South Africa, I called brother John Hardin in nearby Benoni and he and his sons came to pick me up and took me to their place. This was my first meeting of John, Bessie, and the children.

Later I made side trips to Swaziland and to Mauritius and each time I would come back to the Hardins. I deeply appreciated them and all of the kindness and hospitality they extended to me. I was especially impressed with their work and their dedication to the cause of Christ.

During the past few years I have made three trips to South Africa in connection with the World Literature program we have there, and I have heard the Hardins' name mentioned again and again by the missionaries. In February of this year John Reese and I made a trip to Vendaland to see the church in that area and there also the local brethren spoke highly of the evangelizing brother Hardin had done in years past with the help of a big tent. Because of brother Hardin's efforts, and the work of others who followed, we were told that the church of Christ may very well be the largest religious group in the whole region. But that is not all. Because of the work already done, the opportunities there for the cause of Christ to grow are enormous.

Brother Hardin, of course, has since passed from this life and sister Bessie has married a very fine Christian man

Publisher's Statement

in Abilene, Texas, but the work of the Hardins in South Africa has not been forgotten.

I heard from different sources that sister Bessie was going to write a book about their work in South Africa, so I then wrote her to say that I would like to have the honor of printing it. This book is the end result.

As we all know, South Africa is going through some very difficult times but what that country needs more than anything else is the gospel of Christ. I am hoping that this monumental work will call special attention to this need and will encourage and inspire more workers to go there. If this can be done, I will be more than rewarded for my efforts, and the Hardins' work will live on to the glory of God.

J. C. Choate Winona, Mississippi July 8, 1986

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"I'm a Pilgrim, and I'm a Stranger"

WE LAND AT CAPE TOWN

There is a legend about an old pirate by the name of Ort van Hunks, a Dutchman who had made enough by this means and that to retire and turn honest. He settled in Cape Town with a great fat wife who nagged him constantly. Having a number of strong slaves to do his work for him, he had nothing to do but to lie about, smoking his pipe and thinking of his pirating days. When his wife worried too much about his pipe ash falling onto her polished yellow-wood floors, old van Hunks would climb up to the saddle of land connecting Table Mountain with Devil's Peak, where, on a giant semicircular rock, he could sit and dream.

While dreaming thus one day, a strange little man appeared and revealed that he was the devil, showing van Hunks the forked tail he had concealed inside his trousers. Van Hunks said that it doesn't take a tail to make a devil—you should just see his wife! The devil was sympathetic, and after a bit of conversation the two agreed to a game of dice. As they played, they smoked pipe after pipe of van Hunks' tobacco until the smoke billowed out from among the trees, filled the saddle, covered Devil's Peak, and finally spread all across the top of the great Table Mountain. The burghers in the town below watched it and said, "Table Mountain has spread its cloth for tea." Devil's Peak was named for van Hunks' underworld companion, and ever since, the spectacle has reappeared each summer day whenever the great game has been resumed.

The scientific explanation of the "table cloth" is that the prevailing southeast summer wind picks up a high content of moisture over False Bay, colliding then with the mountains of the peninsula. Thus forced to rise, the moist air drops suddenly in temperature, condensing into a thick white cloud. The top of Table Mountain is exactly the right height for this cloud to roll over it and drape across the other side, disappearing again where the increasing temperature of the lower altitude causes the moisture to dissipate.

Summer is from October to April in the southern hemisphere, so when we drew into the Cape Town Harbor on the morning of August 24, 1949, Table Mountain's cloth was not spread for tea. Instead, the sky was exceptionally clear, just about as blue as it can ever be. The air was so still that there was hardly a ripple on the waters of Table Bay. We hurried out of our cabins onto the deck of the "African Pilot" when we heard the hooting and chugging of the tugboats that had come to nudge us into our berth. This was the doorway to the Union of South Africa.

The Guy Caskeys, the Waymon Millers, and the John Hardins, plus one young South African student, who made up the 12 passengers carried by that freighter, stood by the rail, each person thinking his own private thoughts. The student was home, but the eleven who made up our party were feeling like pioneers venturing into a country as new to us as it had been to the first white settlers who had landed there almost 300 years before.

The children were excited. Kent, our eldest, then 3½, was enthralled by the tugboat, his only previous experience having been one of his favorite books, "Tuffy

the Tugboat." Now here was a real live one! John was busy taking movies. Our sponsoring congregation had given us a 16mm camera so that we could keep a film record of our experiences in the mission field.

This was not quite the southernmost part of the continent: the Cape of Good Hope, a few miles farther south, marks the coming together of the Indian and Atlantic Oceans, and Cape Agulhas to the east is the actual tip of Africa. Table Mountain, however, was the sight that sailors longed to see when they were returning to home ports in Europe after the perilous voyages from the Indies, because they knew they were on the last leg of the journey that would take them to safety and home. Bartholomew Diaz had seen this mountain when he had rounded the Cape with three small ships in 1488. He must have seen those seas in their ugliest mood for he first named it the "Cape of Storms," renaming it the "Cape of Good Hope" upon his return voyage. The Cape! The place where the "Flying Dutchman" is said to be spending eternity trying to round its shores in his spectral ship. Vasco da Gama had sailed past here to become the first to reach the east via the Cape. Antonio de Saldanha had climbed the mountain and was the first to report having seen the two oceans at once. And here it was that Jan van Riebeeck had come, 297 years before, as first commander of the Cape, to found the commercial settlement that would become Cape Town. Legend, romance, struggle, hardship, storms, illness, death, shipwreck, ambition, adventure, hopes, dreams, - all had gone into the history of this place, and now we dared hope to step across its threshold.

Early in 1949, when we decided to go to South

Africa, we read everything we could find in the small library available to us, mainly articles in encyclopedias. Now these are great for compilations of facts and figures. We learned, for instance, that the average annual temperature is between 55 and 65 degrees F, which tells nothing about the bitterly chilly winter nights in Johannesburg or the oppressive humidity of a Durban summer. Reading about gold mines didn't tell us about the agonizing labor of those who work in the tunnels at 120 degrees F, or of the social problems created by the thousands of laborers recruited for this work from all over the country, separated from their families in the homelands. Learning that there were two official languages plus many tribal dialects could not possibly make us understand the difficulties between the various language groups. The facts that we had learned about the country could not tell us what we were going to learn for ourselves during the years to come. Worldwide, South Africa had not yet become as significant as it has since the emergence of third world nations, the intervention of Russia, the threat of communism, and the prominence given to racial Today, South Africa is frequently in the world policies. news. In 1949 it was not so.

Compared to the perilous voyages of many months' duration endured by the early settlers, our 19 days at sea from Savannah to Cape Town were nothing, but we were looking forward to setting foot on dry land. Our first 15 or 16 days had been smooth sailing, but then we began to experience the cape rollers. The surface of the water was not choppy, but enormous swells rolled us first 28 degrees one way, then 28 the other. "Uphill" on deck suddenly became "downhill," and any unsecured articles crashed

from one side to the other. Once, in the dining room, our chairs slid sideways and we found ourselves sitting in front of someone else's dinner.

If anyone were to ask me exactly what I was thinking that morning in the harbor, it would be impossible for me to answer. I was neither afraid nor homesick. I had no doubts as to my ability to adjust to new ways: 4 years of college, 2 years of teaching in a small town, and 26 months in the Women's Army Corps had prepared me to be adaptable. John's nearly 5 years in the army plus his easy-going nature stood him in good stead. We certainly did not have preconceived ideas of what to expect — we were simply on the verge of a great new adventure. There is an old hymn that begins, "I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger." It would have been my theme, no doubt, if I had been thinking of it.

The freighter had not been comfortable. Our bunks had high rims all around, making them unfit for sitting, and all the chairs were hard and straight. We suspected that the captain had usurped for his personal use the area meant to be a passenger lounge as designated on the diagram of the passenger deck. Other freighters at later dates provided us with far greater comfort.

Most passenger decks are made of planking which can be scrubbed; the Pilot had only a steel deck which, upon our first day at sea, was painted with a tarry surface to protect it from the salt water, but it made a poor place for children's games, and their clothes and shoes were nearly ruined. Worst of all was the racket of the power tools being used to chip old paint and rust from the bulkheads, including the outside of our cabins. It was like living in a boiler factory. A zealous first mate, on his first voyage in this

position, was eager to have his ship in A-one condition by the time it returned to home port. The best time to chip paint on a freighter is at sea, for in port, the crew are busy with other things, and so we learned that crews of freighters do not cater to passengers — they endure them.

The five children in our party had survived the restriction to a small area, but the toys and coloring books had lost their appeal. During the days, we had watched thousands of flying fish, and at night we had watched numerous displays of St. Elmo's fire, those "balls" of phosphorescence that can be seen when looking straight down into the churning water near the ship's hull. We had read books, played games, written letters, and sung songs. We'd had daily devotions. We had washed and ironed our clothes. We'd endured mediocre food and even sung "happy birthday" to Naomi Miller with a doughnut for a cake and toothpicks for candles. It had been fun in a way, but we were ready for it to be over. The great day here at last, our suitcases were packed, and we were ready for debarkation.

The freighter's great hatches had been opened and huge cranes were dipping deep into the belly of the ship, bringing out great loads of stuff to be set down on the docks. Customs and immigration officials had set up a table on the deck and were busily processing records and permits for the shipping company. We were certain that we had only to wait our turn and we would be ready to land. But when the immigration officials saw our passports, they were astounded. There were no visas stamped in them! Blank pages! Three missionary families with nothing but blank pages! The whole future suddenly seemed like one

great blank page, just waiting for some handwriting to appear. There are some days that you plan, "Today, I will do thus and so." But on other days, you can only stand there and let happen what may. Six months before, we'd made a big decision. Though led by the Lord, every step of the way thus far had been of our own volition. So certain had we been that we would move unimpeded to our goal of Johannesburg by late August, 1949, that we were unprepared for any possible hindrance. Suddenly the entire outcome of our great adventure was at the mercy of some fellows in uniforms, tut-tutting over blank pages in our passports. It was not one of those days when we could say, "Today, I will do thus and so."

We could not go ashore, so we envisioned remaining on the ship while it made calls to other ports in southern Africa, and returning to the U. S. without ever setting foot on the land to which we had traveled. Someone had given us wrong information. We had been told that a person with an American passport did not need a visa for South Africa. Tourist visas are relatively quick and easy to obtain, but permits to live in another country are usually not. One may most definitely not be within the boundaries of a country while application for a visa is being acted upon. At the time, we could see no good in our predicament, but later, looking back, we could see the hand of the Lord taking us on an unexpected side trip for a special reason.

Not knowing if or when we could land permanently, the men of our party got permission to go ashore to look up the elderly brother and sister Scott, Americans who had been living in Cape Town since 1943, having moved there from their missionary work in Rhodesia for reasons of health.

They had built a home and a small meeting house in Grassy Park and worked with a congregation of colored people. By leaving wives and families aboard as surety that they would not abscond, Guy, Waymon, and John were permitted to go ashore for the evening, and by means of commuter train, bus, and shanks' mare, they managed to reach the Scott's home. They found the elderly couple to be sweet, gentle people, not physically strong, but zealous in the Lord's work and devoted to the people with whom they worked. We were told afterward that the three men had traveled through an area with a high crime rate, with muggings and robberies not at all uncommon, but what they didn't know hadn't hurt them. God watches over his children.

We spent one more night aboard the ship, and on the next day the South African immigration officials contacted Rhodesia on our behalf, obtaining permission for us to go there on tourist visas of six months. We believed that six months would be ample time for South Africa to process our applications, and even thought it could be a matter of just a few weeks. We were given three days in which to be out of South Africa, after which we would be "persona non grata."

On August 25th, the ship's captain handed us slips of paper, 5 inches square, and headed "RELEASE ORDER." Ours stated simply, "PROHIBITED PASSENGER, Mr. J. T. Hardin, wife and two children can be landed from your vessel." The three families so "released," and much relieved, trooped down the gangplank, assisted by colored porters hoping for handsome tips from "rich" Americans. They were speaking English in their Cape Colored accent

which we found hard to understand. Nobody had told us that servants addressed "superiors" as "Master" and "Madame," or "Baas" and "Missis," so when a porter bowed and said, "Yes, Madame," I turned to see whom he was addressing. It was I. "Madame" with the accent on the second syllable.

Once ashore, we were whisked away in taxis careening down the "wrong" side of the street. We knew that the Union, part of the British Commonwealth, held to British ways, including driving on the left side of the road, but one's first experience of it is hair-raising. We had the feeling of going back into another century too, for the buildings at the docks were like pictures I'd seen in some European history book, and some of the cargo was being hauled by huge draft horses pulling great heavy wagons that rumbled over the uneven paving blocks.

Cape Town had been built between the waterfront and the mountains which come close to the sea, and, being an older city, its streets were narrow. Unique as it is in its beauty and its history, Cape Town was not much appreciated by us that day. There was a damp winter chill in the air, and we had no choice but to hurry away as quickly as possible. We were taken to the old Hotel Metropole, expecting to find a warm lobby and heated rooms to cheer us, but instead, we had lesson number one on living without heat. The receptionist had a tiny electric heater directed toward her feet, but we were not able to obtain even such a small bit of comfort for the room. We learned later that in winter one is expected to wear more clothing, layer upon layer. For now, we shivered.

I really wish I could say that during all of this time I

was thrilled with the prospect of being able soon to be about the Lord's work, but I was "Martha, Martha, anxious and troubled about many things." When we stepped into that unheated hotel room and found that the floor was covered with a sticky red substance which we thought to be paint, we began to wonder. The hotel must be very short of rooms to have put us into one that had wet paint on the floor! We discovered that it was not paint but polish, and soon our small boys were getting it all over themselves. Somehow we made it through the dismal afternoon, but in the evening we were cheered by an excellent supper. We put the boys to bed, and soon afterward, we too retired because it was simply too cold to do anything else.

In the morning, the three men went to arrange for our train trip to Rhodesia and to send a telegram to Foy Short in Bulawayo to warn of the descent of 11 wayfaring missionaries upon them. Before lunch, two colored men came to "clean" the room - the cleaning of the floor consisted of more red polish being smeared about and rubbed briefly with a brush and rag. One man made the beds and flicked a feather duster here and there and when the other went to see about the bathroom, I told him that the toilet would not flush. His answer was unintelligible, and very much later he came with a bucketful of water which he poured directly into the pan. What we didn't know was that the drought which had ravaged the area was so severe that the regular flushing mechanisms had been disconnected, the cleansing process limited to one bucketful per day.

The train ride to Bulawayo was to last two days and three nights. Each family was to occupy a separate com-Looking forward to such luxury, we packed partment. our suitcases again, dressed in some of our better clothes, and rode in taxis to the railway station. John and I had traveled a great deal by train in the states, especially during the war years when every piece of rolling stock that could hold together was put into use. We had traveled in Pullmans, but we had also ridden in old day-coaches, sitting bolt upright on scratchy red or green plush seats, without air conditioning, open windows admitting smoke and cinders. Sometimes we had been lucky to have a seat at all. using suitcases in the aisles, or taking turns sitting in seats when people were going to the diner. After the war, the trains had all been the newer variety, air conditioned and as clean as home. But this was the old-fashioned kind of train, and even before we boarded, we saw that the other passengers were wearing older clothes. We soon packed our better things away and dressed more appropriately.

After the close confinement of the ship and the hotel, we did not relish the thought of some 60 hours in a train compartment with two small boys. Kent always enjoyed observing whatever was going on, and he loved trains, but Don was too small to want anything except freedom to explore.

If we had known what we were missing by not seeing any more of Cape Town than the docks, the hotel, and the railway station, we would have been sorely disappointed, but we were leaving a Cape Town that we had not had time to appreciate. We hadn't seen the beautiful valleys, the vinevards, the old Cape Dutch architecture of the early farmhouses or the Castle of Good Hope. We hadn't visited the museums or the observatory, we hadn't heard the symphony or ridden the cable car to the top of Table Mountain. We had no knowledge of the Groote Schuur hospital which had already been there for a long time and would one day become world renowned because of heart transplants done by the Barnard brothers. We had not revelled in the lush Kirstenbosch Botanic Gardens with their 6,000 indigenous species, or read the letter to Rvk Tulbaugh from Linnaeus, famous Swedish botanist in the 18th century, in which he said, "May you be fully aware of your fortunate lot in being permitted by the Supreme Dispenser of events to inhabit, but also to enjoy the sovereign control of that paradise on earth, the Cape of Good Hope which the Beneficent Creator has endowed with His choicest wonders." No, we had been preoccupied with chilly air, red polish, and a great need to hasten away, but in later years we had opportunities to see and appreciate the wonderful things we had to miss the first time around.

Early Cape Town

In the work of the Lord, we do not do things "for credit," but we want to give credit where credit is due. In the case of the earliest work of the church of Christ in South Africa, it is not possible to go back to its very source, but sometime in the very early 1900's, there were members from England, and perhaps from New Zealand, who were meeting and working in Cape Town. Since there was at that time less racial segregation than that which later developed, there were blacks, coloreds and whites assembling together.

Brother T. W. (Tommy) Hartle is the oldest surviving member of the church in $Cape\ Town$ — that is, the oldest in Christian life. Tommy was baptized in 1932. Brother John Manape, a Sotho-speaking black man, who later moved to Pretoria to begin a long and fruitful ministry among his people, is older in years and was baptized in 1924.

Tommy Hartle wrote this to me in answer to my request for information: "I was about 8 years old, (I am now 71) and can clearly remember that the church of Christ was in existence already, then meeting at 84 Short-market Street, Cape Town. It was then, I understand, about 300 strong in membership." (This was about 1919-1920).

A brother John Havelock often visited the Hartle home in Observatory, Tommy's parents being among those who attended the services of the church. The founder of the congregation was probably a brother H. W. Machan, and other names among the early members and workers were

brethren Stephens, Hollis, McCruden, and Havelock. Since Tommy's only source of information is his memory from boyhood times, there could have been other names, and perhaps earlier ones. There was no full-time preacher among them, but all who were capable were used in the preaching and teaching. Brother Sheriff, who did a great deal in the Rhodesias, was in Cape Town in about 1930 to 1932.

After the congregation moved from Short-market Street, they met at 70 Loop Street, and finally at the present Woodstock building on Church Street, obtained in 1940. In addition, open-air meetings were held at the top of Adderly Street, near the entrance to the Botanical Gardens, and at a venue named "Exchange Place." It was at an open-air service at that latter place where brother Hartle gave his heart to the Lord after listening to a sermon by brother Stephens. Tommy wrote, ". . . Exchange Place — THAT name is still up there, and when I pass down Adderly Street and see the name, memories go back, how my parents used to take me there Sunday evenings."

Young men of the congregation held open-air services at Grand Parade, opposite Cape Town City Hall, on Sunday afternoons. As time passed, the work expanded, and a congregation was formed at Claremont, later moving to Lansdowne where a building was erected, the name of brother Christians being the outstanding one. There were services held for some time in a hired hall and in a private home in Wynberg, some of those members later going over to the church started by the George Scotts at Grassy Park in 1943.

At an age when many people are thinking of retiring,

brother and sister George Scott decided to go into mission work, either in China or a British colony in Africa. The China door closed, so they went to Africa, landing in late 1927 and making the long trek overland to Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia. There they remained for 5 years at Sinde Mission, working with Shorts, Merritts and Lawyers. They adopted three white children and two black children to raise with their daughter, Helen Pearl. (The adopted daughter, Augusta, grew up and married Orville Brittell and lived in Sinde for many years. Helen Pearl married Dow Merritt whose first wife had died of cancer. Dow and Helen Pearl worked for many years in Northern Rhodesia, particularly at Kabanga.)

Scotts worked at Namwianga, Kabanga, and Livingstone, and in 1943, due to sister Scott's health, they moved to Cape Town, giving their Namwianga Home property to the adjoining Namwianga Mission. In Cape Town, they bought property in Grassy Park, built a home, started a school and erected a church hall. By this time brother Scott was 70 years of age. Helen Pearl tells about their first having services in the garage which would hold 20 or 30 people, and the hall built by brother Scott would hold up to 75 while the garage was used for Bible study. There were plans drawn up for a bigger building, but brother Scott died before its completion in 1955.

Helen Pearl recalls with affection how her dad visited people all over Grassy Park. When he got so he could no longer trudge over the dunes, he got a car and hired a man to drive it and take him around. Then when he got so he couldn't visit, the people would come by to visit him. He would ask about everyone, and if there were someone who

had been missing the services, he would try to get some of the brethren to visit and restore the wandering ones.

Sister Scott's work in Cape Town was mostly with children. She taught them Bible and organized programs with songs, poems, and plays for the enjoyment of all in the neighborhood. She was a hospitable lady, with a steady stream of mealtime guests and visitors who stayed for days at a time. In July, 1955, during a visit to Kabanga, she was called back to Cape Town to assist with the church building plans and became quite ill. In December, she succumbed, and John and Leonard Gray traveled from Port Elizabeth to conduct the funeral.

The work of the Scotts will live on in South Africa and in the places where they and their children have gone.

It was to the Grassy Park home and church building of the Scotts that Miller, Caskey, and Hardin made their visit from the "African Pilot" in Cape Town Harbor in August, 1949. On that occasion, the threads of the early work in Cape Town began to be woven together with the threads of the work done as a result of our arrival in South Africa, and with the passing of the years and much labor by many people, the tapestry of the Lord's church is still in the lengthy process of taking shape.

Stories of the more recent development of the churches in Cape Town appear later in these chapters.

Cape Town to Bulawayo

"ALL ABOARD SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS TO BULAWAYO"

South African trains are smaller than American trains, and the tracks a much narrower gauge. The sound of the whistle is extremely shrill, like the whistles you hear in British movies. Boarding a South African train was always somewhat of a ceremony. First one searched the notice board for the compartment assignment, and when the correct one was found, luggage was handed in through the windows by porters on the platform. Most passengers would be seen off by friends and relatives who stood on the platform, talking to the departing ones who leaned out the windows, while the steam engine hissed impatiently. Soon an alarm bell would sound on the platform, late-comers would come on the run, doors would bang shut, and then that piercing whistle would announce that the time had come. Slowly the train would begin to glide away to a chorus of goodbyes and totsiens from passengers and well-wishers alike. Some passengers would continue to lean out of the windows, waving handkerchiefs, until the last person on the platform was out of sight. Then everyone would turn to their compartments, to inspect the little areas assigned to them.

We'd already had our supper in Cape Town, and night had fallen. We closed our windows against the chill night air and sat down on the two padded, leather-covered benches, facing one another in such a way that someone had to ride backward. As I sat down I noticed an artistic monogram etched on each of the windows: a wreath, a springbok's head, and some lettering. On one of the windows the lettering was "SAS" and on the other "SAR". This was our first encounter with bilingual signs: "SAS" for "Suid-Afrikaanse Spoorweg" and "SAR" for "South African Railways."

Before long, a steward came to prepare our beds. Upper berths were lowered like padded shelves, folding down from the walls, while the lowers were the seats on which we had been sitting. On each, the steward simply opened a bedroll consisting of two sheets, two blankets, and a pillow. The two boys were to sleep, one on each end of a lower berth, John in the upper above them, and I on the other lower. We tucked the boys into bed, placing suitcases next to little Don so he wouldn't roll onto the floor. With nothing else to do, John and I turned in. The bunks were narrow and hard, and the bedding smelled of the strong blue soap that was always used for laundry in those pre-detergent days. Blue soap plus coal smoke! If I were to smell that combination today, I would be reminded of that very train.

The movement of the train was sometimes jerky, probably because we were climbing. Much of Southern Africa is a great plateau, so once leaving the coastal area, there are mountains to be climbed. At least one and perhaps two extra engines were added to help us up and over. John, on his narrow upper berth expressed the hope that some particularly violent jerk would not throw him onto the floor. John read for a while, and then I heard his familiar snoring, but I could neither get comfortable, nor concentrate on reading. As I lay there, wide-eyed, I was reviewing in my mind the chain of circumstances that had

brought us to this compartment on this train in this country on the continent of Africa. Much of life is a web woven of circumstances, coincidences, and decisions. Even the way in which John and I had met - and nearly didn't meet - was such a near miss that I wonder at it even now. If it were not for the fact that a PFC from John's office at the Fourth Bomber Command in San Francisco remembered talking to me when I was a WAC at McChord Field, working in the post library, we may never have been introduced that day in the mess hall of the Fourth Air Force. If I had never met John, I may never have heard of the church of Christ. As a Lutheran attending Gustavus Adolphus College, I had taken active part in the campus missionary society, and at one time I wrote a play about missionaries in Africa which a group of us presented for fund-raising purposes, but in the WAC I had become lax about church because it was so inconvenient to To meet a soldier who was a faithful Christian was attend. surprising to me, and we soon attended nearly every service together. That was early in 1944. In May I was immersed. In November of the same year we were married, but the war was still on, and it was only when it ended nearly a year later that we could make a home for ourselves. We'd gone to John's old home town, Ponca City, Oklahoma, living in a small apartment with baby Kent, John returning to his old job at Continental Oil.

Life in Ponca City wasn't quite the same for John any more. He had seen more of the world, and pushing a pencil for an oil company was no longer life's answer. One day Jack Fogarty, who had been doing missionary work in the northeast, spoke to the church in Ponca City, and from that date we began to think that we ought to be missionaries.

Service men during World War II had been all over the world and had seen the need for the spread of the gospel. But John was already 32, and had been hindered from getting a college education, first by the depression, and then by the war. Since the age of 17, he had always led singing and had taught many Bible classes, but he had preached only a handful of sermons, so he feared that there would be no opportunities for him. Then he received a call from the church in Waxahachie, Texas, to be their song director and associate minister. After two years, the church in Altus, Oklahoma, invited him there in the same capacity. Because Altus had supported Claude Guild in the northwest, and because Claude and John thought they might eventually help us to go that way, he accepted the invitation. We moved to Altus in June of 1948. Don was a month old, and Kent was two and a half.

It was at lunch time one day in the next February that John brought home a bulletin from the church in Cleburne, Texas. The heading on the front page was, "DOES THIS INTEREST YOU?" The Cleburne church was going to sponsor three preachers and a song leader to go to South Africa, to preach first to the white population of that country. Guy Caskey and Eldred Echols were two of the preachers to go. The third preacher and the song leader were yet to be selected. "Does this interest you?" John and I looked at each other across the table. There were no bells ringing or flags waving, but each of us read a "Yes" in the other's eyes.

John's tryout was to lead the singing for one of the ACC lectureship sessions in Sewell Auditorium. A week later, he was notified by letter that he had been chosen. It

was as short and simple as that: a bulletin, a couple of letters, a tryout. A web of circumstances and a decision — all to be woven into the years to come on the mission field.

For 18 months now there had been a gospel radio broadcast from the Lourenco Marques station in Mozambique, the recorded lessons being preached by Reuel Lemmons, then of Cleburne. Responses had come in from all over southern Africa. Correspondence indicated that there were people who wanted to know more about the simple story of the gospel and the restoration of the church as it was in the New Testament times. Foy Short in Rhodesia was taking care of this correspondence and sending printed copies of the sermons each week. Some were taking correspondence courses put out by the Lawrence Avenue church of Christ in Nashville.

Sometime during the wee hours, after tossing and turning and thinking of all these things, I finally fell asleep. It was still dark when I awakened to check on the children. Kent was blissfully asleep. Don was nowhere to be seen. I called to John and we searched for that blue-pajamaed boy, finally finding him in the farthest corner, under my bunk. Pajamas and boy were now all one color — coal-dust grey.

About daylight, a steward knocked sharply on our compartment door, and without waiting for a reply from us, he slid the door open with a clatter and deposited a tray of coffee on our fold-down table. We had not yet learned to like the strong chicory blend, but it was hot and sweet so we drank it. The noise had wakened the boys, and by the time daylight came and we could see where we were, the steward removed the bedrolls and folded the upper berth against the wall. There was a wash basin in the compartment, so John

shaved and we cleaned up a bit.

Breakfast was our first meal in the diner, and we were delighted to learn that food on South African trains was outstanding. The stewards were well trained, and the service was excellent. There was no catering service such as that used by modern airlines. There were no frozen foods, and there were many miles between places where supplies could be obtained, so we admired the expertise with which the chefs could produce multiple-course meals in such confined space on a swaying train.

Passing through the mountains at night, we had missed the scenic part of the journey. Now we were traveling through the Karroo, a semi-arid region of the Cape Province. Winter is the dry season there, so everything was brown. Population being sparse, there were no towns of any size until we got to Kimberley, but the train stopped at each little "dorp" and siding along the way. Guy estimated that by the time we got to Bulawayo, we had stopped 130 times, or on the average of once every 10 miles. Kimberley is the famous diamond city, but trains do not go through scenic areas of cities, nor do they go out of their way to show passengers the historic sights, so we saw nothing except the railway station. Our route took us through a portion of Bechuanaland, later called Botswana, and several times we saw some small game, but mostly we saw mile after mile of dry red soil and sparse bush.

The second day of our journey was Sunday, so the very first service that we held in South Africa was in one of the train compartments. During our ocean voyage, we had held daily devotional sessions which included songs of the children's choice. Once Judy Caskey, age 5, asked for the

"Gravy song." Asked for explanation, Judy said, "You know, 'Up from the gravy rose'." Since the "Gravy song" was a popular choice, it may well have been on the program that day on the train. Ever since leaving Ft. Worth, we had carried our small cans of grape juice and our package of unleavened bread so that we could hold our services, whether on land or sea.

NEW FRIENDS AND A "CUPPA"

When at last the train pulled into the Bulawayo station at 8:30 Monday morning, we were met by Eldred Echols, Foy Short, Foy's father, W. N. Short, down from Northern Rhodesia, as well as Leonard Bailey and Gladys Claasen of the Bulawayo congregation.

Our feet were at last on solid ground, and these people were going to help us by seeing to our immediate needs, which were as much psychological and emotional as they were physical. No longer were we in the hands of ship's officers, taxi drivers, hotel people, immigration officers, and railway employees, but instead we were with loving Christians. The first thing they did for us was to have us out for tea. "Tea" is a great British custom, and we soon discovered that Rhodesians and South Africans probably drink more tea than the British in Britain. Any occasion is a good excuse for a "cuppa." In fact, no occasion is needed at all other than waking up in the morning, breakfast, morning break, lunch, afternoon break, supper, bedtime, any old time. is bad manners not to serve a cup of tea to callers. Tea is a symbol of hospitality. If you are badly received somewhere, you might say that you were not even offered so much as a cup of tea.

Hot tea served with milk was a new experience for our taste buds, but we accepted the steaming cups with interest. We were in Foy and Margaret Short's living room and as I sat back in my chair, I looked around. The room was simply furnished but tasteful and cheerful, with homey floral chintz curtains at the windows and red polish on the floor. It had been rubbed to a deep gloss, and only a little of it clung to the soles of my shoes (I sneaked a look).

Foy explained the construction of his house and those in the immediate neighborhood. Built to house a large number of middle class workers at a time when building materials were in short supply, the walls were of earth tamped into forms. When dry, they were fairly hard but subject to chipping if bumped with heavy articles. The walls were not smooth, but with their uneven construction, had a pleasant "cottagey" feel. Wood was scarce and expensive, and also subject to termites, so most floors were cement. Thus the need for a finish, and therefore the red polish. I noticed that the legs of the furniture had some polish smeared on them, as much as two or three inches above floor level, the result of "house boys" being careless when wielding polish rags, and this became a common sight everywhere.

Foy and Margaret had acquired the British accent and expressions. Americans express 2:30 as "two-thirty," but Margaret said "Hahf pahst" two. When they passed some candy, they called it "sweets," and when Margaret asked Foy to attend to something, he answered, "I'll do it just now." We waited for him to act upon his promise, and noticed that it was 10 or 15 minutes before he did so. "Just now," we learned, meant an indefinite time in the

near future, but to us Americans, "just now" was the immediate past. The very immediate future is "now now."

Among Christians there are no strangers. The Shorts were Americans while the Baileys were British Rhodesians and the Claasens were of Afrikaans origin, the family having come from South Africa. It was arranged that for the first few days, at least, the Millers were to stay with the Claasens and the Caskeys with the Baileys while we Hardins were to occupy the downstairs flat of the Philip Hadfields who were away on holiday. Soon the Caskeys and Millers moved to a residential hotel, and we were provided with several rooms on the second floor of the great stone house belonging to Doug Hadfield.

TEMPORARY HOME IN A STRANGE LAND

Soon after our arrival in Bulawayo, the boys and I had come down with severe colds and I could speak only in a whisper. Winter had not quite released its grip, and there was no heater. The cement floors with the inevitable red polish, well rubbed to a shine each day by the house boy, were cold on the feet.

For several weeks, we were unable to obtain cars and had to depend on others for transportation. There was a fair bus service, but we were staying half a mile beyond the last bus stop, so bringing home groceries presented a challenge. Verna Hadfield helped us with our first shopping trip which began with a walk of half a mile, pushing the two boys in a borrowed pram which was left at the home of a friend of Verna's while we made the bus trip to town.

We opened an account at a department store called "Haddon and Sly," (I believe it is still there), and since

supermarkets were yet unknown, we shopped like grandma used to do, ordering each item from the assistant who put together our order. Each item was entered by hand and the column of figures added without the benefit of either an adding machine or a calculator. Eventually the transaction was completed. All of the stores closed at lunch time so we went to a restaurant for something to eat. By this time, Don was wanting nothing at all except a nap, and he began to cry. We were doing our best to pacify him with tasty tidbits and love when a waitress came and said in an unfriendly fashion, "If you can't make the child be quiet, will you please take him outside!" I was mortified, and in fact I nearly joined Don is his wailing. We had walked all that way, ridden a bus, shopped under trying new circumstances. I was far from home, in a new country, had no way to get my child home in a hurry, and now this humiliation! Luckily, Don decided that some of the food on my plate was worth his attention.

Our food purchases were determined largely by the effect of the prolonged drought. Fresh meat was scarce and of poor quality; the only cattle being butchered were either cows that no longer gave milk or oxen that could no longer pull a load. Cattle were in such poor condition that the cows could not calve. Fresh vegetables were non-existent, and the best we could do was to buy dehydrated ones that came sealed in cans: cauliflower, pumpkin, carrots and green beans. Potatoes were scarce but macaroni was available, and with wheat being imported, bread was plentiful. The diet became starch-heavy, and so did we.

Spring soon brought mild days and the boys could enjoy being outdoors, but there was no relief from the drought and the red soil was a fine powder. The gardener did his best to keep some things alive by carrying all used water from the house, pouring it carefully where it would do the most good despite the rimey deposits left on the surface of the soil by the soap scum and grease. Bath water which had already been shared by all the family was scooped from the tub and carried out. The goose necks had been removed from the wash basins and buckets placed underneath to catch every drop of water that had been used for hand washing and shaving. The well was nearly dry and the large rain water tank was kept locked to protect the rapidly dwindling supply. In the city, meters were monitored, residents being limited to a certain number of gallons per day per person, with heavy fines being imposed upon those who exceeded the limit.

Our boys enjoyed being with the gardener as he worked, especially since he didn't mind taking off from his tasks to give them rides in the wheelbarrow. Two dogs, one a Dachshund named "Boerewors" (the Afrikaans word for "sausage"), gave the children pleasure, and none of them seemed to mind the red dust which soon permeated hair and clothing.

Eventually we three families were able to obtain cars which had to be imported from Britain. There was little choice available, especially since we had to have cars which South Africa would permit us to bring across the border, should the day ever come that we would have our visas. We all bought 1949 Vauxhalls, a British General Motors product, small and supposedly economical to operate, and a far cry from the American cars we had been used to driving.

The congregation with which we met had a small

building in Colenbrander Avenue in Bulawayo. Jessie Lee, Naomi and I dressed for services in the typical American way - in our "Sunday best," with hats matching our outfits. One wears one's best for the worship of God - that had always been our American way of thinking. We noticed that other ladies were dressed rather drably, their dresses and hats indicating several seasons' wear, and we learned shortly that they considered it inappropriate to dress in one's best when going to worship, for that would make a lady think of her clothes instead of her God, and also, if any poor were present, they would be made to feel in-Best clothing was reserved for theater and social occasions, and hats were worn to worship because that was what ladies were supposed to do, not because they were the fashionable finish to one's outfit. These are worthwhile considerations, but we probably didn't think so at the time. It takes a while to understand different customs.

Visas, visas, visas! Would we ever get them! How long must we wait! Certain that our sojourn in Rhodesia was to be brief and would end shortly upon receipt of the coveted rubber stamps in our passports, we simply did not know what to settle down to or attempt to accomplish. If we had known that we were going to wait eight months, we would doubtless have set out a program of work, helping at one mission point or another. Eldred Echols returned to the work he had been doing, spending the time at Nhowe Mission, but the other three men found themselves at loose ends. Guy and Waymon had always preached twice every Sunday and performed all the numerous duties of ministers of large congregations. John had taught Bible classes,

directed singing, worked with the youth, printed bulletins, and done a lot of visitation work. So everyone found time on their hands and little direction for their energies. Even at the Colenbrander congregation, there were few opportunities for preaching, for they used the mutual ministry system with every man having a turn in the pulpit, whether a good, bad, or indifferent speaker. It was an ideal time to make a trip to Northern Rhodesia and visit Namwianga and Sinde Missions. (Northern Rhodesia has since been renamed "Zambia," and Southern Rhodesia is now "Zimbabwe," but I am calling them what they were called during the times of our experiences there.)

MAKERS OF HISTORY

History was not my specialty, so my knowledge of the Rhodesias and of South Africa was pitifully small. Even to me though, the story of David Livingstone was familiar. At Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, we were to be near the famous Victoria Falls which he "discovered" in 1855. Discovered, as far as the knowledge of the western world was concerned, but known by its own people throughout the generations of its unwritten history. The picturesque town of Livingstone is named after that famous explorer of "Dr. Livingstone-I-presume" fame, and the mighty Victoria Falls are named after Queen Victoria who ruled the British Empire as it rose to its greatest heights. The falls are on the great Zambezi River, fourth largest river on the continent, 1600 miles in length and draining half a million square miles of land, dividing Northern from Southern Rhodesia, or Zambia from Zimbabwe.

The name "Rhodesia" calls to mind the story of the

man for whom the colonies were named. Cecil John Rhodes. Born in England in 1853, his education had been limited to grammar school. Threatened by tuberculosis, he went to South Africa where the sunny climate restored his health, and in Kimberlev he made a fortune in the diamond mines within the space of two years. Barely 20 years of age, he went on to do studies at Oxford University, making several voyages between Cape Town and England. At the same time, he was responsible for combining most of the diamond mining into the DeBeers Consolidated Mines. controller of most of the diamonds produced in the world. Driven by consuming ambition, he was elected to the Assembly of the Cape of Good Hope, where he exercised a powerful influence in the advancement of Great Britain, enforcing the annexation of Bechuanaland and bringing about the surrender of the lands of the Matabele tribe to that burgeoning empire.

Made premier of the Cape Colony in 1890, Rhodes planned the great Cape-to-Cairo railroad and was busy planning for the day when the British Empire would control all These policies accelerated confronof southern Africa. tation with the Afrikaans people, the Boers whose South African roots preceded any British settlements in that part of the world by more than 150 years. Rhodes was in Kimberley when the Boer War broke out and finally succumbed to tuberculosis before peace returned. The name of Cecil Rhodes lives on in fame or in infamy, depending upon who is writing the history books. Haters of British imperialism blame him, lovers of Britain laud him, but whichever way you look at it, Rhodes made large footprints on the sands of time. His name lives on in the

Rhodes scholarships derived from the fund which he set up at Oxford University.

At the time when Namwianga, Sinde, Nhowe, and Kabanga missions were built up, the Rhodesias were part of the British Commonwealth as was the Union of South Africa. Southern Rhodesia had a representative assembly and was further advanced economically than Northern Rhodesia, having a larger proportion of white settlers and several cities of fair size. Northern Rhodesia, far greater in area, had fewer settlers and was governed by an appointed executive council.

Much could be said about the colonization of primitive areas. The American people had their experience which culminated in the Revolutionary War, white colonists against white Britain. The Rhodesia story was not the same. No doubt the white British rule brought the black people advantages they would never have known otherwise: a certain amount of education, job opportunities and training, improved housing, improved medical care, and of course, missionaries. There is no knowing how long they may otherwise have remained in their primitive state with no written language, no formal education, no medical knowledge other than the herbs, spells, and incantations of the witch doctors, and no Christianity. Lifted partly out of their primitive state, they were yet denied the opportunities to rise to equal status with the colonists. Such a situation can continue for a limited time, creating an upper class who control the politics and economy, and a "servant" class of lesser status. The history of the world proves that this kind of situation cannot continue indefinitely.

These were the Rhodesias to which we came in 1949,

and in the years that followed, we saw the struggles which ultimately brought forth the two independent nations of Zambia and Zimbabwe. Yet independence is a hollow word when there is a lack of political and economic stability, and the fate of these nations, amid the upsurge of communism on much of the African continent still hangs in the balance.

In a letter dated September 26, 1949, written from Namwianga Mission, John wrote this: "Another trip, another country, new adventures. We left Bulawayo last Tuesday at 3 p. m. and arrived in Kalomo Wednesday around 2:30 p. m. . . . another slow trip; they just don't make their engines big enough to make any time over rough country, and the fact that they stop at every little place along the way slows them down too. We passed over the Zambezi River by Victoria Falls but were disappointed with the falls. Being an exceptionally dry season, hardly any water was flowing and all we saw were deep chasms. At Livingstone, sister Brittell and her youngest daughter were at the station as were Guy Caskey and Eldred Echols who had preceded us by a week.

"We new arrivals had to see the immigration officials to enter Northern Rhodesia, although the officials in Bulawayo had told us our American passports were all that would be necessary. We were at it so long, we asked if the train would leave without us. 'No,' they said, 'it won't leave until we tell them to'. Well, we had hardly gotten out of their office 'til the train started up. I started running for it when sister Brittell yelled at me. She had Kent and Mary Lee Miller. I grabbed Kent and shoved him through a window to Bessie, who had put Don down fast. Then I

ran and stepped onto the coach. Waymon Miller also grabbed his girl and did the same thing. Guy David Caskey had to be pulled on by Waymon, and then we found that sister Caskey and Judy Lee were still off. I had visions of the train leaving them, when it slowed down and stopped."

Kalomo (a word which means "cattle") was, and still is, after all these years, a very small town. Besides the station, we saw about 2 or 3 houses, a couple of stores, a tiny hotel (mostly a bar), and a post office, so we felt as if we had just about come to the end of everywhere. Namwianga itself is a few miles out of Kalomo and consists of several hundred acres, mostly grassland. At that time, the W. N. Shorts, the A. B. Reeses, the Alvin Hobbys, the J. C. Reeds, and sister Myrtle Rowe were living there. Buildings on the mission, in addition to homes of the missionaries, were the school, the church building, and housing for the black children who attended as boarding students.

Our fears that three families descending upon these busy people would be too much of an imposition were soon put to rest. Namwianga being as remote as it was, there were few visitors, and certainly none stopping there on the way to somewhere else, so we were welcomed with open arms. These missionaries had made the best of things by dint of extremely hard work. They had made their own sun-dried brick and built their own homes. Their password had to have been "improvise or do without." With no modern conveniences, they lived much as I'd always pictured my own grandparents having done many years before. Missionaries in the 40's had no work funds such as today's missionaries expect to have assured for them before they even depart from the states, so building of facilities and all other forms of material

progress consisted of much "making do," waiting for time to save up a bit of cash here and there for the most needed improvements.

The Hardin family stayed in the home of the Reeses. With wide eaves to protect the mud-brick walls, the construction was sturdy and practical. We soon noticed that the rooms had no ceilings, and we could look up into the rafters and the under-side of the corrugated asbestos roofing. Other houses were unceiled as well, either because there was no money for making ceilings, or because of the improved circulation of air. Privacy was somewhat lessened, but we merely spoke more softly. We simply could not imagine how long and hard our pioneer missionaries had labored to construct their homes, and with what shortages and high costs they had struggled.

World War II had ended only four short years before. From 1939, there had been almost no imports available to the Rhodesians, and even after four years of peace, almost everything was in short supply. Therefore, any car at all was practically a luxury, an old-fashioned pump so much better than drawing water hand-over-hand from a well, and hand-made furniture of any sort at all an improvement over sitting on the ground. When we arrived for our 1949 visit, we were not aware of the amount of hard work that had gone into the facilities in which we found our missionaries living and laboring.

The Shorts had gone to Rhodesia 27 years before we first met them there. The very first American missionaries to arrive in the "bush" out of Livingstone, they had moved their luggage from the railway siding via sledge, dragged by oxen over trails through the tall grass and thornbush. Their

first home was a mud hut, the windows and door covered with burlap. As we sat in their comparatively modern house at Namwianga in 1949, we listened by the hour to stories of their earlier experiences. Their photograph albums, filled with black and white snapshots, taken with an old-fashioned Brownie camera, were as interesting as any movie or colored slide report of a mission field that we might have seen anywhere.

When they obtained their first car, a Model T Ford, missionary work seemed ready to progress at a faster pace, but, explained brother Short, "We spent half our time sitting by the side of the road repairing tires and inner tubes." Each trip was certain to be plagued with one or more flat tires. "Roads" were mere trails, and in the rainy season, one was certain to sink into mud up to the axles.

The Shorts were caught in Rhodesia when the great depression of the early 30's struck. All but \$25 per month of their support was dropped, and there was no way that they could get the money to travel back to their home in Oklahoma. They had some cattle, they planted gardens, and brother Short built Scotch carts, two-wheeled vehicles drawn by donkeys or oxen, and sold them wherever he could. Now by the time 1949 had arrived, they felt that they were well fixed.

Namwianga's principal activity was the school at which all the regular secular subjects were taught in addition to Bible. The church building was a hub of activity as well, with daily chapel services and the usual Sunday worship and Bible study. Many of the students were converted as they became old enough to understand the gospel, and eventually there were many who went into surrounding areas as

teachers, taking the gospel with them. The missionaries visited these schools and churches in the out-lying areas as frequently as possible.

The missionaries at Namwianga and the other missions were devoted to the Lord and to their labors. Thousands of miles from their supporting congregations, without any personal contact with their elders other than letters, they were self-starters, seeing for themselves the needs and going about whatever it took to fulfill them. It went far beyond working to earn a paycheck, it was serving the Lord with wholeness of heart.

Mid-mornings and mid-afternoons were tea times — that old English custom adopted by Americans in an English colony. It was the month of October, sometimes called "suicide month" because the heat is unbearable before the beginning of the rainy season of the summer, but those steaming cups of sweet tea with milk were ever popular. We were used to drinking icy cold drinks in hot weather, but there were no refrigerators in Namwianga, and we were assured that hot tea really had a cooling effect. The hot drink made one perspire, and the evaporation of the perspiration made one feel cool. At least that was their theory. With my metabolism or whatever, hot tea only made me hotter, but I did learn to like the taste of it.

One day as we were having tea with the Reeses, a fly fell into brother Reese's cup. He took his spoon and dipped out a spoonful of the tea along with the offending insect, then continued to drink his tea. Noticing that we had observed the little incident, he asked us if we could tell the difference between an Englishman, a Rhodesian, and a Scotchman. Of course we didn't know, so he

explained, "If a fly falls into an Englishman's tea, he asks for another cup. If one falls into a Rhodesian's tea, he dips it out as I did. If one falls into a Scotchman's cup, he reaches in for the fly, wrings it out, and then drinks his tea." Although I remained in the Englishman's category as regarding flies, I had to learn to be less squeamish about insect life, for we were to live for many years in houses without screens.

The Hobby family, with their 5 young children, were sweetly devoted people. Each child had been assigned responsibilities which were carried out beautifully, right down to the smallest toddler. Brother Hobby was a serious-minded sort of fellow, quiet and unassuming. He always excused himself at exactly 9 o'clock from whatever was going on so that he could go to bed on schedule, and be rested and ready to arise on the dot of his appointed hour in the morning. Unusual as his habit seemed to those of us who were less regimented, we had to admire this diligent man who has accomplished a great deal of work for the Lord, especially in translating the scriptures into the local dialects. The Hobbys and sister Myrtle Rowe, a widow, had first arrived in Namwianga in 1938. Sister Rowe's book, Silhouettes of Life, tells of her experiences in the mission field. The only other books about any of our mission work in the Rhodesias are, The Dew Breakers, by Dow Merritt, and, Mother of Eighty, a compilation of sister Augusta Brittell's letters written from Sinde Mission to friends and relatives in the states. There is so much more that could be told, but perhaps our pioneer missionaries were so busy doing the work that they never took the time to write about it.

One of the perils of a long, rainless winter is fire. Sometimes the black people set the grasslands alight,

believing that it is good for the land. It is true that the first green shoots that appear in Spring are on burnt-over areas, but this is a doubtful benefit. On a Sunday afternoon, just as we were finishing our dinner with the J. C. Reed family, word came that there was a big grass fire threatening to get out of hand on mission property. With no fire department within a hundred miles or so, fire fighting was naturally a do-it-yourself job, so the missionaries rounded up some of the bigger school boys and all went to the scene of the blaze.

In a letter written to his parents, John wrote: "They broke off branches from the trees and beat the fire with them . . . The black boys didn't know how to work together, and needed someone to keep them working. In fact, they don't care if the grass does burn, so we had a hard time with our spot. We would almost get it out and then the wind would come up and we'd lose all our advantage. Finally, however, we all concentrated at the up-wind end and gradually beat it out until we ran it into a creek bed where it couldn't burn. I had my movie camera along and got the first pictures of grass fire any on this mission had taken."

John was teased about taking pictures in order to get out of doing some of the fire-fighting, but all agreed that the pictures were worth while. The last part of the film was of all the boys who had helped, and one of them spoke up and said, "We be famous in America now." He figured that their picture would be shown over there, as indeed it was.

We had thought that Namwianga was the end of everywhere, but we learned that the Dow Merritt family lived in Kabanga, another 50 miles away, really the end, for even the road ended there. By comparison, Kalomo with its half dozen buildings was the big city. We did not visit Kabanga at this time, but the Merritts came to Namwianga to visit us. Helen Pearl Merritt is the daughter of sister Ottis Scott whom our menfolk had met in Cape Town. Her father was Roy Scott who died before his daughter was born. Ottis later married Roy's brother George who became Helen Pearl's "wonderful papa", as she calls him. From the first time I met her, I have always thought that Helen Pearl is one of the sweetest Christians, with a perpetual smile playing around the edges of her mouth as if she is thinking beautiful thoughts.

REFLECTIONS FROM THE PRESENT

There is one main reason why these early missionaries accomplished what they did and still managed to live happily and successfully under trying, primitive conditions. It is because they saw the need of being where they were, and when they went to work, it was with the idea of making it their home for a long time. It was looked upon as a lifetime proposition, not a two or three-year stint. Surely there is good to be done in two or three years, but it is really only at the end of that amount of time that missionaries have become acclimatized, have come to know the customs and the thinking of the people, and can begin to do more effective work.

There is a certain aura of adventure and even glamor surrounding missionaries, especially when they make their visits "back home". Once, when I was a small child in the Lutheran church in which I was raised, a missionary family were visiting, and the lady spoke to the Sunday school children, telling us fascinating stories of interesting people in far away places. Missionaries, I thought, must be nearly perfect people, floating on a sort of sanctified cloud, doing wonderful things for grateful people who were always happy to hear about Jesus and lived happily ever after. Perhaps all returning missionaries tend to relate the success stories and the outstanding incidents rather than the daily routines and the frequent disappointments.

The truth about missionary work is that it is just that — Work! It is a vocation, not a vacation. It occupies one's thoughts and activities every waking moment of the days and nights. It can be thrilling and it can be discouraging. It can be trying and it can be rewarding, but it is never easy. Paul knew that when he admonished the Ephesians in chapter 4:1 to "walk worthy of the vocation."

In October, 1949, we were beginning to realize how hard missionaries sometimes work. There had been no missionary courses that we could have studied – those were written later. Earlier missionaries simply got fired up and went! We bungled things at times, and we either got discouraged and went home or stayed with it and made a go of it. This was one of the branches of SHK, or the School of Hard Knocks with a major in the school of experience. On the mission field, you deal with humans, just as in the church anywhere; humans with their faults and foibles. The newly converted are The unconverted are human. human. And, believe it or not, missionaries are human and have their problems too. It's a wonderful life, but it isn't heaven on earth.

Many years after the fact, as I sit in Abilene, Texas,

recalling 1949, I think of the great number of missionary courses available in our universities today, and in addition, there are mission forums, mission study groups, and "apprentice" programs such as AIM and MARK in which young aspiring missionaries can gain experience in the field for up to two years. Who knows then, but what God was using our lack of visas as a means of bringing us to mission points where we could observe first-hand what our predecessors were doing. After all, He knew how "green" we were. Perhaps He was helping us to gain a cushion against all the mistakes He knew we were prone to making. We didn't see it that way then, but I believe that's how it worked out.

SINDE

Time passes at the same rate in the southern hemisphere as in the north, so birthdays roll around, and while we were visiting at Sinde Mission, mine caught up with me. I shared my birth date with my father-in-law, and on this occasion, John wrote to his folks, "For Bessie's birthday, we made a trip in Orville Brittell's old truck to Senkobo to put Eldred Echols on the train for Kalomo for him to pick up some of his belongings to take to Bulawayo (we return there tomorrow), and then we went on about 7 miles farther to a village to see what village life can be like. It was a rough trip over roads (?) that are actually footpaths. The school teacher in the village is a Christian, and he showed us around. We saw the women pounding their meal. Our white women tried it too." (We white women decided that pounding meal with a heavy pole used muscles we had never developed.)

Back at the house where we were staying, I was called out to the front porch to see that I had visitors. Gladys and Elaine Brittell brought along several of the little children from the orphanage. They all recited the books of the Bible in English, sang a couple of children's hymns, and then sang "Happy Birthday" to me. That was my 30th birthday, and I will always remember those little black children and their songs. I have forgotten most of my other birthdays.

John's letter to his folks continues: "The whole batch of us 'Yanks' went to Livingstone on Sunday. We worshipped at the native church there and I talked. We had to use two interpreters because both Citonga and Ciloza are spoken." This, of course, proved to be the first of hundreds of sermons preached by John and interpreted into many different native languages.

That Sunday afternoon, we visited Victoria Falls. Coming up on the train, we had seen from the bridge a mere trickle of water, but other parts of this mile-wide falls were running fuller. The season was exceptionally dry and the flow was minimal, but as John wrote, "We saw enough to realize what a place of grandeur it is. We men climbed down one end of the gorge to the bottom. It was real work coming out! Then we drove around to the other end and saw where most of the water was falling . . . in the rainy season when the river is running full, the spray can be seen clear to Sinde which is 25 miles distant." (This is true, and during a later visit, we saw it in that condition.) "Baboons abound there and one or two climbed on the car and stayed there with the women and children inside." (If you have seen the fangs of a large baboon, you understand why we hurried to the car and closed the windows.)

Kent and Don were feeling unsettled. One day, Kent

laid down his spoon during the middle of a meal, put his elbows on the table, rested his chin in his hands, sighed deeply and said, "We just move and move and move." He seemed to have been enjoying all of the events of our travels, but we could tell by this reaction that he was needing to settle down to a place he could call his own. Don, too little to express himself with words, became, to quote Waymon Miller, "The screamingest kid I have ever seen." Don had been a sweet little fellow, but all of the restrictions, the crowded places, the new people, and the new foods, were just too much. Frustrated, he would stamp his little feet, throw back his head, and scream. For a while, only his parents could love him, but in time, when we were settled more permanently, he once again became our little sunshine.

Kent, now nearing age 4, was a great observer. From babyhood, he was content for hours to watch activities, whether traffic on the street outside our window, animals in the game park, men working on the road — he gazed intently, a wise look on his face as he allowed his active mind to soak up knowledge. While at Sinde, he had his first major biology lesson. We had all been watching the dipping of the cattle against ticks and other insects. One of the cows was very ill, so Orville decided to end her misery with a bullet. When he performed an autopsy on the cow, there was a calf inside her. It was dead, of course, but the experience made a lasting impression on Kent and was the basis for many later questions which helped us to explain to him those facts of life that little boys and girls need to know.

ORPHANS

The work at Sinde consisted mainly of three efforts:

the school, run much the same as the one at Namwianga, the evangelistic efforts in the surrounding areas, headed mainly by Orville Brittell, and the orphanage run by Orville's mother and sisters, Elaine and Gladys. The orphanage was unique, the only one of its kind in the African mission work.

Usually, the black folks in Africa have no need for orphan homes because children whose parents have died are looked after by relatives. Most of the babies brought to Sinde were tiny ones whose mothers had died in childbirth or soon after. Not knowing anything about bottle feeding, and not having the equipment for it if they had known, the people knew that babies whose mothers had died would soon die also. It was not uncommon to bury a newborn along with its deceased mother because there was no chance of its survival. The Brittell women began a campaign to save these babies, and soon the word got around to the villages far and near. Many babies arrived in too weak a condition to be helped, but others were nursed tenderly 24 hours a day by these devoted women.

The lives of sister Brittell and her daughters shine as beacons, down through the years. Plagued by constant shortage of personnel and funds, severely overworked by the care of many sickly infants, and opposed in their methods by the colonial Northern Rhodesian government, they persisted throughout many years to continue in the work which they saw before them. It was in 1946 that the Brittell family started the orphanage, and from that time until her death in 1964, sister Augusta Brittell never once returned to visit her native America. A poem that she wrote and included in a letter to loved ones in America

expresses her feelings — from page 211 of the book, Mother of Eighty.

Lord Let Me Stay!

Lord, let me stay! I love it.

This land where I toil and pray —

Though I love the sight of my native land,
And the loved ones far away —

Thank God for that dear home country
With a Bible in every hand.
But let me lead from this land of sin
Some soul to that better land.

No longer young — I know it — And withered, and worn, and gray, I bear in my body the marks that tell Of many a toil-filled day. But it isn't long till my life shall end Nor long till my latest sun; Oh, let me work in the Master's field Till His task for me is done.

Here are my little children,
And this is my place to fill,
To spend the rest of my life and strength
In teaching them His will.
Lord, let me stay! 'Tis nothing
To suffer and to spend!
For You have always kept Your Word —
"Lo,always.....unto the end."

Before sister Brittell's death, a new government ruling had already given orphans' relatives the right to claim them and take them to their villages. Elaine kept the orphanage going for a year after her mother's death, and she hoped there would be new missionaries arriving to help her. When no helpers came, the government closed the orphanage, but not before a social worker had helped Elaine to find homes for all of the children. Elaine's father and brothers Orville and Lester returned to the states. Gladys had married and moved away, so this left Elaine alone in Northern Rhodesia, continuing to live in the town of Livingstone, teaching endless Bible classes, assisting in printing work, and always giving freely of her personal means to help the needy. It was one of the recipients of her charity who, obviously demented, murdered sister Elaine in 1982, because "he was not satisfied with the amount of help received." For the funeral, several thousand people packed the Livingstone church building and yard, overflowing into the nearby street. The District Governor said that nearly half of Livingstone was present.

THE SICK - DOCTORING WITHOUT A DEGREE

Disease plagued the African people and in this semitropical climate, gastro-enteritis was the greatest child-killer. If a baby survived the first few weeks of life, he was still threatened constantly by that intestinal "bug", and the mortality rate among infants under a year was extremely high. These pitiable people needed to be convinced that flies spread disease, that eating utensils need thorough cleaning, and that when a baby, or anyone else for that matter, became ill, immediate attention by a doctor was necessary. They would usually wait until it was too late. Today, gastro-enteritis responds quickly to anti-biotics, but when people are poor and ignorant, and when doctors and clinics are many miles away and transportation practically non-existent, they have a problem of major proportions. The slight acquaintance uneducated people have with a hospital is that people die there. Therefore, if you go to a hospital, you will die. So they waited until someone was far gone before going for help.

Because of the incredible lack of doctors and hospitals, our Rhodesian missionaries had many requests for medical help. Unqualified as they were to give professional medical care, they became adept at first aid, and they were able to administer countless doses of aspirins, cough mixtures, digestive aids, antiseptics, ointments, eye drops, etc. Eye infections were common, and Orville Brittell always carried his bottle of brown argyrol eye drops. When people saw Orville and his little brown bottle, they would line up to receive a drop of argyrol in each eye. It was inadvisable to give a bottle of medicine to these uneducated people because they would take the whole batch at once, believing that if a little was good, a lot would work a miracle, so sick people often came and stayed in the vicinity of the mission so that they could return daily for more medicine.

Brother Dow Merritt had served as a medic in the navy from 1913 to 1919, and may have missed his calling by not becoming a doctor, for he proved to have more than average skill in caring for the sick. He was a man of compassion too, and many black people preferred to be treated by brother Merritt rather than by a doctor. If you have not already read his book, *The Dew Breakers*, you will find it well worth your

time to do so.

The witch doctors have a great hold on the people, even today. Fear, superstition, ignorance, and tribal pressure keep them believing in the weird powers of this person. Undoubtedly the witch doctor can perform some psychological "cures", but he can also scare a superstitious person to death. They do have considerable knowledge of herbs and have some effective remedies.

The short weeks that we spent visiting in these more remote mission points introduced us to many things about which we would learn more through the years. Living as we did in cities in South Africa, we did not have to administer to the black people directly, but we frequently encouraged our brethren and servants to seek medical help, and on a number of occasions we actually took them to the clinics or doctors.

Many white people have said to me, "Those black people aren't made like we are. They're tougher and don't get the same sicknesses that we do." In reality, many of them had perished in the journey from birth to adulthood and it was the tougher ones that had survived. Of those who had made it, many were suffering from ailments and conditions which could have been prevented or cured with modern medical help. It is true that many times the black women had their babies one day and were back at hard work the next, but it is not true that they could do so without suffering the consequences. In their female makeup, black women are no different from white women.

AFRICA IN THE BLOOD

While we were visiting with our brethren in

Namwianga and Sinde, we heard them say that "Africa gets in your blood." Later I agreed with them because it certainly did "get into" ours. There is a certain quality or element about life in Africa that becomes gripping, but in late 1949, excited as I was about what we were seeing and doing, I wasn't at all sure that I was ready to claim Africa as my permanent abode. We were learning about another saying that in Africa, everything sticks, stings, or stinks. We had encountered the plentiful thorn bush with its sharp weapons up to 3 and 4 inches long, the "wag 'n bietjie" with its numerous smaller thorns that grab your clothing so you have to "wag 'n bietjie" or "wait a bit" to get free, and several varieties of grass burrs to cling to socks, shoe laces, and sometimes penetrate thinner shoe soles. Gladys Brittell was reputed to have killed, during her years at Sinde, some 65 snakes in the neighborhood of the wood pile and the outdoor privy. This the brave girl had accomplished with a .22 rifle that had no sight.

With the advent of the rainy season, we were told, snakes would come out of their winter hiding to add to the perils of the ever-present scorpions, centipedes and spiders, to say nothing of the little fly that laid strings of living larvae on your washing as it hung on the line to dry. We'd been warned that every garment, including underwear and socks, had to be ironed in order to kill the larvae of that wicked fly, but once in a while a larva or two or ten would survive. The tiny maggots would burrow into the skin and grow there, forming a place like a large pimple or small boil. No illness would result, but if an entire waist band of one's underwear had been missed by the iron, there could be a lot of discomfort until the larvae reached the wiggly-tailed stage

and could be popped out. One afternoon at Namwianga, Kent awakened early from an afternoon nap. He complained that something hurt when he was sitting down. That something responded to slight pressure from my fingers, popped out, and lay wriggling on the floor. I was greatly relieved when I learned that those flies did not live as far south as Johannesburg where we hoped to be going.

Everyone in Rhodesia wore head coverings when out in the sun, and they advised us to do the same because the sub-tropical sun at considerable altitude could be damaging. Many of the men wore pith helmets, the women wore wide-brimmed straw hats, sometimes lined with fabric, and children wore floppy khaki hats with green lining to reduce the sun's glare. We all bought similar coverings and began to look like proper Rhodesians.

Our men acquired some of the khaki bush jackets and short khaki trousers that were the "uniform" of nearly all Rhodesian white men, even business and professional men in their non-airconditioned offices were wearing them. These trousers ended not far above the knee, and khaki socks came up to the knee, so not much more than the knee itself was exposed, allowing some ventilation that long trousers did not permit. In 1949, American men considered anything less than long trousers to be immodest. Rhodesian heat would have changed their minds. As for me, I decided that most men have knees that are best camouflaged under long trousers.

The women at the missions were cotton dresses most of the time, being the most comfortable and practical garments possible. Polyesters, nylons and permanent-press materials had not then been developed, and even if they had

been, they would have lent themselves poorly to the rough handling of the house boys who did the washing, and they would have to have been ironed anyway because of the fly larvae problem.

What I have written about Rhodesia is in no way a report on the work there but is a record of some of my first impressions and a few of the little incidents that I remember. One of the more distressing personal incidents occurred in Livingstone as we were waiting for the train that would take us back to Bulawayo. The journey was to be overnight, about 280 slow miles. We'd had some supper in Livingstone's only restaurant, and Don had had some green-colored mineral (soda pop). Halfway through the meal, the child became ill. the green drink returning all over his clothes. By the time we reached the railway station, he had diarrhea. There was no waiting room, the train was very late, and the only water tap was a hundred yards away from the platform. There was no way to buy medicine at that time of the night, so when the train finally arrived, we boarded it and tried to settle down, but Don became very feverish and restless. In Bulawayo the next morning, we took him straight to the doctor, and in a day or two, an antibiotic had cured the disease. It is this very sort of illness which, left untreated, claimed the lives of so many black babies.

Soon after our return to Bulawayo, John had a birth-day. On the 22nd of October, he wrote a prayer which expressed regrets for lost opportunities in the first half of his allotted three-score-and-ten and prayed for "a fruitful experience in spreading the saving gospel of Jesus Christ to the people in Southern Africa." He was 36 that day, and just then standing on the threshold of the best years of his life.

Echols had come over to Bulawayo to be with us for a few days. He'd had a bout of fever, and since he'd had malaria several times, he was dosing himself with the medicine he had taken before. He arrived at the hotel where the Caskeys and Millers were staying, about to faint. After resting a while, he made it to the birthday supper but went to bed immediately afterward. The following day, Sunday, he remained in bed while the rest of us went to church. When we returned after the evening service, he told us that during our absence, he had thought he was going to die. Rhodesian doctors made house calls, and the one who came to see Eldred ordered him to be taken to the hospital immediately.

After some days of observation and testing, when it was determined that Eldred's ailment was not malaria but typhoid, he was transferred to the isolation hospital. We were told that a new antibiotic had just been discovered to be effective against the dread disease, but that the supply in Rhodesia was short. In fact, there was one other typhoid patient in the hospital and only enough of the medicine for him. Guy Caskey cabled the church at Cleburne and soon received word that a quantity of the medicine was on its way by air.

Eldred's condition worsened in the meanwhile, his fever shooting skyward. Plagued by hallucinations, he imagined that the man in the other bed in the room was Satan. The shipment of antibiotic arrived at the airport on a Sunday, and Caskey went immediately to fetch it. There was nobody in attendance at customs on Sunday, and Guy was told that he absolutely could not get the package without going through the legal procedure. At the risk of being

put into jail, Guy took the package anyway and rushed to the hospital, an act which we were fairly certain resulted in the saving of the life of this dear friend and devoted missionary. Guy didn't have to go to jail, but he did have to do some fast explaining to the authorities.

THE CHURCH IN FOCUS

The Colenbrander Avenue church with whom we assembled for a few months after our Northern Rhodesian visits was different from churches of Christ as we knew them. We felt that they were weak in several areas, one of the main ones being that they would receive into fellowship those people who espoused some false teachings, making it necessary to believe only that one must be immersed for baptism. Other points which we believed to be essential doctrines were loosely regarded. Essentially then, though they called themselves the church of Christ, the group would not have been so identified by brethren in America. They had agreed to remove the organ from their meeting hall so that Fov Short would consent to move there and work with them, but nearly all of them desired to have it back again. Foy had hopes of teaching the congregation on the subject of vocal music only, but in this he made little headway. He was a good preacher and excellent Bible teacher, but with the practice of "mutual ministry," he had few opportunities in the pulpit. One of his accomplishments was the Sunday school of almost 100 that met in his home on Sunday mornings, and he spent many hours each week taking care of the correspondence from the Mozambique broadcast.

We three families—Caskeys, Millers and Hardins—tried to work in with Foy's activities as much as we could, but we had the nagging feeling that things were not as they should be in order for the church to prosper. Sometimes we felt as if we were wasting our time, but, thinking that the receipt of our visas must be imminent, we wondered what to do.

In time, there were differences that became apparent as we engaged in conversation with various Colenbrander members, and it was almost impossible to persuade them to study with us. In a letter to our supporting congregation's elders, dated February 3, 1950, John wrote, "Because our position of 'speaking where the Bible speaks and remaining silent where the Bible is silent' has been publicly assailed and ridiculed here. Waymon (he was preaching that Sunday) chose that as his subject. He was received with cold indifference, if outward appearances and actions can determine . . . Later that afternoon my family and I drove by the hotel to see the other two families. Sister Caskey invited us to eat with them there, which we did, and since it was rather late – and with all the accumulation of feelings toward this group on our minds - we held our own devotions in one of the hotel rooms, rather than meeting with the group at the church building. We have never placed membership with this church nor have any of us felt we owed them any obligation other than to try to teach them, when asked to preach, since we haven't considered ourselves in complete fellowship with them . . . Before we finished our devotional, Foy came by to see what had happened. We told him there was nothing new in the situation, but we just felt like having our own devotions . . . Monday afternoon, Foy and his wife came out to see us and we spent two or three hours going over the thing. I told him it was a matter of principle with me — that these people were digressive and would not be fellowshipped by churches in the states . . . Well, Foy saw that if it was a matter of principle with us, then the same should apply to him also."

In a discussion with Echols, Caskey, Miller, Boyd Reese, and John the next day, there was general agreement that Foy had worked with that church long enough and that they were satisfied to remain as they were, therefore it was time to leave them. Foy was slow to agree, but we could understand his feeling because he had truly worked and put his heart into it. It always hurts to find that an effort has been unsuccessful, and too, he had good friends whom he hated to hurt. Margaret, having shared in all his experience, shed many a tear over it. Proverbs 23:23 says, "Buy the truth and sell it not." Sometimes the price is high.

A month later, having decided to separate himself from the congregation at Colenbrander Avenue, Foy read to them a lengthy letter in which he explained thoroughly and kindly the reasons for his decision. Several decided to go along with Foy, and on the following Sunday, we held a service in his home. This was the beginning of what was to become a growing, active congregation in Queens Park East from which several other congregations eventually sprang in other parts of the city. For a long time the Queens Park brethren met in homes, and in 1957 they erected a building. In mid-1959, it was reported in the Christian Advocate that this was the largest white congregation in Africa, with 110 members. Henry Ewing, son-in-law of brother W. N. Short and brotherin-law of Foy, was preaching, assisted by C. H. Bankston. In the surrounding areas there were some 42 congregations of black people with Queens Park East fully supporting one of the black preachers. Foy had meanwhile moved to Gwelo, and later he identified with those whom we came to call "anti".

HARDINS "AT HOME"

By the time that the church actually began to meet in Foy Short's home in 1950, the Caskeys and Millers had gone to Nhowe Mission for an indefinite period of time. They thought perhaps they could do some good by helping over there, and they were happy to leave the monotony of hotel food and cramped living conditions. We Hardins were more comfortably fixed in our little flat where I could do our cooking and the children could play outside. Cooking for a family of four on a very old, very slow double hotplate had long since become too tedious, and we had bought a little plug-in electric stove called a "Baby Belling". It was small, but had a little oven and was fast. We shared a bit of refrigeration space with the Hadfields downstairs.

The portion of our upstairs space that had been set aside as our kitchen was actually a screened porch built directly over the main porch downstairs. The floor, which had been the roof of the main porch, sloped, so if someone at the "top" end of the table spilled a liquid, it was likely to run into someone else's lap. This was precisely what happened when we had the Caskeys and Millers out for a dinner before their departure for Nhowe. John's coffee went directly to Guy's lap with some uncomfortable but short-lived results.

Kent had his fourth birthday during our stay there, December 19, 1949. My little oven wasn't up to baking a birthday cake, so we ordered one from a bakery in town. It was a fruit cake with a thick layer of very hard icing and a frill of gold foil all around the edge. At about the time Kent turned 4, he was offering thanks for one of our meals, and as youngsters sometimes do, he was thanking God for each item he saw on the table, but when he branched off and started thanking for all the nasty bugs and worms, John told him it was time to say "Amen".

Being far from home, mail was extremely important to us. We must have expected our friends and relatives to swamp us with letters, but several weeks elapsed before we received a single one. About the time we were feeling just a bit persecuted, we received several Christmas packages and quite a tidy stack of mail. At first there were foods we longed for, and we had friends send us some of them, but once the extended drought was over and fresh foods were available, we soon adapted our taste buds to what could be obtained locally. Some of the local products we tasted for the first time were pawpaws (papayas) and mangoes. I thought pawpaws needed to be mixed with other fruits in a salad, but mangoes were the best things I had ever tasted.

Our Vauxhalls were giving us problems. First we found that we were not getting anything close to the good mileage we had been promised. Even after adjustments, the best we could get was not 28 but 18 miles to the gallon (Imperial) or 14 to 15 to the American gallon. It was a disappointing performance for a bitsy 4-cylinder car. The second problem was the paint. Made in England for English weather conditions, the paint did not stand up to the long hours of fierce African sunshine, and it oxidized so badly that it threatened to come off right down to the bare metal. After considerable dickering, the Vauxhall people agreed to

respray the cars, but there was no more to be done about petrol consumption.

We had brought a radio with a short-wave band, so there were times when we could tune in to the Voice of America and the Armed Forces broadcasts. John, always a sports fan, sat up until 2 a. m. New Years night, 1950, to listen to the Super Bowl and Rose Bowl games. Many years later, when John had learned to enjoy the cricket, rugby, and soccer games of South Africa, he still remained interested in the American games, though he no longer tried to tune in to them on short wave. There was one time in the 70's when the Jerry Hoggs were on furlough in the states that Ann was typing a letter to us. She gave the half-time score of a football game, but failed to report the final score at the end of her letter. One frustrated missionary had to wait several weeks before finding out the final score of that game.

VISAS AGAIN

Our six-month visas were 5/6ths gone, and we were wondering whether we would ever be permitted to move into South Africa. On February 3, 1950, John wrote to our elders, "Two calls to the American Consulate in Johannesburg have finally resulted in this information: 'All Americans are having difficulty obtaining visas for the Union. The Consul has no idea, otherwise, why ours is delayed. They get no answer from the Union officials when they enquire about it.' They are to notify us by the 13th of February whether or not they think we should try to find some place else to go for a while . . . It is impossible . . . to go to Northern Rhodesia. If we cannot get into

the Union before our time expires, or if we cannot make arrangements to remain in Southern Rhodesia beyond our six months' limit, we must think of going to the Belgian Congo or some other suitable place"

A letter dated February 14 records the following: "At last we have word that the Union of South Africa immigration officials have acknowledged that we exist. Previously, all means of communication . . . had been ignored. But we have been informed that further information was needed to complete our records, and an air-mail letter has been sent to the states to obtain it. When that information is received our cases will go before the board and we will then be informed as to their decision."

A few days later, we received a letter from the elders at Riverside stating that Reuel Lemmons had left the previous day (Feb. 10) for Washington D. C. to do what he could toward getting the visas. What Reuel learned was that back in September, Union officials had written a letter asking for some information which they needed before processing our applications. The letter had been addressed to a Mrs. Sipkowsky (or some such name) who was living in Johannesburg at the time. She had been responsible for our first correspondence in the matter, but had since returned to the states. When the Union officials had received no answer to their letter to her, our papers had been pigeon-holed. Likely, if Reuel Lemmons had not gone to Washington and succeeded in having certain cablegrams sent to the Union, we would still be waiting for something to happen.

Looking back over more than 30 years at this chain of circumstances, it is possible to share the sentiments of the apostle Paul in Philippians 1:12 – "I want you to know,

brothers, that what has happened to me has really served to advance the gospel." Without trying to take credit where credit is not due, it can perhaps be said that our presence in Bulawayo was the "catalyst" which made it possible for Foy and a few faithful followers to begin the new Queens Park East church of Christ.

TO NHOWE MISSION

April was approaching and autumn was in the air. We'd been able to renew our visas for a month at a time. Rhodesia made a step in the progress of civilization — Coca Cola came to Bulawayo! The bottling plant had a large plate glass window and the innovation of all the visible bottling machinery drew clusters of curious onlookers. Most Rhodesians drank their "minerals" at room temperature, simply because refrigeration was almost non-existent. We had not yet learned to enjoy warm soda pop, so when we found a refrigerated Coke machine one day in Salisbury, we knew that times were changing.

Caskeys and Millers had been at Nhowe for some time, but we had not yet seen that mission, so we closed out our housekeeping in the Hadfield's flat, stored our goods, piled our luggage on a roof rack on the Vauxhall, and headed east. Part of the time the road consisted of two tarmac strips, just fine as long as there was no oncoming traffic, and as long as the driver concentrated on staying on the strips. When meeting a car, one had to move over to the left and use one strip and the shoulder, while the other car had the other strip and the other shoulder. In places the surface between and beside the strips had washed or blown away and there was a drop-off of a couple of

inches, so it was hard on the tires and chassis — and on the human chassis too. We thought it was a poor effort of a highway, but someone pointed out to us that the small white population of Rhodesia which made up the main body of taxpayers had dug deep into their pockets to have even the strips. Prior to strip roads, travel in the rainy season was sometimes impossible, and a trial at best.

We found a good hotel for a stop-over in Fort Victoria. There we were paged to receive a phone call from Bulawayo, but before the message could come through, we were cut off, and although we waited all evening, there was not another call. We thought perhaps it was news of our visas, and we were right, but did not know for sure until we arrived at Nhowe two days later. It was not a two-day trip from Fort Victoria to Nhowe, but we were making this a sight-seeing trip lest we have no other opportunity to pass that way. Not far from Fort Victoria are the famous Zimbabwe Ruins about which archaeologists from all over the world have pondered and studied. There are a number of theories as to who built Zimbabwe and what the great high-walled structure actually was, but no one has been able to come to any definite conclusion. The fortifications on top of the hills and the remnants of gold smelters indicate a civilized people, but the only artifact that has been found is a carved bird which has been called the "Zimbabwe Bird." This is the origin of the name now given to the country we knew as Southern Rhodesia.

After spending part of a day seeing the Zimbabwe ruins, we headed toward Umtali where we planned to spend the night. We had time to spare, and when we saw a sign pointing off the road, indicating some other ruins, we

decided to have a look. The little side road became a mere path and soon vanished altogether. When we could see no more signs and no indication of other people having traveled that way, we decided to turn around and get on to Umtali. John swung the car around on what appeared to be a level grassy place, but we came to a sudden halt when the right front wheel went into a hole. It must have been an ant-bear hole, and there we were with the right side of the car resting on its frame on the edge of the hole, the front wheel touching nothing at all. Tall grass growing out of the bottom of the hole had camouflaged it. We were perhaps a quarter of a mile off the highway, on a road that wasn't a road, where absolutely nobody would be coming by with a car to help us. While John was thinking of ways to get us out, I surveved the supply of food and water that we had in the car. thinking that we might be there all night.

The drive shaft was free, so John figured that if we could fill rocks and sand into the hole and build a runway for the wheel, we might be able to get out by ourselves. In other parts of Rhodesia, we had seen millions of rocks, but there was hardly a one to be found where we were. John and Kent scouted for rocks while Don and I used cooking pots to scoop sand into the hole. Just about the time the last rock for 50 yards around was fitted under the wheel, we decided to give it a try. First, we unloaded our luggage to lighten the car. I got behind the steering wheel, put the engine in reverse, and with John pushing, we backed out of that hole on the first try. We'd had enough ruins for one day, so we loaded our luggage once more and headed for Umtali.

Umtali is without doubt one of the most beautiful

little towns anywhere in the world. Nestled snugly in the mountains of eastern Rhodesia, not far from the Mozambique border, it has a lovely climate, never as hot as the lower altitudes of the country, yet never freezing in the winter. Flowering trees and shrubs line its streets and fill the gardens of its residents. We had a good night of sleep at the Hotel Cecil and on the next morning drove to Nhowe. We were greeted in the driveway by exuberant Caskeys and Millers with the news that our visas had been granted on the 19th of April.

ACTION IN "HIGH PLACES"

Only when we received our copy of the Christian Chronicle dated April 26, 1950, did we realize to what extent our case had been in the hands of those in high places. The Chronicle reported, "With the aid of Senator Tom Connally of Texas, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Undersecretary of State, Jack McFall, he (Reuel Lemmons) was able to get action by the British government."

Before John had a chance to get acquainted at Nhowe, he left for Johannesburg with Guy, Waymon, and Eldred to find housing so that we could make our move. While they were gone, the little boys and I had opportunity to get acquainted with the mission personnel: the Boyd Reeses, the George Hooks, and the Tom Wards. We occupied a guest house just behind the Reese home, a roundavel patterned after the round native huts but built of brick and having a cement floor.

Nhowe was the most beautiful of the missions we had

visited. It is in a hilly area, and looking eastward toward Mozambique, one can see range upon range of mountains in the hazy distance. Autumn grass had heads of a dusty rose color, and as the seeds ripened, the rose was touched with white fuzz, so the entire valley looked like a vast flower garden. Trees and shrubs had been planted around the mission, and in the autumn the enormous poinsettia plants were covered with hundreds of blossoms. Kent and Don played happily in the sand. Don was nearly two and talking quite a bit. Looking up at the evening sky, Kent told Don that there was a man in the moon. Don argued, "No! Mule in the moon!" A heated discussion developed, but the only concession Don would make was to say it was a cow in the moon. I've heard adults argue over matters no less silly.

Nhowe's main activities centered around the school. much as at Namwianga and Sinde, so in addition to the missionary houses, there were school rooms, housing for students, a church building, storage sheds, etc. Operating such a mission is no small task, for in addition to having all of the usual responsibilities of school administration and teaching, room and board had to be provided for the students, most of whom came from far and remained for a term at a time. Water was always a problem, and at the time of our visit, it was all being hauled up by hand from wells and carried to each of the houses, and to the dormitories and kitchen. A pumping system was only added many years later. The missionaries who lived there could fill volumes with tales of their experiences. We saw just enough to make us appreciate those who willingly came and lived there and performed the mighty tasks of a successful work. I almost felt embarrassed to think that we were going to be living in a big city with all modern conveniences.

NEARLY THERE

The men encountered some bad roads on the trip to Johannesburg. By 1950, South Africa had some tarmac highways, but there were still long stretches of gravel. Eldred had to buy a new muffler in Johannesburg, and on the return trip to Nhowe, it was damaged. In addition to muffler problems, a hole as large in diameter as a pencil was punched in the gas tank. The journey took them through towns which later became familiar to us as we traveled through them frequently: Louis Trichardt, Pietersburg, Potgietersrust, Warmbaths, Nylstroom to name a few. They rode on the beautiful tree-lined road from Pretoria to Johannesburg with the smell of eucalyptus permeating the autumn air. In Johannesburg, they checked into the old Carlton Hotel, perhaps the best in its time. Rooms on the third floor did not yet have private bathrooms but provided old-fashioned wash stands with basins and pitchers. Meals were tops. There was even a waitress who was used to serving Americans, and she brought glasses of ice water and served coffee during the meal rather than afterward.

Waymon Miller says that he has two outstanding recollections of this trip to Johannesburg. The first, he recalled, had to do with John's widespread reputation for snoring. It seems that the three other men drew straws to see who would have to share a room with John, and the lot fell upon Waymon. The second memory Waymon expressed in a letter he wrote to me in early January, 1982, in which he

said: "We were there over a weekend, and conducted worship in our hotel room. It was one of the most emotional experiences ever in a worship. We could look out of our hotel rooms, and there Johannesburg was spread before us. It was a city of almost a million population then, and in it we four men were confronted with the staggering task of establishing a New Testament congregation. How do we begin? We know no one in Johannesburg, so how do we make any personal contacts? Will the people be receptive? How will they respond to us 'foreigners' in their city? What methods will be effective in planting the church there? Who will hear us? Will anyone really care what we have to say?"

Finding furnished houses to rent was not too great a problem, but rents on furnished places were high. John arranged for a house in Parktown which was available for only four months during which we could search for a more permanent place. The rent was more than we could afford, and the house was furnished mostly with expensive and rare stinkwood pieces, not the most suitable for a family with small boys.

When the men went to see the immigration officials about the visas, they found that there had been a mix-up because of the name of the church. The Mormons, also known as the Church of Christ of Latter Day Saints, had a regular arrangement whereby 75 of their young "elders" were allowed to be in the country for periods of two years each. The names of the churches being similar, we were thought to be with the Mormons. It was necessary to visit the American Consulate in Johannesburg and the Embassy in Pretoria. In the consular office, when four Americans from Rhodesia walked in, they were greeted with the words,

"We've been expecting you." Later at the Embassy, when they began to introduce themselves, the receptionist said, "Oh, you're Caskey, Echols, Miller and Hardin." The officials must have felt like the judge in the parable of the importunate widow in Luke 18. If they were happy to see these four missionaries, it was likely because now their case was about to be settled and they could be out of the way.

When the men returned to Nhowe, we lost no time in getting back to Bulawayo to take care of the things we had stored there, most of which had to be shipped by rail. We were there on a Sunday and met for worship with the Foy Shorts in their home, and soon after lunch, we headed for the South African border, making it through customs just a few minutes before closing time. Caskeys were traveling with us, and Guy spent several moments being frustrated because Jessie Lee had packed their passports "somewhere" in a suitcase. Otherwise, the crossing of the border went like clockwork — not like the landing at Cape Town eight months before.

People of South Africa

"(God) hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell upon all the face of the earth" (Acts 17:26). In the world of the late 20th century, race has become the source of many political problems. It has become difficult to separate race from politics, and racial prejudice as well as laws and customs spill over into the realm of Christianity and the church of our Lord. Only God is "color-blind", looking always upon the inner man. We wish it were not necessary even to mention race, but since it is a big issue in South Africa, it is vital to the understanding of missionary work in that country to know something of its various peoples.

The United States is often called "the melting pot of nations", for into it went many people from every country in Europe and some from almost every nation on earth. Immigrants retained their distinctive languages and life styles for a generation or two, but the young people soon inter-married, and today, many can tell you only vaguely of their roots. My grandparents had immigrated from Sweden and Norway so I can identify the sources of my ancestry. John's people had been in America for much longer, and he knew only that his father was English, Irish, and maybe Scottish, and that his mother was probably mostly of German descent with some other nationalities mixed in.

South Africa also is sometimes called another "melting pot", but not the same as the American one. Perhaps

it is more like a bottle of salad dressing made up of oil and vinegar with some spices and herbs mixed into it; the ingredients are shaken together and blended, yet separate. More than half the white population are of Dutch descent — the Afrikaner, staid, stolid, staunch, stoic, stern — the stuff of which the Voortrekker was made. Not quite so numerous are the people of British origin, prim and proper but also desirous of dominating. The English and the Dutch — both are from tiny nations that had risen to become world powers, mighty upon the seas, colonizing, settling, trading. The English and the Afrikaners: like the oil and vinegar in the salad dressing, you can shake the bottle, but they do not blend for long. Like the herbs and spices of the dressing, add the smaller numbers of whites from other nations. Shake all together and there is a blend, yet each is distinguishable.

The white people of South Africa have always lived next to the non-white races rather than among them. The black people represent many tribes and nations which keep their various identifying customs and languages as tenaciously as do the English and Afrikaans white folk.

Before the era of the melting pots of nations, most Europeans were in Europe, Africans in Africa, Indians in India, etc. Only after the navigations of Columbus and his kind was there the great movement of populations that opened up the American and African continents to trade and settlement. At the same time that the Mayflower and other little ships were taking bold adventurers to North America's shorelines, other sailors were plying the treacherous waters around the continent of Africa to trade with India and the East Indies. They had found nothing to attract them to the southern part of Africa, for it was uncivilized, its

shoreline fraught with perilous rocks, dangerous currents, and frequent storms. Before the construction of harbor facilities at Cape Town, landings were extremely dangerous, and many ships were wrecked and lives lost.

It was only when the Dutch East India shipping company decided to land some farmers and gardeners at the cape that white men set foot upon southern Africa with any serious intent to remain. Because people on the long voyage around the continent suffered, and many died, from scurvy and other effects of bad food and water, it was an excellent scheme to provide a half-way station for replenishing the ships' galleys with fresh fruits, vegetables, wines, meats, and grains. Thus, in 1652, the first Dutch settlers began to work the belt of rich land which is capable. even today, of producing high quality vegetables, fruits and other crops. The Dutch East India Company intended to keep the effort strictly a business venture, not to develop a colony, but after a time, some of the farmers ventured far across the countryside to establish private farms, while a number of others found it to their liking to settle in the permanent situation which became Cape Town. Many sent for wives from home, and so they put down roots in their new land.

By the year 1835, the Dutch population had grown, and to many, Cape Town was becoming too crowded, too urbanized. Besides, the English had arrived, the foreigners, "Uitlanders", who were changing their way of life. The Afrikaner wished only to be left to his own ways. "If this is not possible where one lives, move away." This became their philosophy, and so began the famous "Great Trek" when 7000 Dutchmen left the Cape and traveled in

great covered wagons, spreading out, seeking new homes in the more lush valleys of Natal, or moving across the vastness of the land beyond the Vaal River, the Transvaal. To the American history student, this is of particular interest because a similar "trek" occurred at the same time in the development of the USA. In America there were the pioneers, in South Africa the Voortrekkers: in both instances they were a special people, brave and adventurous, seeking a new life for their families. They took their particular religions with them, establishing their churches and building their towns.

The first people encountered by the men of the Dutch East India Company in the mid-17th century were Hottentots and bushmen. The Hottentots were so named because their speech sounded to Dutch ears as if they were saying "Hotten totten" and other indistinguishable words. The tiny bushmen were a nomadic people, and some of them still exist in Southwest Africa, now known as Namibia, eking out an existence from the barren deserts where nobody else could possibly survive. The Hottentots as a separate entity have disappeared. The settlers sometimes traded with the Hottentots for cattle and eventually built up their own herds. Neither the Hottentots nor the bushmen were considered by the Dutch to be reliable workers. Their ways of life were too diverse, and it was not past those primitive peoples' ways to steal, and so there was always trouble.

At the same time that numerous Huguenots, French protestants who were being sorely persecuted at home, were emigrating to America, others of them chose to go to southern Africa. Much as they wished to keep their French identity and their own religious group, they were not

permitted by the Dutch to do so, and in time they were absorbed into the Dutch community. Today the Afrikaans population bears many names of French origin: DuPreez, Theron, Olivier, Labuschagne, and many others, now using Afrikaans pronunciation. The Huguenots contributed their courage and staunchness of religious faith to the newly forming country while their knowledge of vineyards and wines contributed to the economy.

As mentioned elsewhere, it was only in 1820 that the British people began to settle in South Africa. In Port Elizabeth, 500 miles east of Cape Town, there stands the Campanile, a monument to the British settlers. Today, the strongest influence of English is still on the Indian Ocean side of the southern continent: East London and Durban, as well as Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth, are strongly English, though having many Afrikaans-speaking white people as well.

In South Africa there grew up a race of people distinctive only to that country, known as the "colored" people. It is a mixed race and has several origins. Basically they are a mixture of black and white — the result of marriage and of cohabitation between races. First of all, the earliest settlers from Europe were all male, so while some sent home for wives, others took wives, or women of convenience, from the dark-skinned people. Not long after the settlement of the cape area, people from Malaysia were brought in as farm laborers. The Malay people have a distinctive appearance, so today, the "Cape Malay" type of colored person is easily identified. After many generations of marrying and inter-marrying, the colored "race" has now increased to more than 2 million. They vary in appearance

from nearly black to blue-eyed blonde, but most are readily distinguishable as being of mixed origin.

The colored people are classified by the government as a separate race. Being neither black nor white, they are not accepted by either of those races. They consider themselves to be somewhat better than the blacks, but neither do the whites consider them to be their equals, and so they find themselves in a state of limbo. Underprivileged, they grow resentful. Not possessing a land of their own, they get pushed around. Crowded into poor living quarters, underpaid, and lacking in opportunities and facilities for good activities, many turn to the bottle, so drink has become a major problem: drink, and its attendant evils of broken homes, poverty, and bad morals.

Color of skin can cause heartbreak. Through a chance mixture of genes, there are colored people who appear to be white, and through the years, many have "passed" as white, hoping to achieve a better life for self and family. Then, by other chance mixture of genes, a throw-back is born, perhaps with kinky hair or distinctive features of another race. A shadow passes over that entire family, the child who appears to be colored is reclassified as colored, and the family is divided unless all elect to be reclassified as colored in order to remain together. This requires much sacrifice, for it means changing jobs, schools, housing, friends, church affiliations, and much more.

By far the most numerous are the black race. As the whites were moving northward and eastward from the Cape, some of these black people were in the process of moving southward and westward, resulting in many clashes and much bloodshed, lasting well into the 19th century. By

sheer superiority of weapons, the whites eventually subdued the blacks.

The Zulu people, once known and feared because of their skill in war, are still the most numerous tribe. Then there are the Sothos, divided into Southern Sotho and Northern Sotho, as well as the Xhosas, Ndebele, Venda, Tswana, Shangaan, and a number of smaller tribal groups. In the past, there were frequent fights between tribes, and even today, some of them do not get on well together. Sometimes news of the differences between black tribes reaches the media in America and is misinterpreted as trouble between blacks and whites. Just a few years ago, major rioting broke out at the living quarters of mine workers in Welkom. It was between members of two tribes who couldn't get along with each other, and a good number were killed or injured. When the mine officials sent members of one of the tribes back to their homeland, quiet was restored.

The black people in the cities tend to separate themselves into sections according to tribal origin. They retain their different languages and their particular customs, and sometimes even have their own schools. Those of differing languages who are thrown together at their places of work quickly pick up each other's languages and have developed a working man's lingo called "fanegalo", or "kitchen kaffir" which is sometimes learned by white employers so that all can communicate. Few whites learn the tribal languages, though in recent years, these have been added to the curricula of some of the high schools. Most urban blacks acquire a working knowledge of English or Afrikaans or both in order to understand their white employers.

INTERPRETERS FOR VARIOUS LANGUAGES

The fact that many of the black people could speak English probably made us lazy about learning their tribal languages. We excused our "laziness" by reminding ourselves that there were 6 or 7 languages to be learned, so we couldn't have done it. That is only partly true. It was almost always necessary to have everything interpreted. If the interpreter's English was only fair, he would have to ask to have the words repeated or restated. Sometimes we had doubts as to whether the true message came across, but this did not happen very often. Sometimes the difficulty lay with the person speaking English, especially if he had only recently arrived in the country from Texas or Arkansas where there is a pronounced southern drawl. The blacks of South Africa had learned their English from people with a British accent, more clipped and precise, so that they had to retune their ears before understanding a Texas "y'all". There was the American speaker who made reference to "Mark Twain, the American humorist." In interpretation, it came across, "Mark Twain, the American university."

Some of the tribal languages have no vocabulary for some words. Large numbers cannot be easily expressed, for instance. Anything technological has to be explained, and words taken directly from English and spelled the tribal way, to fit their phonetics. The black sense of humor is so different from that of white people, and particularly Americans, that humorous illustrations fall flat and the speaker finds himself having to make lengthy explanations. Only after being with people of another culture for a long time does one learn what they think is funny, and eventually it is possible to use a bit of humor. I discovered in teaching

the black ladies at Daveyton that they thought it hilarious if a person's particular foibles were known, so I could get away with referring to them gently and getting a bit of a laugh from my audience. At least, I think I got away with it. We remained good friends.

Some of the city congregations of black Christians are made up of people of just one tribe, but many of them have mixed tribal groups where two or three or even more tribes are represented. The love of Christ sometimes shines like the proverbial candle in the night when these mixed congregations meet. Prayers are led and songs sung in each of the languages, and the sermon translated by one or two interpreters, or perhaps more. One need not be in a hurry to finish that kind of service in an hour, for it takes 30 minutes to preach a 15-minute sermon with one interpreter, 45 minutes if there are two.

The attitude of the black population toward themselves is changing. Having taken up the popular slogan that originated in America — "Black is beautiful" — they now wish to be referred to plainly as "black". They were never called "negroes" as were the blacks in America. The name "kaffir" was never used in a kindly way, but always derogatory. The word means "heathen" so it could have sometimes been correct usage, but it was always used in the same way that white Americans called a black man a "nigger".

For many years, the black people were referred to as "natives". Although technically a correct term, it was not one of their own choosing but used officially and otherwise to distinguish between them and white people. The government had, for instance, a "Bureau of Native Affairs."

In America, the word "native" refers to a person in relation to his place of origin, having nothing to do with color. One says of a person born in Oklahoma, for instance, "He is a native of Oklahoma." In South Africa, this expression is never used to describe a white person even though he may have been born in that country. Gradually, the black people began to resent the term "native" because it denoted inferiority. The term "African" came into more popular usage, but even that was not satisfactory because a black man was called an "African" while a white man was called a "South African."

Hoping once and for all to make everybody happy with racial names, it was finally decided that the term "bantu" would be used. It is a tribal word meaning "people" and was what they called themselves, so the "Bureau of Native Affairs" became the "Bureau of Bantu Affairs." But then, the white people began to use the word incorrectly, speaking of the "bantu people", in effect saying "people people". Also, in its usage, "bantu" still denoted inferiority in the same way that "native" did.

The government, having particular branches dealing with the business of the black people, must give them some name, so the term "bantu" is still the official choice. Meanwhile, the blacks plainly and simply call themselves black. What could be more sensible! Any nation needs to have pride in its identity. Believing that black is beautiful is fundamental to a black person's self-esteem. White is beautiful. Yellow is beautiful. Red is beautiful. Colored is beautiful. Discord only arises if one claims greater beauty or worth than another.

In South Africa there are also some half-million

people of Asiatic descent, mainly Indian. Their forebears were brought to work in the mines, but the mine jobs soon went to the blacks and the Indians became tradespeople, living in the cities, with the greatest concentration of them now in the Natal province. They retain their own religions and language and mix little with other races except in business.

In addition to the Dutch and English, people from all European countries have immigrated into South Africa. There are numerous Greeks, Portuguese, Italians, Germans, Irish, and Scottish. There is also a considerable Jewish population, some of them refugees from the persecutions of World War II.

There are those who would solve South Africa's race problems by having all of the white population return to the lands of their origin. This is impossible. There is a point that needs to be understood about the Afrikaans people. South Africa is their land — they have no other home. They can never go back to Holland any more than the Spanish of Mexico can go back to Spain. Those who are immigrating from Holland today are not part of the Afrikaans community but are referred to as "Hollands", and their language is different from the Afrikaans in many ways.

Much the same can be said about many of the English people in South Africa. Some are descended from the 1820 settlers, others from settlers of later years. Their citizenship is South African, and South Africa is their land. Later arrivals from the U. K. who have retained British citizenship are a minority,

There are two official languages in South Africa:

English and Afrikaans. All government notices and forms are in both languages, and employees are required to be bilingual. As long as the nation was part of the British Commonwealth, English was more prominent than it is today. In 1948, when the Nationalist party came into power, Afrikaans moved into wider usage, and since independence in 1961, it has been even more so. As Afrikaans people moved away from farming and took many more jobs in offices and public services, railways, post offices, banks, the police force, and the military, English began to be pushed more into the background. Sometimes so-called bilingual people are really proficient in only one language. Many more Afrikaans-speaking people have entered the teaching profession than have the Englishspeaking, with the result that English-medium schools often have to hire teachers whose English is their secondary language.

The use of two languages on all official papers and on all signs in public places and on the highways, is accepted by the populace as quite normal. Obviously it adds to the printing and sign-making costs and can become cumbersome, but one simply becomes used to it and seeks out the lines of printing that can be understood. A waggish South African movie producer once brought to the screen a film that openly poked fun at the petty differences between the two national groups and at the bilingual notices and signs as well as the different newspapers. It dealt with a prejudiced Englishman and an equally prejudiced Afrikaner and even had two titles: "Hans en die Rooi-nek" and "Sidney and the Boer". Only a South African audience could fully appreciate the humor, or for that matter, understand the conversation which was in both languages. One little

scene created a laugh when the camera panned some signs: "Uitgang" and "Exit", "Hou links" and "Keep left"; and finally, "In" – and "In".

Most of the colored people speak Afrikaans and many also have a fair knowledge of English. The tribal languages are very much alive even though people who work for a living must learn some of each other's lingo, and most black workers learn English or Afrikaans, or both. At no time in the foreseeable future will all the people of South Africa speak one language. Everyone loves his own home language. Learned from babyhood, it is used in one's close family relationships, and is the language of prayer. It is a common bond which holds together family, school, church, and nationality.

The greatest factor in favor of retaining English is that it is a universal language while Afrikaans is spoken by only a few million people. There are hundreds of thousands of volumes of literature and scientific works written in English compared to a much smaller number in Afrikaans. For many reasons, therefore, it seems much simpler to learn English than to try to translate all the books into Afrikaans.

There is almost no literature at all in the tribal languages, and just a few magazines and newspapers. The South African tribes all have the Bible in their own languages, but unless they can read English, they have access to very little religious literature. Our own efforts to provide them with tracts began only in the 50's and 60's and there is room to do a great deal more of this type of work.

There are a number of parallels between American and South African history. Early explorers discovered the

two lands and began to settle them in the 17th century. Pioneers and Voortrekkers moved overland to open up more remote areas in the 19th century. There were inhabitants objecting to the "intruders", and there were wars. After much bloodshed, the inhabitants in both lands were subdued and placed by the victors, in part, at least, into areas reserved for them. It is not my purpose to say who was right and who was wrong — if there were any who were right — we merely have the facts of history.

The parallels end there. In America, the Indians were the subdued people. They had never been prolific, so their growth in numbers was very slow while at the same time the white people moved across the country in ever-increasing numbers, settled on homesteads, and raised large families. Eventually the Indians made up a tiny percentage of the total population. Even the freeing of the black slaves placed a small percentage of black people into the general population.

In South Africa, the black people outnumber the whites by many times over. Both the U. S. A. and South Africa have racial problems. Both have done some things well and both have made mistakes, but the two countries cannot now be compared. We cannot solve these problems here. What has been written in this chapter is for the purpose of helping readers from all nations to understand what is going on behind the scenes as our missionaries try to carry on with the task of spreading the gospel among South Africans of many national backgrounds and languages.

South Africa practices a policy of separation of races — apartheid. Once again, it is not our purpose here to

judge right or wrong, but to point it out as fact. As you read about congregations of whites, blacks, colored, or Indians, you will understand that it has been a necessary and natural way for the church to develop. Whether it will remain so is yet to be seen, but surely it should be the hope and the goal of every Christian to foster love and concern between all races of people. Mixed services are not illegal, but national groups gravitate to their own kind and their own languages. Prejudice has widened the gaps and slowed the progress, but we believe it best to work within the boundaries that had long been set by the customs, laws, and practices of many years. Little is to be gained by forcing relationships for which people are not ready.

A well-known South African author, Nadine Gordimer, wrote about growing up with the apartheid laws of the country: "As a child, you don't ask why. I came from the average sort of white family, and you accepted the fact you could go places that a black child couldn't, the same way you accepted the fact that the sun comes up every morning." She goes on to say that when she became adolescent, she began to realize that it isn't the same — that apartheid is not God-ordained. Other South Africans may be less astute than Ms Gordimer, or more prejudiced than she. All that can be said here is that Christians should lead the way toward the eventual equality of all mankind, for that is what our Lord would have.

To the Work, to the Work

JOHANNESBURG

The average American thinks of "Africa" and "jungle" as synonymous. Even in the 1980's, there are many who are surprised to learn that there are almost no wild animals in South Africa except in the game reserves. An article in a report sent to the states from our workers in South Africa, dated January, 1955 is unsigned, but sounds so much like the writing of Eldred Echols that I believe I can safely ascribe it to him. The article is entitled "The Dark Continent", and is quoted in part:

"As Chaka, the greatest of the Zulu chiefs, lay dving from the stab wounds received at the hands of his own half-brother and his friends, he is reported to have said: 'Dogs, whom I fed at my kraal! You think you have won an empire; but I see the white man coming over the waves like the swallows, and this land shall shine as the stars of the heavens.' According to the story, this drama was enacted on a ridge overlooking the site of what was to become the city of Johannesburg. But even that great Zulu sage could not have envisaged the scintillant splendor of the Golden City as its corona of light glows against the Transvaal night sky. When the late traveler has crossed the Vaal River from the Orange Free State and the great steel cities of Vereeniging and Vanderbijl Park have faded

behind, he becomes increasingly aware of a lightening of the northern skies as though in promise of an early dawn. And then as he reaches the crest of a ridge he bursts suddenly upon an unforgettable sight, for surely one of the most breathtaking spectacles on earth is the Reef, seen at night from the hills north of the Vaal, as it stretches a full 70 miles from Springs to Krugersdorp like a gigantic diamond necklace with Johannesburg for its pendant."

JOHANNESBURG AT LAST - CITY OF GOLD

Over the border at last but from the opposite direction from that just described. We spent our first night in a hotel in Messina, and on the following day, May 15, 1950, we set out on the last leg of our long, round-about journey to Johannesburg. Summer was having its last fling of the season, and the day was warm. Once again we were heading for a place about which we had only read in a book and could not begin to realize what sort of city to expect.

In a book we might have read that the richest gold mines in the world are in South Africa. The city of Johannesburg is literally built on the gold mines, and the economy of the nation rests heavily upon that gleaming metal. The very word "gold" has always struck deep into the lives and hearts of men and caused them to leave all they possess in order to dig in the earth to find it. God, the great score keeper, is the only one who knows how many have given their lives in pursuit of the elusive glitter, and how many others have been ruined by the greed that has undermined their souls just as surely as the tunnels and shafts of the

mines run deep and wide under the city of Johannesburg.

Pishon, one of Eden's streams, is described in Genesis 2 as winding through the land of Havilah, "where there is gold." A chain of gold was on Joseph's neck when he came to his position of power in Egypt; the children of Israel gave their golden trinkets to be made into the ill-famed golden calf; Solomon's temple was overlaid with gold; Achan and his family perished because of his greed in Ai; Tyre furnished Solomon with gold; the Queen of Sheba brought gifts of gold to Solomon — there has never been a time since the creation of man when gold did not kindle the imaginations and ambitions of people, or when it didn't represent wealth, power, and grandeur. Now we were heading toward South Africa's city of gold, to walk on streets that bear a tiny residue of gold-bearing earth, and live surrounded by great structures representing the untold wealth of the ground beneath us.

Job said that when his trials were over, he would come forth like gold, and Peter wrote about the faith that is more precious than gold. You might say that we were hoping to help the people of Johannesburg, city of gold, to find a wealth of spiritual gold for their personal lives.

It is surprising to read, after the passing of more than 30 years, what John wrote about his first visit to Johannesburg. He said he found it to be "quite American." Perhaps it was the size and the hustle and bustle of traffic in crowded streets that made it seem that way then. When we learned to know Johannesburg, we found it to have a "personality" very much its own, not American at all. Every city has its own distinctive characteristics, and we should have been sadly disappointed if we had found that Johannesburg was "quite American."

Early on that mid-May morning, we had only the immediate task of transporting ourselves from South Africa's northern boundary to Johannesburg. It was Don's second birthday, and I had stuck a couple of birthday candles into my handbag in hopes that we might be able to use them. When we came to the little town of Potgietersrust, we found a bakery and bought a pretty little cake with icing flowers which we carried into a coffee shop and had a little party. We set the candles into the cake and lit them while John took movies. Don "cut" his cake by poking the knife into one of the icing flowers and taking a good lick.

The day had been warm, but as we traveled south toward Pretoria, we met a cold front which was moving north, as they do in the southern hemisphere. The strong wind slowed our little car with its heavy load until we could barely make 35 miles per hour. The increased altitude affected the carburetor too, so it was dark before we reached our destination. The Millers who had preceded us by several days were already in their home, and we had supper with them on our first night in Johannesburg. The Caskeys were able to move into their place the next day, and Eldred was sharing space with them, but our house was not to be available for ten days, so we stayed at the Hotel Victoria.

On a visit to the house where we were to live in Rhodes Avenue, Parktown, we talked with Mrs. Bienz about arrangements. We were to keep the servant girl, the yard boy, and also take care of the big old dog while the Bienz's were on a 4-month vacation in Switzerland. The lady assured us that the house was full of "good vibrations"

and asked if we felt them. John and I looked at each other. That was a new one to us!

During our first few days in Johannesburg, we had some details to attend to such as car registration, license and third-party insurance. These were different procedures to us: the number plates indicated registration while two little discs stuck on the windscreen proved that the cars were licensed and covered by third-party insurance. We didn't understand that the discs had to be in sight on the windscreen, so one night soon after we had obtained them, we came out of a restaurant and discovered traffic tickets under our wipers. Proving that we had the discs in our possession did not excuse us from paying fines.

We needed to have some letterheads printed to use in follow-up correspondence with radio contacts, but we were all residing at temporary addresses. The Johannesburg post office was over-crowded and it was some time before we could get a box number to use on the letterheads. When we eventually were assigned a box, number 9250, we could not have imagined that it would be the same one to be used for over 30 years.

The word "alien" took on a new meaning to us. During my school years, I'd seen pictures of poor immigrants to America, traveling in steerage, landing, near destitute, at New York City, and living in slum areas and working in low-paid factory jobs. Alien! "A foreign-born resident who has not been naturalized and is still a subject or citizen of a foreign country." (Webster's Dictionary). When we went to the immigration office to apply for permanent residence, I realized that I was one.

John wrote in a letter to our elders, dated May 23,

1950, "... the only acquaintances that any of us had at the time of our arrival in Johannesburg were a young couple named Blake. When Eldred visited South Africa a couple of years ago, he went into a photography shop for supplies and made friends with the proprietor, Leslie Blake ... Soon after we arrived here, Eldred paid them a visit and made arrangements for all of us to have a hamburger supper ... At that time we made arrangements for them to attend our first services in Johannesburg . . . Since their marriage, the Blakes, by their own admission, had been in church only for their wedding and for the christening of their children", or, as we later heard it expressed, some people go to church only three times; when they are hatched, matched, and dispatched.

Our first regular Sunday service was held in the large living room of the house being rented by Caskeys and Echols, and the Blakes were indeed present, making a total of 16 people in attendance. This was a small beginning in a big city, a city of a million strangers. We'd held a service on the train to Bulawayo, and the four men had held a service in their hotel room at the Carlton, but this was the real beginning. Therefore, small though it was, it was truly a momentous occasion.

AN ERA ENDS - A NEW ONE BEGINS

At the time of our move into South Africa, Jan Smuts was about to celebrate his 80th birthday. Although his political party had been defeated, he was a much loved and honored man, and throngs of people turned out for the celebration that included a parade which we were able to observe from the windows and balcony of the Blakes' flat.

Some 50,000 people were gathered in the street near the city hall to honor one of South Africa's greatest leaders. At the turn of the century, Smuts had fought with the Boers against the British, but later he became a leader in the British Commonwealth and served in several official capacities after Great Britain gave the Transvaal self-rule in 1906. When the four provinces were brought together to become the Union of South Africa in 1910, Smuts deserved much of the credit. He served in the War Cabinet in London during the first World War and helped in the founding of the League of Nations, later becoming Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa until 1924, and again from 1939 to 1948 when the Nationalist Party, mainly Afrikaans, came into power and has remained until now.

The new party in power did not wish to broadcast a program from the scene of the Smuts celebration (all communication systems in South Africa are government owned and controlled), but newsreel photographers were on the scene, and John captured a few feet of film on our 16mm movie camera.

It was thought that the strenuous events of the birth-day celebration tired Mr. Smuts severely, and with the onset of winter, he soon developed pneumonia and died. There was a long and picturesque funeral procession which we watched. John made movies of the soldiers' slow march, the veterans of several wars, the Scottish bagpipers, and the hearse itself. This was for many the sad ending of an era. The long period of Nationalist party power in its strong swing to Afrikaans domination had just begun.

GROWING PAINS - "CULTURE SHOCK"

As we began to have a few more visitors to our services, we naturally wanted to make good impressions on them in every way. Meeting in a home tends to give an informal atmosphere. Visitors may think it strange to attend services in someone's living room. To make the setting more formal, we set out chairs in rows and tried to be quiet and dignified. Our Kent was manageable at four, and he would sit quietly through the service, looking at a picture book or drawing on a piece of paper. Two-year-old Don was a typical wiggly toddler. Thirty seconds was record time for sitting still, and once he wiggled himself right off the chair and onto the floor. Falling off a chair is not unusual for a boy of two. Falling off a chair during church services is not unheard of for a boy of two. But falling off a chair onto a sleeping dog during a church service is unusual. The dog had a right to be where he was – it was his house, and he usually was permitted to doze in the living room, but after that, he was banished from services.

In our rented house in Parktown, we were learning how white people in Johannesburg lived. First of all, we had to deal with all the burglar-proofing, the heavy wire mesh covering all the windows, the double and triple locks on all the doors. We'd already heard many tales of burglaries, robberies, and even murder. The most common of these crimes affecting the ordinary citizen was burglary with the items most likely to be stolen being clothing and blankets which would quickly be sold in the second-hand market to the poor black population. This was pre-drug times, pre-TV and expensive camera and stereo times, so the motivation for burglary was not the same as in America in the 70's and 80's. Yet the trauma of

having one's home burglarized, one's privacy invaded, and even one's life threatened, would have been the same.

The Great Dane, Skipper, which we were obliged to keep for the landlady, slept on a mat just inside the front door. In her old age, Skipper had become incontinent, but the maid was accustomed to rectifying the animal's accidents, and we managed to put up with it since it was only to be temporary. Very likely, Skipper could have proved her worth if anyone had tried to break into the house. I was more frightened by the crime stories we had heard than I cared to admit, and at times I would lie awake listening to every sound. Soon I overcame this fear, and just as well, for in nearly 30 years in South Africa, we never once had anyone break into our home.

People in our particular part of Johannesburg were not friendly, at least not in the way to which we were accustomed to neighbors' friendliness in the states. In four months in Parktown, we never met one single neighbor, and in fact hardly saw any at all except as they came and went in their driveways. High hedges and walls surrounded all the homes, and we decided that one could get sick and die and never be found if it depended upon neighbors. Later, in other areas, we did have some good neighbors, but the Parktown experience was just a bit difficult.

We never spoke face to face with our Parktown neighbors, but once during those 4 months, I heard the voice of one of them on the telephone. At 2 a. m. one night, the phone next to my bed rang. When I picked it up, an angry voice said, "Your dog is barking!" I apologized, hung up, and let Skipper in to sleep on her mat. A few weeks later, the phone again rang during the wee hours of night. As I

reached for the receiver, I heard Skipper barking, so I raised the instrument gently, put it down again, and let the dog in. My ear was not up to hearing the voice of the irate neighbor a second time, and after that Skipper always spent the night inside.

The month was June, the year 1950, and we were learning about winter in Johannesburg. Nearly all heating — what there was of it — and most of the water heaters in the city were fueled with coal, and in the locations where the black people lived, everyone cooked on coal stoves. In addition, the night watchmen who were employed to guard the stores and office buildings burned coal in braziers which they made by punching holes in the sides of five-gallon paraffin (kerosene) cans. Altogether, the result was a heavy pall which hung low over the entire area, spreading out for many miles across the countryside. Our nostrils collected a black deposit, water from a shampoo would be grey, and laundry was a problem in two ways: getting clothes clean, and keeping them that way as they hung on the wash line to dry.

More recently there has been a tremendous clean-up program for the atmosphere of Johannesburg. Smokeless zones are strictly enforced in many areas, trash burning is prohibited, with coal-burning equipment replaced by electricity, gas or oil. The poorer black people have the problem of money for replacement of their old equipment, and the city authorities have given them more time in which to accomplish this costly switchover. When this is done, the skies around Johannesburg may be blue again in winter.

In winter we had to use prodigious amounts of creams, lotions, lanolin, lip ice, vaseline — whatever would

combat the chapped hands, cracked lips, dry skin, and blacked-out nostrils. In addition to the smoke problem, winter is the dry season when there is not a cloud in the sky nor a drop of rain for 4 or 5 months. Also there was the fine yellowish dust that blew off the mine dumps in sufficient quantity to be called dust storms, another problem which in subsequent years has been nearly overcome. With vast effort and expenditures of huge sums of money, many of the old sandy dumps have had grass planted on them, and other dumps are being hauled away, truckload by truckload, to be used as fill and in road building. Life in Johannesburg is cleaner in the 80's than it was in the 50's, but our first year there was 1950.

JO'BURG - THE BEGINNING

Johannesburg! "Jo'burg" for short. "Joeys" in slang. What about Johannesburg? How did it become what it was?

In his book, *The Johannesburg Story*, F. Addington Symons describes the area: "It lies in the midst of a wilderness of dusty, desolate veld — an oasis of glittering lights and noise, a gaudy circus, its ring the yellowish grey mine dumps, its orchestra the ceaseless rhythm of the battery stamps. Johannesburg, the Golden City.

"From an aeroplane, it looks like a spangle of jewels on a dull, grey-brown cushion, its countless electric signs mocking the endless emptiness of the slumbering veld, or a self-contained, self-satisfied organism, a hive of bees clustered round its Queen of Gold, buried deep in the earth below — bees that work unceasingly, bees that resent intruders and have a sharp and bitter sting if they are disturbed.

"Here in this City of Infinite Chance, the primitive

mingles with the tinnily sophisticated; here, the dark mystery that is Africa is driven into shadowy corners by the brazen splendour of gold, reflected in its myriad lights. Here are the private palaces of the rich and the squalid shanties of the hopelessly poor, the streets thronged with pickings from all the races of the world — white man and black, Jew and Gentile, Latin and Mongolian — all attracted by the lure of the treasure that lies beneath their feet, guarded by the moguls who help to control the destinies of nations.

"The Johannesburg story is grotesque, incredible – a melodrama acted by characters too unreal for real life, too fantastic for fiction."

Long before the discovery of the gold which made Johannesburg what it was to be, the Dutch (Afrikaans) farmers, Boers, ("boer" means simply "farmer") had come to settle, desiring only to find homes where they could make a living and raise their families in the staunch old Calvinistic faith of the Dutch Reformed Church. Governed by what Symons calls a "ramshackle government," a Volksraad or People's Council at Potchefstroom, Paul Kruger, who later became the president of the Transvaal, was even then taking a leading part. He was opposed to the idea of prospecting for gold — he declared that he who finds gold finds trouble.

Many of the "Voortrekkers" who moved northward from the Cape found much land that was arid, semi-desert, requiring huge tracts to support a family. In such an area, in 1867, some young children found a handful of shiny pebbles near the Vaal River. Their parents showed the pebbles to a friend who in turn passed one of them on to a

traveling trader. From this small beginning came the rush to the Kimberley diamond fields, and it was from these diggings that many adventurers moved on to Johannesburg when just 19 years later, gold was discovered.

There had been a rush for gold at Barberton, but this soon played out because the deposits of the metal were too irregular for profitable mining, and men began to look toward the Witwatersrand where there had been rumors of gold finds. Witwatersrand - the Ridge of White Waters - named for the clear sparkling streams that sprang from the rocky Gold had been little more than a rumor. A man named Struben had found what he believed to be a rich strike, but he kept it a secret and began by himself to erect machinery and to dig. Wandering fortune-hunters, sundowners, passed by, sometimes just looking for a meal and a bed. A man name George Walker arrived at the farm Langlaagte, owned by a widow, Mrs. Oosthuizen. The good lady hired him along with a Mr. Honevball and a mason named Harrison to assist in the building of a house. Walker had no intention of remaining more than just long enough to earn money to return to Barberton to try again to find gold, but on a Sunday afternoon in February 1886, he went for a walk, and kicked a stone which he picked up. The stone winked at him slyly as he turned it in his hand - the wink which beckoned hordes of fortune-seekers who soon overran that patch of scrubby farmland. It was the conception of the mighty city of Johannesburg.

Much of the story of Johannesburg is like the stories of other places where gold has been found, but with one difference. The gold find was far greater than any ever found in the entire world. It isn't necessary to read the history books to imagine the rush of adventurers: the greedy, the criminals, the businesses, satellites and parasites, that accompany the actual gold-seekers: traders, restaurateurs, liquor dealers, brothels, the lot! Then there were the laborers, numerous but unacclaimed, together with their families who soon arrived just to make a living. From this beginning, first named simply "Ferreira's Camp" rose the metropolis which became the largest city in all of southern Africa, second only to Cairo on the entire continent.

In this great city then, we were making our own small beginnings. We'd had a few of our earlier Sunday services, we were seeking a hall in which to meet, and we were taking Afrikaans lessons. Approximately half the white population of the country were Afrikaans (Dutch descent), their language having changed enough from the original Dutch that people arriving from Holland in the mid-20th century had difficulty understanding it.

AFRIKAANS

If we had realized more fully the importance of the Afrikaans language to its users, we would have made a far greater effort than we did to learn it. We made the mistake of going in a group to take lessons from a lady who would rather converse with us in English about our American background, and for this we paid her handsomely and learned little Afrikaans. Some of our group would have been able to progress more rapidly than others, and it would have been better had we been divided into two groups, or perhaps even taken individual lessons. We were unable to see that we were making much progress, and when we found that most white people in the cities could speak

enough English to get along, we stopped the lessons.

If fewer people had spoken English to us, we would have been motivated to learn Afrikaans, but as soon as anyone found out that we were Americans, they spoke to us in English. A certain pattern of courtesy had emerged from the existence of two official languages. In a business transaction, a shop assistant addresses the customer in both languages, "Can I help you? Kan ek jou help?" Whatever language the customer uses in reply is the language the assistant will speak during the transaction. In a personal encounter, the one who can switch most comfortably will do so. Sometimes a mixture of the two languages is used, as suits those who are conversing.

Although a person may not have mastered a language, it is good to be able to pass the time of day and exchange a few niceties in the other person's tongue. If we just said the equivalent of "good morning" or "how are you" in Afrikaans, people would beam and say, "Oh good! You're learning our language."

In addition to the two official white languages of the country, South Africa also has numerous tribal dialects which differ sufficiently from each other to make it difficult to learn them unless a person is a talented linguist. All I can say now is that we should have made greater efforts to learn at least some of the languages. John often quipped that he had a hard enough time speaking English properly, let alone try other tongues. This was partly true — he was not a linguist, and in the efforts he made to speak a bit of Afrikaans, he struggled so hard pronouncing his "r's" and "g's" that our children would burst into gales of laughter. Others were more polite and gave him credit for trying. He probably

did the best thing for himself by going ahead in his own way, speaking in English when speaking with white people and using interpreters, when necessary, for the tribal languages. Kent, at four years of age, was afraid that God wouldn't understand us if we prayed in Afrikaans.

REALITY STRIKES

We had arrived in Johannesburg with high hopes of finding a large number of contacts as a result of the radio As soon as we had some nice letterheads broadcasts. printed with a post office box as a return address, we sent out 44 letters to people whose names had been given to us. I wish it were possible to report that 44 people came as a result of 44 letters. I wish it were possible to report that we had a tremendous response to the correspondence courses which we revised to suit South African consump-Sometimes there may be more visible results than this from radio and correspondence courses, but we soon learned that the best way for the church to grow is for its members to make personal contacts, make friends, and speak to those with whom they do business. After a couple of months, we began to do our own reaching out rather than waiting for radio results, and thus we felt we were on the way to greater successes.

The radio broadcasts were continuing each Saturday night, and copies of the sermons, printed by brother Short in Rhodesia, were shipped to us for mailing to those requesting them. We continued mailing sermon copies to over 300 people each week. Waymon Miller was selected to answer correspondence, Guy was in charge of revising the correspondence course, Eldred was to correct the lesson

sheets as they were sent in, and John was to run the duplicating machine and make 250 copies of each of the lessons. We all joined in the effort by collating, folding, stuffing envelopes, and licking stamps.

What then of the radio effort? If only one soul found the Lord as a result, it would not have been in vain. One of the seeds sown by those gospel sermons could have turned out to be the "mighty oak that from the tiny acorn grew." True, the glowing reports we had heard about overwhelming responses were exaggerated, whether intentionally or the result of wishful thinking or misunderstanding. Some who responded by requesting copies of one particular sermon were probably interested only temporarily but were added to our mailing list of the 300 plus. Some people respond to all broadcasts and a few even turn out to be "crackpots". All told, looking back at the situation, although there were no spectacular results by way of great numbers of people, there were enough to have made it worth while. Even if there had been no visible results whatsoever, the radio broadcast was the means whereby we first decided to go with the gospel to South Africa.

REACHING FAR AND NEAR (Apollo and Zimba) The Correspondence Course

In February, 1951, Guy Caskey and Waymon Miller traveled from Johannesburg to Grahamstown, a trip of some 700 miles, in answer to a plea by a black man name Ahaziah Apollo. Ahaziah and a friend, Timothy Zimba, had heard the radio broadcast and had been taking the correspondence course, comparing the teachings thus received with what they had learned in their association with various denominations.

Ahaziah was studying at the famous Rhodes University to become a doctor. An exceptionally brilliant man, he had mastered a dozen or more languages, including English, Afrikaans, Latin and a great number of tribal languages.

Guy and Waymon found Ahaziah to be receptive to the gospel, and Timothy was not far behind. Soon they and their wives were baptized. At that time, George Hook, who was working at Nhowe Mission, was making plans to go to Malawi (then called Nyasaland), and since that was Ahaziah's homeland, he was excited about the gospel going to his people. Guy and Waymon told them about the work that one man, brother C. A. O. Essien, had accomplished in Nigeria, and Ahaziah saw the possibility of doing the same for Malawi. In 1952, an American church supported Ahaziah to return to Malawi and Timothy moved to Port Elizabeth where he worked with the Hockeys in the black congregation - that is where we found him when we moved to Port Elizabeth in later 1952. In late 1953, with the move by the government to send foreign blacks back to their homelands, Timothy had to leave, as did Gibson Nyirenda whom we had known in Johannesburg.

Brother Doyle Gilliam, who worked for many years in Malawi, worked with Ahaziah in the Rumphi area of northern Malawi in 1957 and 1958, and found him to be a very capable preacher, able to speak 17 languages. Ahaziah did not remain long, for his city-bred wife, Grace, was unhappy, so they moved to Lusaka, Zambia. On a visit to the Lusaka area in 1963, we found Ahaziah and Grace assisting brother Henry Pierce at a preacher training school just outside of Lusaka.

At the time of this writing, it is not known what

happened to Ahaziah or to Timothy, but brother Gilliam reports this exciting sequel to the story: "The first convert Ahaziah made in Malawi was Godwin Makwakwa, a blind man. They studied all night, two nights in a row, and then brother Makwakwa was baptized. He is truly one of the great men of God in our time and has baptized hundreds of people in both Zambia and Malawi. He has been working in Lilongwe, Malawi, since 1961, and there are dozens of congregations in that area, and he has been a 'trouble-shooter' in so many cases, helping brethren to get along and work together. He has also been an inspiration to many of the younger preachers with his prayerful life and zeal and boldness in preaching the word. So the work of the Caskeys and Millers in teaching these two men still continues in a very fruitful way in Malawi and in Zambia even today."

The one man out of the 44 contacted in Johannesburg was a Mr. Kensett who brought his young daughter Roma with him. The Blake family became regulars and often brought visitors, so the names of Dick and Babsie White began to appear on our records. There was also Carl Harms from South Hills as well as the Arthur Lovett family and Mrs. Merrick and her children who lived nearby.

Waymon was the first to contact the Lovett family, who, with their ten children, lived on the small income earned by Arthur as a gardener for the city of Johannesburg. Arthur began to suffer black-outs and was laid off from work, so we began to assist them financially. We held weekly classes in the Lovett home then, with as many as 20 to 24 in attendance. Some of these people were attending our Sunday services also, and we were optimistic about their obeying the gospel soon. Victor Lloyd, a nephew who

was being raised by the Lovetts, showed particular promise.

According to a report sent to the Christian Chronicle. dated September 15, 1950, exactly 4 months after we entered South Africa, our first convert was baptized. This was Mr. Kensett. To quote from the report: "We have no building of our own, and therefore we have no convenient baptistry. Brother Waymon Miller had investigated possible places for baptism, and although Johannesburg is a metropolis of nearly a million people, he had to select the Klip River, some 10 miles in the country. We thought everything was arranged, but when we arrived at the river this morning, the owner of the property would not allow us to use the waters. We asked him if he wouldn't allow it for a baptismal service. The answer was still 'No'. So we drove on, hoping to find another place. After a few miles we saw a nice tank of water at a small dam. The owner of the place was not at home so we asked permission of the native worker. Again we were refused. We were 25 miles in the country when we finally decided to return. We stopped at an amusement park with a fine swimming pool. (It was not swimming season). Luckily the native in charge here allowed us the use of the pool Today we traveled between 50 and 75 miles to find a suitable place for baptizing Mr. Kensett. Our work will be handicapped until we have a building of our own with the facilities that we need."

Just two weeks later, Leslie and Doreen Blake were baptized. In the interval since the baptism of Mr. Kensett, we had searched out a place that we might depend upon to be available whenever needed. Mr. Harms had been instrumental in finding us such a place on another part of the Klip River, at a dairy farm owned by a distant relative

of his. There was still the inconvenience of a long trip, but at least we were assured that we could use the spot.

During the first half of November, we rejoiced over the baptisms of 12 more. The first of these was Guy David Caskey, son of Guy and Jessie Lee. A few nights later, Carl Harms was baptized. It was nearly midnight, and there was no moon. Preacher and candidate felt their way carefully into the river, then had to find a place that was deep enough for immersion. Nobody had thought to have a flashlight, so it was an unusual experience for everyone concerned. A few nights later, several of the Lovett family and Victor Lloyd were immersed, but by then, we knew enough to come prepared with flashlights. The following Sunday morning, Mrs. Merrick, daughter Sybil, son Noel, and one other were taken to the river for baptism, and that same night Kenny Merrick and a friend made the good confession so we returned to the river a second time in one day. John wrote in his report, "By that time, the wind was up, and cold, and the water was chilly. I can testify, because I baptized those two, as well as the four on Friday night I can tell you we are happy . . . and we hope you share our joy."

A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

In our efforts to analyze our successes and failures in the Lord's work, we are hindered by being able to see only the here and now. Only God who sees the future can "fore-know." We see only the broad, surface picture — He sees in depth through the years. Then, when those years have passed, we too can see what was held there all the time, locked up in the mind of God. It seems necessary, therefore, for us to take a few moments here and there in relating our

South African experiences, to project far into the future so that the more finished pictures become clear.

The Merrick family, just baptized then in 1951, remained somewhat faithful to the Lord for some years, but after a while, various troubles beset them, and eventually we lost all track of them, sadly adding them to the numbers for whom we gave up hope. Twenty-six years later, Sybil, by then Mrs. Gerry Eustace, discovered that the John Hardins were living in Benoni, not far from where she had been living for several years. Sybil had decided that her life had not been going right and that she needed to return to the Lord. Driving to the church building in Benoni one Sunday evening, she waited in the parking lot until we drove in, then walked across to greet us, together with her husband and daughter. From that day onward, Sybil returned to faithful service to God, and the husband and daughter have been baptized.

The Lovett family, some of whom were baptized at the same time as the Merricks, lived in the next street in South Hills. It was, in fact, the Lovetts who first invited the Merricks to attend Bible studies in their home. Of the large family of Lovetts, plus some other relatives outside the immediate Arthur Lovett family, most eventually fell away from the faith. It was a process of many years, during which they had done much in the service of God, Arthur even being supported for some time to work with colored churches. The why and wherefores of their falling away are not a part of this story. But it was Molly Lovett, who married G. G. Gillespie and moved to the Durban area, who figures greatly in what one could rightly call a drama. In 1983, more than 30 years after the baptisms in

the river, Wade Gillespie, third son of Molly and G. G., is a student at Southern Africa Bible School. Wade's two older brothers are married to fine Christian girls and the entire family serve the Lord faithfully in every way. We can only say, "Praise the Lord."

TRAVELS AND TRAVELERS

There is much to be said in favor of living in a place through which travelers must pass, because that is one way of having a lot of interesting company and making friends. Already the Orville Brittell family had passed through Johannesburg on their way from Rhodesia to Cape Town where they could board a ship sailing for America. Now we had the pleasure of getting to know Dr. Marge Sewell and Ann Burns who had arrived with the purpose of moving to one of the missions in the Rhodesias to do medical work. They had landed in Cape Town, having brought with them a panel van which they were not permitted to drive because they did not have South African drivers' licenses. Tommy Hartle, a member of the Woodstock congregation in Cape Town, drove their van for them as far as Johannesburg. Tommy came to stay overnight at our house and we began to appreciate this Christian personality. He had always been a poor man, and had never before been so far away from his home. Despite his poverty and lack of higher education, he has been responsible for many conversions. In our home, he saw the duplicating machine and addressograph set-up for the "Backto-the- Bible" correspondence course and was greatly impressed. He had been listening to the program but had never expected to meet the people connected with it or with the correspondence course it offered. When he returned to Cape Town, Tommy told the young people at Woodstock about it and sent for 30 copies to be used by them. He also took with him a quantity of printed sermons to be distributed as tracts.

Marge and Ann's visit with the Caskeys turned out to be for several weeks. Boyd Reese, who was to take the ladies to Rhodesia, was on a trip to Nigeria with Echols to spy out the land for future mission work there. This was more than a quick jaunt, for a trip from Johannesburg to Lagos was like traveling coast to coast in the USA, but with no direct flights. The history of the church in Nigeria has become one of the better known missionary stories of our time, how one man, C. A. O. Essien took a Bible correspondence course, was converted through it, and immediately began to preach to his people, baptizing them in great numbers. As early as 1950 it was reported that there were 8,000 people believing much as we do, and that many of them had been taking the correspondence course from Nashville.

When Boyd and Eldred returned from their trip, they came bearing the good news that the reports about Nigeria were mainly true, that the field was ripe unto harvest. The bad news was and always will be about Nigeria that the climate is most difficult for white people. It was about two years later that Eldred went again to Nigeria and stayed several months by himself, during which time he lost so much weight that when he went to visit his people in Fort Worth, they scarcely recognized him.

ELDRED ECHOLS, PIONEER

As mentioned earlier, Eldred Echols had already been

in Africa for 5 years when we first went there. If you will recall that we went in 1949 and then do some quick mental arithmetic, you will realize that Eldred went to Africa during World War II. It is hard to imagine what great difficulty existed for a civilian who wished to travel from one continent to another during the war, but with incredible courage, faith and determination, he did the impossible. ship he sailed on took him to South America from where he hoped to find passage to South Africa, but this involved a wait of many weeks, an experience which would have cooled the ardor of most would-be missionaries. Eventually Echols did make it to Africa and as a young single man, he spent his time teaching the black people, sometimes going into areas where the inhabitants had never seen a white person before. The pioneer spirit continued in Echols' heart, and it was he who made a trip to South Africa in 1948 to see what the possibilities were for missionaries to enter there. In 1956, he went to Tanganyika, working at first with the Guy Caskeys and Roy and Sadie Echols, and later with the Al Hornes. Their preacher training school was on a mountain named "Ailsa," just above the place where Andrew Connally, David Caskey, and others worked and where a hospital was built. In 1964 it was Eldred and Al who came down to South Africa and over to Swaziland with plans for preacher training schools. Although the Echols family lived an average urban life while Eldred taught in the Southern Africa Bible School in Benoni, he was even then instrumental in the beginning of the work in Botswana. Since moving back to America in 1978, Eldred continues to make frequent trips to his beloved Africa, assisting other missionaries to become established. Africa did get into Eldred's blood. He always said, "I am a Christian by conviction, not by convenience," and verily, he lives it that way.

BACK TO JOHANNESBURG IN LATE 1950 -

Winter was finally about to bow out, and warm weather was welcomed by our children who could now run in and out as they wanted. Fruit trees blossomed, and flowering bulbs sent up their shoots and buds, but unfortunately, so did the weeds. We had let the gardener go because we felt we couldn't afford to keep him, but now we were sorry. John didn't have time to get the weeds out of the enormous lawn, and I couldn't because I was pregnant, so when the landlady returned, she made us pay for the gardener who came to do the job and we came off the worse financially. Winter had also left behind it the remains of an epidemic of flu and colds, so about the time that a slight complication of my pregnancy was overcome, I went down again, this time with bronchitis. Before I had fully recovered, we had to move, so John had to do most of the work.

We moved to an average community, the suburb of Norwood, with a smaller house and ordinary furniture. We were average people so we were prepared to feel at home. Building lots were much smaller than in Parktown, and the fences and hedges were low enough that we could see our neighbors! Children are great at contacting neighbors, and soon they had found a number of playmates so we began to have a yardful of children's voices. We did not regret saying goodbye to old Skipper. We were inheriting another dog from the owner of the Norwood house. This was

"Pluto", a cross between a Rhodesian Ridgeback and another animal of questionable ancestry. The ridgebacks are large brown dogs which have, along the spine, a ridge of hair which grows in the opposite direction from the other hair. Pluto had inherited his black coat from his other parent, but he had the distinctive ridge. He was a friendly dog, good with the children, and large enough to make strangers wary of coming into the yard. His owners had spoiled him with daily purchases of ice creams from the ice cream man, but since we could not so indulge our own children, we had to break Pluto of the habit.

By moving to a cheaper house, we hoped to come closer to living within our income. We did not hire a servant at first, although the floors and verandas were polished with the soft, non-durable polish that had to be replenished frequently. The state of Minnesota paid a bonus to all of its World War II veterans, and I used mine (ex-WAC) to purchase a floor polisher and a small washing machine. As my pregnancy progressed, I had to give in and hire a girl to help in the house, and by so doing, I had time and energy to sew and to be a better wife and mother.

Kent was now close to 5 years old and Don was 2 and one-half. Kent was a non-stop talker, and later we found out that this is a characteristic of children that age. We kept reminding the boys about their grandparents and other relatives in the states. Kent was beginning to pray for each of them by name, and as he did so, Don would repeat snatches of the words in his babyish way. When Kent came to his Uncle Glenn and Aunt Reba, he felt it inappropriate to pray for their dog "Toy." So he would say, "Bless Uncle Glenn and Aunt Reba, but not Toy." Once Don failed to

catch the words "but not," and repeated the name "Toy." Kent stopped the prayer and whispered to Don, "Don't say 'Toy'." When the "amen" was said, I was glad to find something to do in the kitchen where I could enjoy a bit of a giggle.

ON DOCTORS AND HOSPITALS

A question often asked us by American friends was, "Do you have good doctors and hospitals over in South Africa?" The answer is absolutely "yes". As a matter of fact, some of the best specialists in the world are to be found in Cape Town, Johannesburg, Pretoria, and other cities. Most South African doctors are trained at the universities in that country, and in addition, many of them have done advanced studies abroad: in England, the U. S., France, Germany, Switzerland, and other countries.

Perhaps the greatest single benefit to us was that doctors made house calls — some of them still do. With little boys who had lots of bronchitis plus the usual maladies and injuries that little boys experience, there was sometimes quite a path beaten to our door by the family doctor.

In Bulawayo, Don and I had both had some asthma treated by a doctor, but since coming to South Africa in May we had not yet needed medical help — that is, until August, when I had first suspected that the Hardin children were going to be increased in number from 2 to 3. How do you find a doctor in a strange city of a million people? I solved that by turning in the phone directory to "Medical practitioners," running my finger down the column until I came by chance to a lady gynecologist named Dr. Margaret

Orford. When I called for an appointment, I was told that I needed to be referred by a general practitioner, but when I explained that we did not have a family doctor and had only been in the country a short while, the receptionist agreed that I could come in. Dr. Orford was a lovely person, kind and friendly as well as efficient. She took care of me through this pregnancy and the next one as well, and also cared for Naomi Miller when she had their little Martha. Dr. Orford never would take a penny for her services to us. "You missionaries do your good in your way, and this is my bit toward the good of society."

It was March 9, 1951, and I entered the hospital at just about sundown. It looked as though the big event would occur in the wee hours of the night, so John went back home to be with Kent and Don. Before leaving the hospital, he had given all the particulars of name, address, and phone number. Brian made his appearance just before midnight, and when one of the nurses saw that all was well, she went to phone In a minute she returned, convulsed with laughter. John. Between gasps, she asked me, "What is your phone number?" When I told her, she said that my husband had transposed two of the digits, and when she had called that number and a man answered the phone, she had said, "Your wife just gave birth to a baby boy." The man had answered, "Oh no she hasn't. She's right here in bed with me now." Eventually the nurse, having the correct number, got the message to the right husband.

All through our years in South Africa, we felt that we had good medical care. We were blessed with good health in most ways, and could be treated as out-patients for almost everything. Our fifth son, Dale, was born in Port Elizabeth,

and Gary in Benoni. In Pretoria, Brian once stayed overnight in a hospital so that he could have a pellet removed from his arm where it had lodged deeply between the radius and ulna. His main complaint was that the bed was too short for him to sleep well. His age placed him in the children's ward, but his height needed an adult bed. I once had major surgery, and John had a rather large hernia repaired. Gary was hospitalized once for a deep gash in his leg from stepping through a rotten board in a stadium, once when he had a broken elbow in a motorcycle accident, and once for an examination under anesthesia to determine the presence of bilharzia. On every occasion, we were well satisfied with our treatment.

A FIRST BIG TENT

If finding a hall to rent for regular Sunday services was difficult, it was well nigh impossible to find a suitable place for a gospel meeting of one or two weeks' duration. We made plans, then, to buy a large tent which could be moved to various locations. Not only did we have trouble in leasing ground and getting permission from the city to hold tent meetings, but there were many snags in obtaining a tent made to our specifications.

To quote a portion of a letter John wrote to his family — "Never in all my life have I run into such a mess as we have run into, getting that tent up and preparing for the meeting. In my last letter I told you some of the difficult things we encountered in leasing the land and buying the tent. When the company that made the tent got it ready, they sent a crew to show us how to put it up . . . we could have done as well without any practice. They

bent the steel rods that went from the top of the large supporting poles. The ridge pole laid on crooked, and most any good puff of wind could lift the tent off the poles and set it down on the audience. They said they would straighten the rods, but they came out days later, looked around and said they couldn't do it then . . . we had gone to that particular company because they could supply us with the green canvas we wanted . . . when the tent was set up, there was one strip of white canvas right in the middle. When we complained about it they said, 'Don't worry about that. In a few days you won't know the difference.' Sure enough, in a few days we had a tent so faded out and in so many colors one would think it was a carnival.

"On top of that, we thought we were getting a rectangular tent, 40×60 . But when it was set up, it turned out to be an oval affair, which cuts down the seating capacity by about a fourth . . . It turns out that they didn't know what 'rectangular' meant, and we didn't know what 'marquee' meant — but that is what we got — a marquee.

"Next we come to the electric lights. We had to get a licensed electrician to put the lights in the tent, and then a city inspector would come out and pass on it. The electrician came out in our absence and strung cable around, fastening it to the tent with plain wire. We knew the inspector would not pass that, so Echols and I scouted around and found insulators, took the electrician's work down, fixed it and put it back up. He had left three wire ends open, which we fixed by putting sockets on for outside lights . . . that was Friday before the meeting was to start on Sunday. We waited for the inspector . . . he didn't come Friday . . . or Saturday. So we called Leslie Blake's brother

who works for the electricity department . . . he promised to get the juice turned on temporarily for Sunday night and get the inspector out on Monday. Sunday afternoon he called and said he couldn't do it. That left us in the position of having advertised the meeting to start that night, but having no lights in the tent. We decided to scout around and try to find lamps (Coleman pressure type) . . . I put about 60 miles on my car . . . finally borrowed one lamp and bought one. We had to circumvent the law to buy that lamp because stores are supposed to be closed on Sunday. In the meantime, Echols brought his power lamp . . . We were supposed to start the meeting at 7:30, but then we were still trying to fill and light the lamps. The last one was being put up while we sang our first songs . . . a heavy downpour of rain a couple of hours earlier had almost ruined our services before we got started."

There had also been a hassle in getting the 200 chairs made and delivered in time — they only came late on the Saturday afternoon. Throughout the time that the tent remained in place, we feared for its safety. Children from all around the neighborhood played around it, hung on the ropes, and even climbed onto the top and slid down. They would not obey the watchman we had hired to look after it.

John reported, "Our meeting isn't setting the world on fire." We had run into an unseasonal cool spell. It was nearly Christmas and should have been pleasant summer weather. Attendance was disappointing, and we realized by this time that most of the people in the area were Afrikaans-speaking and could not benefit much from

Waymon's sermons preached in American English. Even so, there were four people baptized, including an elderly couple that the Millers had met at a bus stop.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF 1951

Sometimes when we look at a period of time day by day as it is passing, we fail to get the best perspective, like not being able to see the forest because of the trees. A brief outline of 1951 shows that things were beginning to happen in South Africa.

In January, 1951, the Don Gardner family moved into Pretoria, and in February they were joined by the Martelle Petty family. That was the beginning of the church in Pretoria, and less than ten years later, the Hardin family would be working there.

In February, someone was contacted in the town of Benoni, a radio contact, probably never actually converted — the name has been lost. Less than 7 years later, we moved to Benoni where John was their first preacher. Today Benoni has one of the largest congregations plus the Southern Africa Bible School.

In February, the Caskeys and Millers went to Port Elizabeth and Grahamstown and baptized two black couples: The Ahaziah Apollos and the Timothy Zimbas. The black work was beginning.

By April, a training class was in full swing, with men learning how to conduct the services, how to knock on doors and invite people to services, and how to speak to them about the gospel.

In April there were 34 people meeting in the Lovett home on week nights for Bible study.

In May, Guy and John made a trip of nearly two weeks, contacting people in Queenstown and Oudtshoorn as well as in Port Elizabeth. At Port Elizabeth they met the Hockeys who had been converted years before in the Kellems campaigns in the Johannesburg area (their story is included elsewhere). A year and a half later, we moved to Port Elizabeth with Echols and started the church there. Today there are 3 congregations in that city.

By late May, plans were being made for Abie Malherbe to attend ACC and for Victor Lloyd to go to Harding. The tent was put up for sale since no other funds were available for ship tickets for these young men, and the tent meetings had been disappointing anyway.

In June, John spent long hours cutting stencils and running off copies of study courses that Echols could take to Nigeria on his 4-month teaching trip.

In June we began to hear good things about Conrad Steyn in Pretoria and by September he was off to the USA to attend David Lipscomb College. Conrad has preached for many years in Cape Town.

In November there was a lady baptized as a result of her studies in the ladies Bible class. She and her daughter are still faithful members. That same month, Eddie Cowie was baptized. Eddie is a faithful member after all these years.

In November, John started putting out a weekly bulletin to help strengthen the members of the Turffontein congregation. This was the beginning of a long series of bulletins and newsletters for which John became well known, and through which much teaching was done.

If you will but read between the lines, you can

picture the activity that went on to accomplish these things, and when you see some of the names of people and places in other portions of this book, they will be familiar to you.

START OF BLACK AND COLORED WORK

In a letter to the Christian Chronicle, dated January 7, 1951, John expressed his thoughts on taking the gospel to the black and the colored people. (White people in South Africa are called "Europeans" and all others "non-Europeans"). He wrote, "Now we have opportunity of reaching the non-European section. We have quite a few colored and native people in Johannesburg taking the correspondence course in the Bible and we feel that there are good prospects in that direction for the church to spread."

A colored man, Mr. F. Morgan, had been studying the Bible by himself, then heard one of our radio broadcasts. Subsequently he took the correspondence course and received copies of the sermons, learning more all the time, and finally writing to Guy Caskey saying that he wanted to be baptized. He was preaching in a group called the "Griqua" church, telling his people they needed to be baptized while he himself had not been immersed. Unfortunately, it wasn't long before Mr. Morgan faded out of the picture and we saw him no more, but he was the means of contacting some others.

By mid-April of 1951, classes were being held for non-Europeans on Monday nights, in a social center in downtown Johannesburg. Six months later, a class was being held during the lunch hour on Wednesdays, attended by colored employees of an insurance office. Included with these was Jackson Sogoni, a black man, and when he no longer met

with the colored men, he was taught by Guy Caskey. Jackson sometimes visited the European services as well.

In January 1952, John reported that there had been several baptisms as a result of the noonday class: Walter Paul and his wife, Victor Stanger, and Nic Manuel. Victor and Nic were soon instrumental in organizing a Tuesday night Bible class in Noordgesig colored township. One of the men in that class, Daniel Degree, considered himself to be a member of the church of Christ, having broken away from the Jehovah's Witnesses when he saw their errors, but he needed further teaching to help him straighten out a few essential points of doctrine. Thirty years after these conversions were reported, it can be said that all except one are faithfully serving the Lord. Walter Paul has preached the word almost every Sunday during all those years, having built a small meeting place at the rear of his own property. Nic Manuel was instrumental in building up a fairsized congregation which has survived some "up's and down's" of the sort that occur because the church is made up of humans. Daniel Degree has gone faithfully onward in a quiet unassuming way, assisting congregations in several places.

By mid-1952, just two years after our entrance into South Africa, there had been 8 or 10 baptisms among the colored people, and services were being held regularly in Grasmere and Noordgesig, with not only our American preachers helping, but also Lovett, Merrick, Blake, Cowie, and one or two other men of the white congregation in Johannesburg.

WE GET A BUILDING

Every congregation that has had to meet in rented halls has had some memorable experiences, many of them unpleasant. John had frequently spoken about the first meeting place of the church in Ponca City, Oklahoma – a room upstairs, above a store. Each week it had to be swept and dusted by the members before it could be used. The Turnhalle in Johannesburg was cleaned by school janitors, and it was quite pleasant. It was, however, located far from the homes of our early visitors and members, most of whom had no transportation of their own. We missionaries spoiled some of these folks by providing rides for them when they would have been able to ride on city busses and trams. Our families would arrive at the hall very early and wait some 45 minutes while the people were fetched from their homes. After services, we waited again while the passengers were returned to their homes, and then we could go home. On Sundays, when this procedure was repeated in the evenings, that added up to a lot of waiting, with our tired, hungry little ones becoming restless and out of sorts.

When the church obtained the use of the Odd Fellows Hall in the southern part of the city, not far from the location of our building lots, we had less driving to fetch people, and when we realized that those who wanted to come badly enough would make their own way, we stopped the "taxi service". (It had been hard on our wallets too, and none of us had work funds to fall back on.)

The Old Fellows Hall had natural air conditioning in the form of great gaps under the doors and around the windows. There were no means of heating the hall in winter, so we bought several paraffin (kerosene) heaters, but even with those turned up as high as they would go, we could see

our "breath" rising as vapor from each singing mouth. Everyone brought blankets and lap robes. No African jungle there. Even mid-summer nights are cool at Johannesburg's altitude of 6,000 feet.

So in winter we had to carry those heaters back and forth for every service, in addition to the other materials that had to be brought for each meeting: blackboards, bulletin racks, song books, communion supplies, flannel boards and other Sunday school teaching aids.

There is a feeling of impermanence about a rented hall which is a handicap to establishing a new work; people are wondering if we are in the country to stay or if we are a fly-by-night outfit. This is in relationship to the thinking of the white population with whom we were working at the time — the non-white groups had always had to labor under the difficulties of financial and other hardships which had forced them to use rented facilities, especially class rooms in public schools.

One of the biggest decisions ever to be made in the history of the church in South Africa was where to build Johannesburg's church building. The private home where we first met was in a more affluent section of the city, and the Turnhalle was near the downtown area. In neither of those communities were we making any contacts for the church. Almost all of our visitors were from the southern areas of the city, the working man's part of town. South Hills, a sub-economic housing area, was where we were meeting many of our contacts. Nearby Turffontein and other immediate areas were made up of laboring people living in small houses or apartments, and our reasoning was that these were the people most likely to be reached soonest

with the gospel.

With these points in mind, the church contracted early in 1951 to buy a plot of ground 100 x 100 feet, on the corner of Bertha and High Streets in Turffontein. Part of our agreement with our sponsors in Cleburne, Texas, was that each of our families would be set up in housing, furniture, and cars, more or less equal in value to what we had left in the U. S., with no financial loss to us personally. In addition to this, they were to see to the funding of a church building in Johannesburg so that we would be in a position to go right ahead without financial worries on any of these counts. As time went by, we realized that all of these promises could not be kept, so we reasoned that if we were to receive only a portion of the benefits, that portion must be a building for the church.

Even after the lot was purchased, it was impossible to proceed with construction for some time, but by the end of the year, we had the architect's drawings of the proposed building, a beautiful Spanish-style structure which would seat 300 and provide 7 classrooms. It was yet another 9 months before bids were opened, and only in July 1953 that the formal opening of the building was held. Although the progress of the building was slow, it was all accomplished in just slightly over 3 years after entering the country.

The Turffontein members raised enough money for the pews, an expensive item in themselves. All other funds were donated by the churches in America. This may or may not be a good thing. It may have been better to wait a while and allow the local people the privilege of being challenged to do more for themselves. Having a good building does not guarantee the filling thereof with zealous members.

JOHANNESBURG UPDATE

When Joe and Mary Lou McKissick, with tiny Sherry, arrived to work with the church in Turffontein, the Millers had already returned to the states and the Caskeys were prepared to leave soon after. (The McKissicks' own story is included with the section on the church in Welkom.)

McKissicks stayed with Dick and Babsie White for a time, and eventually the church used some "left-over" money from their building program for the deposit on a house built at 8 Noel St. in Chrisville. McKissicks made the monthly payments as rent. In 1956, the church traded that property for a much older house on the circle near the Turffontein building. Other than its convenient location, the house left much to be desired, but some of the members did some repairs and some painting. Joe and Mary Lou had a good chance to prove that where there is love, there is a good home, and they did a good bit of entertaining in that old house. It was there that we met Helen, a lady who had long been a pen pal of Alex Classen. She flew to South Africa to meet her pen pal, and returned again to marry him. (She always called him Alexander).

Among the members at the time of the McKissick's stay were the Leslie Blakes, the Arthur Lovetts, the Dick Whites, the Terrence Whites, Norman Teubes, and Eddie Cowie. There was Lorraine Cubbin (later Davis) and her mother, Dolly Creer, Beryl Blue (later van Rensburg), the Robbie Kemps, Sam Soothill, and Dawie (Isador) Davis. Boetie van Rensburg and Pat and Billie (White) Watson

were teen-agers. By late 1957, attendance was running consistently in the 70's and 80's.

When the McKissicks left Turffontein in late 1957, they were followed by the Gene Tope family. Probably the most outstanding thing done by Gene was the Saturday afternoon men's training classes where both white and colored men learned Bible and also were given some training in conducting services and making talks. Tragedy struck the Tope family when one of their little girls died of meningitis that followed a routine case of measles.

Gene Tope and John Hardin began to work together in some outreach efforts, especially among the black people in Vendaland. As was the case with Ray Votaw, John knew that Gene had "anti leanings", but in the late 50's, the issues that later caused division had not yet come into focus. It was also during the time of the Topes' stay in Johannesburg that the Benoni congregation had great numbers of baptisms. (John was preaching in Benoni, 1957-1959). On many occasions, we had to call Gene to open up the Turffontein building so that we could use the baptistry.

After the Topes left in October 1960, the congregation managed part of the time on its own and partly with visiting preachers until the Lowell Worthingtons arrived in November of 1961. At that time, Turffontein's faithful membership was down to 15 or 20. Betty and Lowell had three tiny girls for whom to make a new home in a strange country. They discovered that Gene Tope had influenced about two thirds of the Turffontein members with anti teachings and that he had also been to the black congregations in Soweto. After a time, Lowell was able to

persuade most of all of these people that the anti doctrines were not worthy of being followed, but some went with Tope.

Worthingtons first lived in a large rented house and later built for themselves a new home in the suburb of Mondeor. During the last six months of their first term of work in Johannesburg, Claude Flynn worked with Lowell as a sort of apprentice and carried on with the work while Worthingtons were on furlough. When Lowell returned for a second tour of duty, he started the congregation in Mondeor and in 1966 they built a small meeting place in a lovely location. This was not in competition with Turffontein — Johannesburg is large enough to have many congregations.

For a while in about 1962 and 1963, Ivan Bezuidenhout, originally of Cape Town and more recently from Welkom, was assisting in Johannesburg. Ivan was an intelligent young man and highly capable of carrying on discussions with atheists and rationalists. Ivan suffered a speech impediment, or perhaps more correctly, a nervous impediment. In private conversation, he stuttered so badly that it took a long time for him to speak a single sentence. Yet, from the pulpit, he spoke in an almost flawless manner, and he could sing without a trace of a stutter. Ivan eventually moved to Rhodesia and left the church.

The Worthington's work in Mondeor was making excellent progress, and the prospects for the future looked very bright. Several young men, including Robert Schlemper, Evelyn Mundell, and Manuel D'Oliviera were converted and showed great promise. Enthusiasm ran high.

Claude Flynn preached for Turffontein during two

periods of time, then emigrated to the states. Izak Theron and Ben Schempers did some preaching at times, and the members carried a good bit of their own load of work. There was a long period of struggle and set-back. However, there was a core of staunch, faithful members who remained through all the up's and down's, and today there are some of the earliest converts who still worship there.

The Frank Malherbes began working with Turffontein from the early part of 1977. For the first year and a half, Frank, a SABS graduate, was fully supported by Turffontein, but it became necessary for him to return to secular employment. Frank and Iris had been converted years before by Phil Theron in Welkom and had always been hard workers for the Lord. Iris's sparkling personality and her great skill as an artist and puppeteer make her a wonderful addition to the Bible school staff.

Meanwhile, at Mondeor, the Worthingtons had departed earlier than planned because a serious road accident had wiped out their vehicle and they were in need of being back with their folks. Dick White had been working with Lowell, and took over the preaching during 1968 and '69. Then the John Dunkins, an older couple from America, were there from 1970 to 1975, during which time John also edited the "Christian Advocate". Following the Dunkins were Evelyn Mundell and Robin Dennill, SABS graduates who shared the work, supporting themselves with secular jobs. In March of 1978, the little group sold their building and the members moved back to Turffontein.

Evelyn Mundell had become convinced that only fermented wine could be used for the communion, not grape juice. This he believed so strongly that he refused to partake of the Lord's supper if unfermented grape juice was used. When no successful compromise could be reached, he and a number of followers started a congregation in Alberton.

According to the latest report, the work at Turffontein is making good progress. Within three months, they had 8 baptisms, and during a gospel meeting with Al Horne, 4 were baptized. Some of the Alberton people have returned to Turffontein, and a spirit of peace now dwells among them. When the day comes that a full-time man can once again be fully supported to work at Turffontein, there is promise that it is ready to move ahead in good shape.

There is only one white congregation in the vast city of Johannesburg. Is there no one willing and ready to start a church in some other part of the city?

The Printed Page

The expressions, "The power of the printed page," and "The pen is mightier than the sword" are more than glib phrases. Even in the era of television and junk mail, the written word remains powerful, for it can be sent to many places which cannot be reached personally. With this in mind, Waymon Miller began in November 1950 to edit a monthly paper called "The Christian Advocate," and continued as its editor until he left South Africa in 1954.

In a statement of policy in its first issue, Waymon wrote that it was to be a South African product, "designed primarily for South African consumption . . . essentially designed to serve the needs of South African people who are interested in the eternal salvation of their souls." He went on to explain that the only institution about which the paper would be concerned was the "divine institution of the Son of God." Under the masthead were the words, "Advocating a complete return to primitive New Testament Christianity."

Except to the small groups of members of the church of Christ that had resulted from efforts of the British and New Zealanders, and from the work of the Scotts in Cape Town, the idea of a "restoration" movement rather than "reformation" was a new concept in South Africa. Therefore, many of the articles in the early editions were designed to instruct readers in this way. Some of the early articles were entitled, "Reformation or Restoration," "The Restoration of New Testament Authority," "Restoring

New Testament Worship," "Identifying the Lord's Church," "Unity of the Church," and "Why We Exist as a Church." Included among these were articles on faith, repentance, baptism, inspiration of the Bible and many other basic tenets.

There were, in the earlier years of its publication, a "Question Box" and an informative section of "News and Notes." The purpose of the first is obvious. The news and notes were to inform readers concerning the church in South Africa and in other parts of the world. Those notes are now the source of much information that is helpful in the writing of this book.

From its inception, there has been no charge for the Advocate. In earlier years, much of its financing came from the Northside Church of Christ in Ft. Worth, Texas. In later years, money has come from a number of sources, and most recently the paper has been supported by generous contributions from churches within southern Africa. Editor van der Spuy said that from the time he took over in 1974, "we have never had a financial crisis the brethren did not immediately respond to."

The earliest issues of the paper advertised the weekly broadcasts of the "Back to the Bible" program on Saturday nights at 10 o'clock, the free correspondence courses that were then offered, and the meeting place of the church in Johannesburg. The first anniversary edition informs us that during the first 12 months of its existence, 16,600 copies of the Advocate had been sent out to 20 countries, the largest concentration being South Africa. By January 1953, the circulation of the paper had increased by 10 times.

Other editors of the Advocate have been Guy Caskey, Martelle Petty, Joe McKissick, John Hardin, Tex Williams, John Maples, Conrad Steyn, J. E. Dunkin (managing editor with "field editors" in various areas to assist), and Brian van der Spuy.

There were two periods of time that the Advocate went out of publication. Editing of such a paper is a time-consuming job, and sometimes frustrating and thankless. The editor of the Advocate has never been paid for that particular work but has done it in addition to regular full-time preaching. For those reasons it is difficult to find men who are willing and able to continue at this work.

Editorial policies have remained much the same through the years: some material for the non-Christian, some for the new Christian, some for the mature Christian, and some news of a positive nature concerning the church world-wide. There are special sections for the youth, for ladies, and for the advertising of such events as nation-wide retreats, lectureships, etc. An all-out effort is made to keep the paper locally oriented, and "problems" of the brother-hood are not discussed. Since 1974, brother van der Spuy has always done all of the article "solicitation", proof-reading, composition, correction, paste-up, etc. The ladies of the Welkom congregation form a team to get the Advocate into the mail — 3500 copies a month to 15 nations.

In June, 1982, Brian van der Spuy had this to say: "Our mail is tremendous. We have had letters from local government authorities commending the paper and asking for copies for their reading rooms; from Zimbabwean denominational colleges asking for copies to help in their teaching program; from Japan asking permission to translate

certain materials; from Zambia requesting a supply for school libraries; from a medical doctor in the Philippines asking copies for his reading room; from a retired Navy Colonel in the U. S. asking a copy for his collection; from scores of people in Africa who tell us a moving story of how the Advocate led them to the church and eventual obedience to the gospel; from readers in South Africa who picked up copies in doctors' waiting rooms and wanted the paper mailed to them . . . The paper is mailed to all local government libraries, many university libraries, government archives (it is government registered) and many overseas universities and libraries, including Christian colleges."

When asked regarding the value of sending the paper overseas, brother van der Spuy has explained to the brethren that it is partly THEIR effort of mission work, and he tells them of people obeying the gospel in many other places because of it. One letter from the unlikely-sounding island of Cyprus had stated just that. (A long time since the apostle Paul had been there!)

When requests are received for tracts, Bibles, and books, the church in Welkom has been carrying the cost of supplying and mailing them. Some Welkom ladies have had a regular route on which they have delivered the Christian Advocate, and even the printers who do the actual work of printing have learned much. In light of the vast amount of material that is published by all sorts of groups, both secular and religious, who are in gross error concerning the word of God, it is imperative that faithful Christians place the truth before the public.

The Christian Advocate is not the only gospel paper

printed in South Africa. Nearly every white congregation has a weekly bulletin in which there is some teaching and edification in addition to news and announcements. John Hardin first began to put out such bulletins in the early 50's in Johannesburg and continued with this favorite project wherever he worked. At times, he taught a short course in bulletin work at SABS.

In 1969, Ian Fair obtained an offset press in Pietermaritzburg and began to print tracts, lessons, and booklets for the Zulu and Xhosa churches and for the work of the Natal School of Preaching. From 1970 to 1973, the press was operated by Ian's father, Harold Fair. After that, the press was given to Jerry Hogg and John Hardin and set up in Benoni. Jerry became its chief operator, working on it many long hours in a cold, drafty garage. A new press eventually was obtained when the first one began to suffer frequent breakdowns. Then when the Hoggs moved to another house in Pretoria Road, there was a separate building at the back that provided a warmer, brighter, and more spacious workshop. When the Hoggs returned to America, the press was taken over by Peter Mostert who continues as he is able to print materials, mainly in the tribal languages.

From 1967 through 1978, John and I printed many thousands of pages on our hand-operated Gestetner duplicating machine. After a bit of experience with that machine, a person could turn the handle with the right hand until it became tired, then switch to the left hand for a while, using the free hand to keep the inking mechanism operating. One could never look away for more than a moment from the finished work as it came through, making

sure that the pages stacked properly and that the ink was right. We cleaned the stencils for tracts and song books and stored them carefully so that they could be used again for reprints.

Information is not available as to the amount of printed material put out by our brethren in all parts of southern Africa. For many years, from about 1943, W. N. Short operated his printing press in the Rhodesias, and distributed a 20-page monthly "Rays of Light," and later, James Judd and others who assisted him printed large amounts of reading matter for those countries. In Cape Town, Conrad Steyn has had a press, and there may be others.

The English-speaking world has long been flooded with reading matter of all sorts, and we cannot appreciate its ready availability compared to the scarcity of material in tribal languages of Africa. A Venda-speaking person, for instance, has little printed material other than a few school books, a small local newspaper, and whatever booklets or tracts are published by religious groups. Such people are literally starved for reading material and will eagerly accept whatever comes their way. It is obvious then, that there is a wide-open field for us to do unlimited teaching by way of the printed page. If this book were to be used as a means of recruitment of workers for Africa, we would hasten to stress the amount of good that can be done by Christians who will keep a steady stream of printed material going out to an eager mass of readers.

John believed so strongly in the use of tracts that when he died, I requested that no flowers be sent for his funeral but that friends instead should send memorials of money to a fund for printing materials for the black people. A little over a thousand dollars was handed over to Peter Mostert who has used it for that purpose.

Religions in South Africa

Someone has said, "The price of a divided Christendom is an unbelieving world." When a person goes into a mission field such as we found in South Africa, this quotation comes alive. The old coinage of South Africa bore the logo, "Eendrag maak mag," or "Unity gives strength." If this is true in a political context, how sad it is then that the many peoples of the earth who love the Lord in their hearts are divided in so many different directions, not so much on what the Bible says but on traditions, interpretations, and preferences. Yes, preferences. One man whom John tried to teach listened for a while, then placing the tips of the fingers on his right hand against those of his left and studying them for a moment, he said, "But I prefer to believe . . . " As John tried to tell the gentleman, we cannot choose our beliefs but must accept and believe that which we find to be truth.

Soon after we entered South Africa, we were made aware of the large number of religious divisions, but only after we had met representatives of some of them could we fully realize what a collage they made. Every major denomination that exists in the United States is present in South Africa, and a large percentage of the lesser ones as well. Most of the denominations that have divided the religious world of the white people have affected the blacks also, and even the Mormons have recently decided that the blacks have souls and have started going to them.

In addition to all of these, we learned from the South African authorities that there were more than 2000 sects which the black people had started among themselves, some of them consisting of just one congregation, but others drawing followers in many places. Add to this the ancestor worship and the witch doctor's practices and stir in a generous portion of assorted superstitions, and you have a real stew. Islam is also present among the Asiatics and extending to some degree to the blacks. Among the Asiatic population there are some Hindus.

Among the white population of South Africa, the largest denomination is the Dutch Reformed church, its doctrine being Calvinistic, much like the Presbyterian faith. They believe in total depravity (born with the guilt of sin) and the necessity of infant baptism, predestination, impossibility of falling from grace, a limited or fixed number to be saved, and the impossibility of doing anything about it if one is not among those predestined for salvation. They make extensive use of the Old Testament, including the reading of the Ten Commandments every Sunday. They preach very strongly against "Die Secte", or "The Sects", among which they include the church of Christ.

The Dutch Reformed church had been brought to the country by the early Dutch settlers, and to this day remains largely Afrikaans. The Voortrekkers were hardy people of a staunch faith in God, and all through their history, they have kept intact the powerful ties of nationality, language, church and politics. Just as the Dutch Reformed church is nearly all Afrikaans, so the majority of Afrikaans people are members of the Nationalist Party.

Other major denominations are the Methodist,

Anglican, and Catholic, with smaller numbers of Lutherans, Assembly of God, Baptists, Seventh Day Adventists, and most of the usual groups that are also found in America. The Jehovah's Witnesses and Mormons are zealously engaged in knocking on doors, teaching their doctrines everywhere. The last three named denominations having originated in America, the people of South Africa felt as though they had been invaded by foreigners bringing different doctrines to add to the confusion of the religious world. Therefore, when we came with the plea to put aside all divisive doctrines and return to the unity of the New Testament, we were looked at askance and classed in the minds of many as "just another American sect."

Our early contacts with the people in South Hills in Johannesburg revealed that there were, in addition to the denominations already known to us, a number of others of which we had never heard. The Lovetts had been members of the Apostolic Faith Mission, a pentecostal group. Then we began to meet various ones who called themselves "Apostles", but this group was divided into "Old Apostles", "New Apostles", and "The Apostles." These splinter groups did not accept each other, but each claimed to have "apostles" who receive direct revelations from God. They believe that Jesus still exists in the flesh, substantiating their belief with the old English of the Bible when it says "Jesus Christ is come" present tense — and then they work their reasoning around to the idea that Jesus lives in them - He "is come" into them, and so Jesus is living in the flesh today. When we spoke to them about Jesus having once been in the flesh

but now is in the spirit, having returned to the Father, they called us the anti-Christ and quoted I John 4:2, 3 - ".... every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God: and this is that spirit of anti-Christ ..." Their authority for apostles today they take from Jesus' words, "Lo I am with you always."

There were some of the "Apostles" who taught that only apostles could understand scripture, so the ordinary person should not go to the Bible and try to learn from it. The Bible is, they say, a dead letter, and cannot save. Only the spoken words of an "apostle" can do that. They objected when our preachers turned to the scriptures. One man threatened that if John opened his Bible one more time to try to make a point, he would go home. John always went to the Bible for every point of his faith, so when he turned to another scripture, the man went home, just as he threatened. The apostles also believed that if a man spoke "from a pulpit," that "Holy piece of furniture," that man's word became authority.

There were many people turning to the idea of miraculous divine healing, and there were several healing campaigns conducted by various denominations in the Johannesburg area. Waymon Miller had long been interested in the subject, and even before going to South Africa, he had begun to do research and assemble material for a book. In April of 1951, a healing campaign was conducted by a South African man who was given a great deal of publicity. John and Waymon visited one of the services, and when they read a writeup about it in the newspaper the following day, they noted that names and addresses of the "healed" were printed, and the "healing" reported as fact.

They had observed, for instance, that a nearly blind girl who was declared healed at the meeting had felt her way to the edge of the stairs as she left the platform, and that she had replaced the thick glasses which she had been wearing. They called at her home some days later and found that she could see no better than before. They called on several others who had reportedly been healed and found that there had been no healing at all.

In talking with people who believe in modern divine healing, we are accused by them of denying the power of God when we say that this miraculous manifestation is not meant for today. Waymon pursued the writing of his book, and while still living in Johannesburg he completed the work which he called "Modern Divine Healing". The experiences just described are discussed in his book on pages 249-256. Unfortunately the book is now out of print.

In our earlier days in the Johannesburg area, we had a number of public discussions with people of various beliefs: the Apostles, Mormons, Adventists, and various ones who believed in divine healing. Discussions of this nature sometimes become confrontations, for there are some who do not know how to conduct a discussion on a high plane. Some of the people we talked with became angry. Sometimes they would not stay on the subject but begin to make accusations. Often it seemed that little was accomplished, and yet these were opportunities to present truth to people who may not have heard it in any other way. But it was like opening up a new homestead and starting farming — before a crop can be planted, the field must be cleared of rocks and stumps, and the soil

must be tilled. Among the rocks and stumps of worldliness, indifference, disbelief and sin is another named "false doctrine", and it has to be removed before the seed of the truth of the Bible can take root.

With the more "orthodox" denominations, it was difficult to teach anything that differed from tradition. Ignoring the warning of the Bible about teaching for doctrine the commandments of men, one minister said, "In order to obtain unity, I would gladly give up the doctrine of baptism," and a few moments later, he said, "In my church we have many traditions which are dear to our hearts which we would not like to give up."

In the 20's, a man named Jesse Kellams spent some time in the Johannesburg area, holding a number of gospel campaigns, and according to some reports we heard, he baptized as many as 1700 people. Except for the use of instrumental music, Kellams' teaching was much like ours. Mr. Kellams did not remain in the country and left no one who was qualified to continue to teach the new converts, and they had all but disappeared as an identifiable group. In Pretoria, Don Gardner and Martelle Petty found the Steyn family who had been taught by Kellams, and the Steyn sons, Conrad and Philip were baptized in the early 50's and became gospel preachers. In Port Elizabeth we met the Hockeys and the Vickers who credited Kellams with their conversions, and there were a few others.

In Johannesburg, we found two old gentlemen, J. A. Ross and Phil Horwood, who had been working with a group of black people, all of whom had their religious roots in the Kellams campaigns. A black man named George Kosa who had been converted in Rhodesia many years previously

was also working with them. It was reported to us that 200 to 250 black members of the church were meeting in the mining areas, many of them having come to South Africa on contracts to work for a year or 18 months. When Mr. Horwood died, Waymon Miller preached the funeral and some of the rest of us sang. Mr. Ross had hopes that we could keep contact with the groups of black people, but after some effort in this direction, no results could be reported. About this contact with black people, John wrote to our elders, "... this will be a big opportunity for the church — even though it is not in agreement with that original plan to 'work among the white people of the Union.' To me, that original plan is outdated and unscriptural."

Render Unto Caesar

Very early in our missionary experience, we learned that it is essential to remain aloof from the politics of the country in which you are living as an alien. The reason for a missionary's presence is religious, not political. Jesus taught us all to render unto Caesar that which is his and unto God that which belongs unto Him. In South Africa, we had literally to "render unto Caesar," for we paid income taxes to the South African government. That is right, because while living there, we enjoyed the privileges of that land, the protection of its police, the use of its highways and communication systems, and the education offered in its schools.

Political matters are not meant to be preached from the pulpit, nor should political "inferiority" or "superiority" be any factor in an individual's obedience to the gospel. We were in a country in which the non-white races were From the beginning of the history of white subservient. people in South Africa, the black people had been the servant class. The very idea of classes of people was fostered by the British colonials, for in Britain there was a servant class, albeit white in color; and by some of the Afrikaans people who believe that there is Biblical evidence that the black people are meant to be servants. With such a background reaching back as far as 300 years, beliefs and prejudices naturally developed strongly. Moving into such a society, it was necessary for us to be diplomatic, or as Paul put it, "Become all things to all people." While teaching the white people that all are equal in the sight of God and that as Christians we must practice love, justice, and fair treatment, or in other words, the brotherhood of all Christians, we had to appeal to the darker-skinned folks to live in all ways as a Christian should, doing right in the sight of God and of the government, praying and working patiently and gradually until the time that their lot upon earth might be made better.

In Oklahoma, on one of our furloughs, we met a black school principal who thought we should go back to South Africa and lead a revolution of the black people against the whites. So adamant and vehement was he that he could not or would not see that it is *in Christ* that there is neither bond nor free, and that was how we would have to teach and preach it. Had we done otherwise, we would have had our visas taken away and lost all opportunity to preach the gospel in South Africa.

The details of the majority of sermons I've heard have been forgotten, but one of the best remembered is a sermon preached some years ago by a black man of the Zulu nation, a man with less than a high school education, but a diligent student of the Bible. Many to whom he spoke that day were servants in white homes, or worked for white bosses, not all of whom were fair and kind. His text was I Peter 2:18-23. Coming from his mouth, and addressed to that particular congregation, it was most impressive, and try as I would, I couldn't swallow the lump that kept coming into my throat. Picture a black preacher in South Africa, humbly reading this scripture to his congregation of 150 or so: "Slaves (servants), submit yourselves to your masters with all respect, not only to those who are good and considerate, but also to those who are

harsh. For it is commendable if a man bears up under the pain of unjust suffering because he is conscious of God. But how is it to your credit if you receive a beating for doing wrong and endure it? But if you suffer for doing good and you endure it, this is commendable before God. To this you were called, because Christ suffered for you, leaving you an example, that you should follow in his steps. He committed no sin and no deceit was found in his mouth. When they hurled their insults at him, he made no threats. Instead, he entrusted himself to him who judges justly." (NIV) If this sermon had been preached to blacks by a white man, they could have said, "Yes, that's easy for you to say because you are not one of those servants." There are many who disagree with this "pacifist" approach, but neither do these same people accept Jesus' plea to "turn the other cheek."

Often we are all too impatient when we see the need of change. But sudden change is seldom good. Laws can be passed, revolutions can be won, old governments overthrown and new ones brought in, but attitudes that took 300 years to build are not going to be removed overnight, even by excessive pressure from the outside. Russia and Cuba are saying to black Africa, "You poor downtrodden creatures! Let us 'liberate' you," and then proceed to introduce other forms of suppression. White America, on the other hand, speaks to white South Africa saying, "Look at us. We integrated. Why can't you?"

To white Americans, we would simply and humbly ask this question, "If the proportion of white and black populations in the United States had been reversed, would you have been so ready for integration?" There is a

difference in the courses of history of the two nations. We seek not to justify prejudices or policies, one way or the other, but simply to understand. No one on earth has all the answers.

It is impossible to express the feelings and attitudes of our co-workers and of missionaries in other places, but I can share with you the policy that John Hardin espoused. Number 1, preach the gospel. Number 2, always do your best within the bounds of what is scriptural. Number 3, obey the laws of the land and teach all classes of people to abide by those laws.

Number 3 is the place where we had particular problems in South Africa. At the same time that integration was the number one issue in the United States, we lived in a country that practiced "apartheid" or separation of the races. "Apartheid" means simply "apartness", but of course has many ramifications in its application. For instance, there was no law preventing mixed services of the church, but there was very strong tradition, so strong, in fact, that most people thought there was actually a law, and were surprised and disbelieving when told by officials that no such law existed. There were some restrictions which made mixed meetings awkward: for instance, the regulation that separate restroom facilities had to be made available if non-whites were to be in a white area.

In the Christian Advocate for September 1955, John wrote a long article called "Apartheid in Churches." The writing of this article was prompted by receipt of a letter which expressed concern over apartheid, whether or not it has a scriptural basis, and a statement as follows: "... we do not want to be mixed with politics, for we want to give

an answer to every man about our standing according to the scriptures."

Note — this editorial was written in 1955 when blacks in America were still referred to as "negroes" and in South Africa as "natives". Please remember this when reading the following quotes from the Advocate.

Reference was made to a conversation with a white lady in America in which she said the negroes were encroaching upon her part of the city and she thought they should remain in their own areas. John's answer to her was that as Christians, we cannot allow hatred or bitterness toward another race to mar our lives. It works two ways, he said. Just as a white person should not resent the black person becoming his neighbor, so the black person, if he is a Christian, will hesitate to move into an area where his presence would be a detriment to a white neighbor. LOVE ON BOTH SIDES IS THE CHRISTIAN'S ANSWER TO ANY PROBLEM, DOMESTIC, SOCIAL, OR RACIAL.

To quote — "The church of our Lord is not a political institution, and there should be a complete separation of church and state. Though many denominations, through their official organs, try to influence governments, the true church, by its very nature of congregational autonomy, cannot do so . . . If someone asks, 'What do churches of Christ teach concerning apartheid?' we can only answer, 'Nothing, except as the Bible teaches on it'

"First of all, let it be stated that the 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' doctrine prevalent in some quarters is a perversion of the Bible. That pronouncement was made upon the Hivites who had tricked the children of Israel... the water was to be drawn and the wood hewn for 'the

congregation and for the altar of the Lord' (Joshua 9)! Any suppression because of racial reasons purporting to come from the Bible are completely false."

The article goes on to point out how racial prejudice exists between blacks and coloreds; between blacks, coloreds and Indians, and even between different tribal groups of the black people themselves. At the same time that white people were refusing to mingle with the blacks, there was a campaign afoot among some sectors of the blacks to have nothing to do with whites. (There is a large sect of black people which will admit no white members).

Quoting again — "James teaches that 'respect of persons' is wrong. Social standings, high or low, poverty or riches, rags or robes — those mean nothing to Christ nor to a true Christian. In Christ a man stands condemned or justified for what he IS and not for what he HAS or for his station in life . . . God made MAN in His own image — not just the white race; and in recent years science has proved that God, as stated by Paul in Acts 17:26, 'hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.' There may be other justifiable reasons for sometimes separating people, but they cannot be based on difference in blood." There is no longer a difference in Jew and Greek, bond and free, or male and female for all are one in Christ Jesus (Galatians 3:28).

John went on to say that he believes and accepts those scriptures but pointed out that there is another side to the question: when a Jew or a Greek becomes a Christian, he does not lose his nationality, for when the Jews refused to accept Barnabas' teaching he turned to the Gentiles (Acts 13:46). When Paul stated that there is

neither bond nor free, he did not mean that slaves who became Christians no longer had obligations to their masters, and refers to Philemon. And when Paul said they are neither male nor female, he did not mean that Christians become sexless for he gives differing exhortations to men and women. He was teaching equality of opportunity for spiritual blessings in Christ.

The article continues in the vein of faith as opposed to opinion or expediency. As an example of expediency, the meeting of separate groups of English, Afrikaans, Xhosa, Zulu, etc. for the sake of simple understanding of the language does not violate any Biblical principle as long as the attitude of the individuals is not in error . . . For instance, it would be wrong to be glad that there is a language difference so that races do not need to mix. Attitude is the key. Why does one believe—or not believe—in racial groups holding separate services? Is it to raise one's own social standing? Or to keep the other person's standing from being raised? Is it to provide teaching and prayer opportunity to people in the language each knows best? Is it a matter of traveling longer, or shorter, distances to the place of meeting?

To quote once more: "... there is one question that should be foremost in the minds of all Christians — What is best for the church of God?' The aim of the church is to save people. What people? ALL people. Those who are prejudiced ... and those who are not. If people do not accept the teachings of the Bible in matters of faith, that is their responsibility. But I have no right to demand that they accept my OPINION on any thing. In that case I would be legislating where God has not done so, and I

would thus be sinning. Here we have a great portion of the population who are prejudiced against other sections. Shall we flout these matters of expediency before such, thus antagonizing them to the point where we lose any chance of teaching them the Christian principle of love toward fellow men? This simple question will, perhaps, cause us to think, 'Must one agree to meet in mixed assembly before he can be converted to Christ?' If not, can we make such a law? If so, where is the scripture?

"... If I demand MY way... to the damnation of souls that with other ways and other attitudes I might win, then my spirit is unChristian... 'Where there is no vision, the people perish', said the wise man in Proverbs 29:18. We need to take off the hindering spectacles of race, self, section, and politics, and with the clear eye of faith get on with the task before us — converting the world.

"Let us convert them and then teach them to love all men even as our Lord has loved them. It has been done. It can work. Cases can be cited of people who at one time would 'just as soon knock a native down as to look at him,' who have been won to Christ and then have been taught to love ALL men. Today those people are meeting with and even teaching those whom they formerly detested. Love can accomplish much. We must have the love of all souls. We cannot allow our selfish desire to rob the church of our Lord of its saving power."

Changes are coming. Perhaps slowly, but surely. In about 1968, the leaders of a certain white congregation refused permission for a particular black preacher to address them at a public gathering. Ten years later,

that same black man stood before that very congregation and spoke impressively to some 500 people. It took a decade, but it happened. The black brother was well received, and white men who in their earlier days would not have shaken hands with a black man, did so without reservation. No amount of force or law or revolution can bring about the changes that are brought about by the love of Christ.

The political problems of South Africa extend beyond the borders. The native peoples of all the countries to the north have been undergoing catastrophic changes. The cry of freedom which has gone up from every quarter has had a hollow ring when the oppression of colonialism has been replaced by independent governments headed by incapable leadership. Red China and communist Russia with its satellite Cuba have gathered like vultures around a carcass. To quote Guy Caskey in an article he wrote from Tanganyika in 1963, "In every high place of government the little foxes of communism gnaw away at the tender roots of freedom. They know that as Africa goes, so goes the world."

South Africa fairly bristles at the threat of communism and regards herself, perhaps rightly so, as the last bastion on that entire part of the continent against its onslaught. Guy called Africa a "sleeping giant". If so be, we need to be certain that what wakens the giant is Christianity and not false religions or the devil communism.

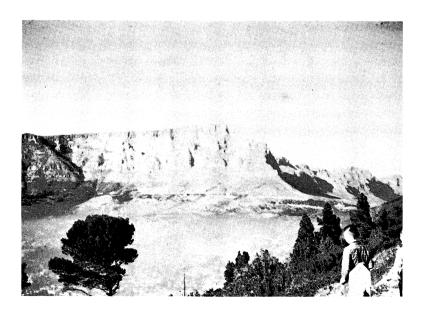
There is a rousing old missionary hymn that says:

"Oh Zion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling, To tell to all the world that God is Light; That He who made all nations is not willing One soul should perish, lost in shades of night.

"Behold how many thousands still are lying Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Savior's dying, Or of the life He died for them to win."



- 1. The Guy Caskeys, the Waymon Millers and the John Hardins in Fort Worth, prior to departure for South Africa in 1949.
- 2. Table Mountain and Lion's Head, Cape Town.





- 3. Grassy Park church building as of early 50's.
- 4. Woodstock church building, Cape Town, earliest of buildings owned by churches of Christ in South Africa.



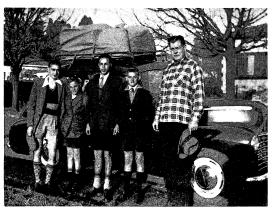


- 5. The train stops for tea time on the way from Bulawayo to Livingstone.
- 6. The group that met in the home of Foy Short in Bulawayo, beginning the congregation that became known as Queens Park East. 1950

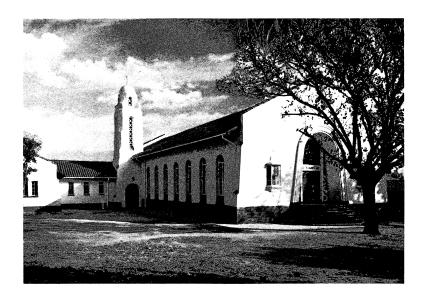








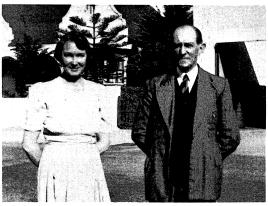
- 7. The first meeting of the church of Christ in Johannesburg, May 1950.
- 8. Eldred Echols baptizes Doreen Blake, one of the first converts in Johannesburg.
- 9. John with four teenage boys, ready to leave Johannesburg for camp in the Motopos Hills, out of Bulawayo. 1951

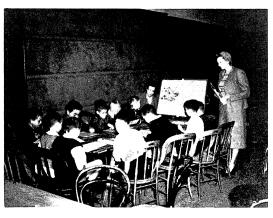


- 10. Turffontein church building, Johannesburg, completed in 1953.
- 11. Johannesburg, city built on gold.









- 12. Brian van der Spuy working on the Christian Advocate, the publication started by Waymon Miller in late 1950.
- 13. The Fred Hockeys, converted in the Kellams campaigns in Johannesburg.
- 14. Marguerite Gray teaching Sunday school in a storage room of the Masonic Hall, Port Elizabeth, 1954.





- 15. Marguerite Gray teaching a Bible class during the first white Bible encampment in South Africa. 1955.
- 16. Leonard Gray talking to Morca Njikhu in Korsten, Port Elizabeth. Morca later was forced to return to Malawi.
- 17. Bentley Nofemela, Dora, and Columbus. Bentley has preached for the black congregation in New Brighton since 1955.
- 18. John Hardin baptizing Elliott Gabellah at high tide in the Indian Ocean.







- 19. The colored congregation in Port Elizabeth, 1962.
- 20. Building purchased by the Pickering Street congregation in Port Elizabeth.





- 21. Pickering Street building in Port Elizabeth, after remodeling.
- 22. First Sunday morning congregation of the Benoni church, mid-1957.





23. The Benoni congregation, early 1959.

Port Elizabeth

When the church had been in Johannesburg for two years, it was decided that although there was enough to do in that metropolitan area for a score of workers, the time was right to go into some other parts of the country. Leslie Blake, one of Johannesburg's earliest converts, and Don Gardner who had been working in Pretoria, moved to East London in May, 1952 and very soon baptized five people. The Hardins and Eldred Echols were to move to Port Elizabeth. I was awaiting the birth of our fourth son, Neal, in May, so we postponed our move until just a bit later. It was September before we got away.

In Port Elizabeth were the Fred Hockeys who had been converted in the Kellams campaign in Johannesburg. They had not reached out to convert other white people but had met from time to time with various denominations. They had, however, built up a small congregation of black Christians which met on Sunday afternoons. The Hockeys assured us that if we moved to Port Elizabeth, they were prepared to work whole-heartedly with us. There were also a few contacts from the radio program and the correspondence course, so with high hopes we made our plans to move.

I had had two babies during our 28 months in Johannesburg, so we had not been able to take any vacation trips. I had been no more than 40 miles from home in that time, so we decided to make a leisurely trip of our move, with several stops along the way. We had been living in furnished

houses, so the only furniture to ship by truck was Brian's baby bed, along with our cases of household goods. With our little Vauxhall loaded to the springs, and with four little boys making the inside of the vehicle like the traditional sardine can, we set off on the 800 mile trip via the Transkei.

John always chose, if possible, to travel by the most scenic routes while my first choice was usually to get to our destination by the shortest possible way. We went (by John's choice) by way of Pietermaritzburg (there was no church of Christ there as yet), and soon after leaving that city, we were on dirt and gravel roads. The Transkei is very hilly, and those old roads meandered over and around the hills, taking the path of least resistance. Progress was coming, however, and there was a great deal of road construction underway. The detours took us on ever more winding pathways, and on one of these more perilous slopes, we had a flat tire. Some of the detours were cut into the sides of steep hills, so narrow in places that there was not room for cars to meet. bends, we hooted hooters to notify unseen oncoming cars of our approach. If we met a car on one of those bends, one or other of the drivers had to do some careful reversing. All of my life I have hated riding on mountain roads. My enjoyment of the scenery is overshadowed by the certainty that we are going to plunge to the valley below, and all the while, I sit as far away from the downward side of the road as I can, as if throwing my weight that way could avert a fall.

When at last we drove into East London carrying with us a thick layer of Transkei's white dust, we were

welcomed by Leslie and Doreen Blake. Doreen showed her hospitality to us weary travelers by running bath water for the children and helping them to climb in for a scrub. We felt like the footsore travelers of Jesus' day when some worthy host washed their feet for them.

On the last 200 miles, from East London to Port Elizabeth, there was also a great deal of road construction underway. One day it would all be tarmac, but that day was still far in the future. Since we did not have a house to move into, our first two nights in Port Elizabeth were spent in a hotel.

Our move to P. E. had been somewhat "on faith", for moving into a new city with a family of six could be a problem. This was a booming city of 150,000 with many industries in addition to the busy seaport, so houses to rent were scarce. On a quick trip that John and Eldred had made a short time before, they had arranged for us to go to a seaside resort called "The Willows" where vacationers could camp out in little thatched rondavels, similar to native huts but constructed with cement and brick rather than mud, but still roofed with thatch. Picturesque, and fun for vacationing, they were not designed for housekeeping. September is off-season for tourists, so most of the rondavels were vacant.

Our seven weeks at the Willows were an adventure in housekeeping. Although the two rondavels assigned to us stood close together, they were not joined, so it was necessary for us to go outside to step from one to the other. We had to have all six of us sleeping in one while using the other for living and cooking. Into the sleeping rondavel, we packed a double bed, two canvas camp cots for Kent

and Don, Brian's baby bed, and our footlockers and suitcases. Neal was four months old, and at first we put him to bed in the bottom section of a large suitcase, but soon graduated him to a footlocker with its lid fastened securely open. We hung our clothes on rods suspended from the support poles of the thatched roof.

The children were delighted, especially because we were just a stone's throw from the shore where there was a shallow swimming area completely sheltered from the tides. Kent and Don were old enough to understand the rules about where they could play and to see for themselves the danger of playing elsewhere. Brian, wise little man for his age, stuck close to his big brothers, building sand castles and paddling in the shallow water. We could see them from the windows of our rondavels.

Our living rondavel was furnished with a table and some straight chairs, and a small rectangular section built onto it served as a kitchen. We bought two Primus burners which, after being preheated with methylated spirits, operated on paraffin (kerosene) under pressure. There was no electricity so we used a pressure lamp and a pressure With no plumbing, the main "facility" was some 25 yards up the hill behind the rondayels, and we needed to keep our eyes open for the possible intrusion of a puff adder. For bathing, there was only a cold water shower at the bath house, meant for swimmers to wash off the salt sea water. John enjoyed this shower, but it literally took my breath away, so I took to using the old wash tub with water carried in buckets from the spring and heated on the Primus. The spring water was brackish, turning the soap to curds. It was impossible to wash clothes in it, and

drinking it was an ordeal. It made terrible tea and coffee.

Fortunately for the laundry situation, a launderette, one of the first of its kind in South Africa, had just opened up in town, so every few days, we drove some 10 miles to wash clothes. There were two long rows of washing machines and not one single dryer, which seemed ridiculous in a sea coast town where the air is often too damp for drying clothes. However, the proprietor was sympathetic when he heard our problem and let us spread our washing on the steam pipes in his boiler room. While the clothes dried, we did our shopping.

September and October are spring months in South Africa, so any kind of weather may occur. We had perfect weather at first, but then drenching rains began to fall. And fall and fall and fall. The roof of our sleeping rondavel began to leak and we all caught colds. The car had to stand outside, and the heavy dampness condensed on the motor, making it a major operation to start it each day. Someone told us to cover the motor with an old piece of blanket at night, and this worked well until one day when John asked me to reach over and pull the handle to release the catch on the hood. I pulled all right, and the handle came off, together with several feet of cable. We were unable to open the hood to remove the blanket so we drove slowly to town, not knowing what might happen. It took the mechanic a long time to open the hood, but no harm had been done.

The first service of the church was held in room 7 in the basement of the city hall on September 14, 1952. Members present that day were John and myself, Eldred Echols, Arthur Lovett (visiting from Johannesburg), and Mr. and Mrs. Hockey. Visitors were a Mr. Russel, a Miss Coetzee, Roy Barnard and Andy Jooste. Counting our four children, we were 14 in number. Eldred preached the sermon. That afternoon, we met with the non-Europeans There were eight black people and four colored. Of the black people present that day, there are none remaining in Port Elizabeth, but the colored family, the Van der Bergs, eventually became the backbone of the colored church that is thriving to this day. Among the visitors at the morning service was Andrew Jooste who became well known later as he labored hard and long with the white and the colored churches in Port Elizabeth and Uitenhage. How elated we would have been on the September day in 1952 if we had had even an inkling of the part that was one day going to be played by one of our visitors!

Our first seven weeks in Port Elizabeth were hindered by the fact that we lived so far away from the city and had neither a home to which we could invite people nor a meeting place we could call our own. Some time was spent contacting people who had written letters in response to the radio program or were taking the correspondence course. Most of these contacts came to nothing, but the effort was made, and we were settling into life in a new area of work.

The friendly relationship we had with the man who ran the laundry resulted in making contact with a man who had a house to let, and at the end of 7 weeks at the Willows, we moved into the city. It was an unfurnished house in Summerstrand, directly behind the Marine Hotel. A high wall had been built to give privacy, and we

entertained hopes that it would also protect us from the high winds for which P. E. is well known. On that latter point we were sorely disappointed, and on at least two occasions, items of laundry were whipped out of our hands and right over the top of the six-story hotel, never to be seen again. Blowing sand can be unpleasant, and so is the layer of salty deposit on windows near the sea. The salt air caused everything from the corrugated iron roofing to the latches on our suitcases to rust.

Having always rented furnished houses in Johannesburg, we now had to buy furniture. Since we did not know that we were going to make South Africa our permanent home, we shopped at auction marts for bargains and furnished the house with bare necessities. Without carpets, the big old house had a ringing echo, and when the children forgot to close the doors properly, the wind whipped through the passageway and gave them a mighty slam. Don developed a skin rash and had to stay indoors when the wind was at its worst. A vegetable garden planted in the back yard blew completely away, sandy soil and all—we harvested one radish. Black southeasters beat the shrubbery in the front yard so unmercifully that there was a scorched smell in the air.

Port Elizabeth was known as the "friendly city" and we soon came to love it. Kent got back into school after being out for two months. The school building had burned shortly before we moved to P. E. so classes were being convened in rooms above a restaurant just across the road from the beach. Kent enjoyed that school, frequently coming home with stories of things they had seen, such as schools of porpoises that entertained the school of children with

their impromptu ballets. We were quite concerned about Kent's reading ability when at the end of grade one, he could not read anything except his reading books which he had obviously memorized. The schools were experimenting with the word recognition method, but the next year, we were happy to learn that there was to be a return to phonetics. From then on, Kent began to read well and enjoy it.

One of our first attempts to reach the population with the gospel message was by means of a weekly ad and sermonette in the Eastern Province Herald. As a result we had some visitors and gained three members who had come from other places. One was an elderly Sister Adams who had been a member in Blackpool, England for many years, and the others were Mr. and Mrs. Vickers who had been converted during the Kellams campaigns on the Reef. Sister Adams worshipped regularly with us as long as she lived while the Vickers moved on to Nairobi, Kenya.

It was not long until the van der Bergs were baptized and continued worshipping with the black congregation. For reasons explained elsewhere in this book, this arrangement was not the most satisfactory, and as soon as feasible, we began holding services for the colored community in the van der Berg home. In late October we reported a total of 34 black and colored people attending services in the home of Noah Chimgoma. A Thursday night Bible class was being held in the shantytown of Korsten, but night classes in the black residential area of New Brighton were postponed because of some rioting and a threat to burn "that white preacher's" car if he continued going there.

John wrote in a letter in December of '52 that brother Hockey admitted having exaggerated the number of possible contacts and prospective converts. There were really only a few. We called on those whose names had been handed to us, but most were not interested. young man, Herman Horne, who was taking the correspondence course and attending the non-European service with the Hockeys, wanted for some time to be baptized, so when he and his youngest brother, Alick, accompanied us to East London for the Christmas holiday, John baptized him in the ocean. At about the same time, Herman's other brother, Al, accompanied Echols on a trip to the Transvaal. On the way, they spoke together about the way of the Lord, and much like Philip and the Ethiopian, they came to a certain water, and they both went down into the water and Eldred baptized Al – the same Al Horne who has helped to train so many preachers, first in Tanzania, and then at SABS in Benoni.

Our funds, our work, and our spirits all received a big boost when our supporting congregation in Ft. Worth sent us money for a typewriter and a duplicating machine, and also, incidentally, gave us a raise in salary to help cover the more expensive housing we had to use. Claude Guild, their minister, and brother Banowsky, one of the elders, were helpful in keeping up a good relationship between the Riverside congregation and ourselves.

By December, we had had a few more baptisms among the black people, and I had started a ladies' Bible class among them. Some of them had a problem about baptism — they thought it necessary to have fresh water and objected to being immersed in the sea. Some were

terrified of having their heads under water and would brace themselves and struggle against being put under.

For Christmas, 1952, reminiscent of the popular song, Neal got his two front teeth. We received packages from Riverside and from relatives and friends. Several sent us fruit cakes, but one of them must have traveled in the hottest part of the ship's hold, for when we opened the box, we found only a heap of bright green mold. It was thrilling to be remembered by friends back home, and the sentiments of the sender of the cake that became moldy were as much appreciated as the others.

Port Elizabeth is a clean city. The sand that blows near the ocean is white, and there is little coal used. The air is often sparkling and clear. There is nothing to equal the smell of the sea, and we often drove past the Willows, and around the point to Schoonmakers Kop. Sometimes the odor of the willows that form a thick cover over much of the ground was like that of polecat, but that would pass in favor of the salt tang that freshened our nostrils. We almost always saw monkeys along the way, and we fed them on the bread crusts and oranges that we took with It was often too cold to enjoy going into the water, but it was fun to search among the expanse of rocks to find sea anemones, hermit crabs, small octopi, pericloves, and periwinkles, and even the horrendously ugly sea slugs. On days when the wind was blowing strongly from land toward the sea, we would sit in the car and watch the breakers, with the spray blowing seaward like the manes of wild white horses. Port Elizabeth's weather is whimsical, for one day the bay may be like glass, and the next day the waves pound unmercifully. The 500 miles between Port Elizabeth and Cape Town claimed the lives of many a sailor in the early days, and always there is the threat of potential fierce storms.

The "feel" — the "personality" — of Port Elizabeth was different from that of Johannesburg. It did not have the gold-rush background, and it lacked the clamor of the bigger city. It was, at least in 1952, quite British. The Campanile, tall monument to the British settlers of 1820, guards the entrance to the harbor from the city, and a large statue of Queen Victoria stands in a prominent place near the main street. The city is not named for Queen Elizabeth, but for Elizabeth Donkin, wife of one of the early settlers.

As long as we lived in Summerstrand, we had to drive past the harbor whenever we went to town or to church. Every Sunday, on our way home to dinner, we drove through the customs gate into the harbor area to see what ships were in port. On weekends there were always two of the Castle liners from England, passenger ships which also carried the bulk of the overseas mail. They have now passed into history, having given way to faster but less romantic jet travel. In addition to Castle liners, we usually saw freighters from America, Japan, Greece, Italy, and other places. Always there were the faithful little greasy tugboats, and assorted little fishing boats looking as if a big wave could swallow them at a single gulp — which sometimes did happen out beyond the shelter of the breakwater.

Most of the fishermen who fished for a living were colored people, wiry of build and leather-skinned from years at sea, with deep squint-lines around their eyes. They sold some of their catch on the wharves, and we often stopped to buy fresh fish from them. We always had to haggle a bit over the price and got the best bargains when our colored maid, Martha, was with us to do the haggling. Mr. Horne fished too, but as a hobby. He had perfected his skills to the point where he went out for only one variety of fish.

All of Port Elizabeth's trees and shrubs lean in one direction — away from the prevailing southeast wind. Yet the delicate-looking hibiscus (Don called them hibiscuits) thrive near the sea, as do the glamorous strelitzia, often called "bird of paradise." A mile or two away from the ocean front, we were able in later years to raise some other varieties of flowers, but our efforts in Summerstrand were wasted.

In January of 1953, the Steiniger family joined us. Brother Ulrich Steiniger had been living in Tanganyika when World War II began. As German nationals in a British colony, he and his wife were placed in separate internment camps. Sister Steiniger gave birth to Monika in her camp and Ulie only saw them a few times during the war. In the meanwhile, he was at a camp near Nhowe mission where he contacted our brethren and was converted. At the end of the war, the family returned to Germany where Ulie worked with Otis Gatewood and Roy Palmer in their mission efforts in that country. The Steinigers wished to return to Tanganvika where Ulie had been a diesel engineer at a sisal plant. He brought his family to South Africa in hopes that from there they could move on up to where he wished to go. When his application for permission to live in Tanganyika was refused. Ulie decided to remain in Port Elizabeth where there was good opportunity to use his engineering skills in one of the many factories of that city.

When the Steiniger family arrived from Germany by ship, they too experienced difficulty in finding a house, so for about a month they stayed with us. Their four children and our four made a houseful, all the more "fun" because Ulie Jr., Roy, and Horst could not understand one word of English. When the seven little boys got too rowdy, all I could manage in German was "Nein, nein," and the rest of my speech had to be directed to our own boys. Monika, who was much older than the other children helped by taking her brothers for hours on the beach. Monika had learned English as one of her subjects in German schools, and Ulie Sr., was fairly fluent; but Erma, his wife, struggled with the language. Soon after the boys were placed in school, they picked up the English quickly. Ulie sometimes preached for our services. Once in a while, without even realizing that he had done so, he would launch forth in German. and after several sentences, move directly back into English.

REACHING OUT

Among the activities we found to be effective in reaching people were the sing-songs we held in our large living room on Friday nights, when our attendance would be larger than at our Sunday morning services. Sister Hockey worked in a bakery and was allowed to take home two boxes of cookies each weekend. She would bring these and I would bake a cake or two so that we could serve tea. (I have to repeat that these social activities had to be limited to the white people.) We also entertained people we met by having them to dinner in our home, so with a family of six to cook for all the time, I found myself doing my

missionary work in the kitchen. One Friday night I must have been especially tired, for I found myself in the kitchen making up a parody of that war-time song, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," but I was wearily singing to myself, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Cake and Tea." We sang a lot and enjoyed it tremendously though. Eldred had taught Al Horne to read notes and sing parts, so he soon sang tenor well, always choosing "How Shall the Young Secure Their Hearts."

We opened our home to the young people and put a ping-pong table in the front room so that they could come and play at any time. Roy Barnard was so impressed by this unaccustomed hospitality that he brought me the biggest bunch of red roses I had ever seen. I was surprised as could be, and no less surprised when I burned myself on the oven door as Roy was watching me remove something I was baking. I drew in my breath suddenly but said nothing. Roy marvelled that I had not uttered strong language, and thus by my silence, he had been taught a lesson in Christian behavior.

Sunday night pancakes became a regular item with the young people — American flapjacks served with brown sugar syrup. Al Horne, to this day, attributes at least a part of his faithful Sunday night attendance to pancakes and grilled bacon.

We had known for many months that the Leonard Grays were planning to come to Port Elizabeth, but it had seemed so far in the future that we had made no specific plans in their behalf. Then suddenly the time for their arrival was upon us. The furniture they had shipped arrived before they did, and to help save on storage, we had the

containers stored in our double garage. Echols found them a partly furnished house, and shortly before they arrived, we had the Grays' things moved in, with their own pieces placed in the rooms together with what belonged to the landlord. Eldred bought the makings for a couple of meals and stocked the refrigerator. Very early on the morning of August 19, 1953, we waited on the docks as their ship was eased into place by the tugs and the gangplank lowered. The early morning air was damp and chilly and tugboats don't hurry, for a ship striking against the docks with its great tonnage can seriously damage itself and the dock.

Leonard and Marguerite had spent a bad night. Little Randy was cutting teeth. It was with bleary eyes that they first saw us and their new land. We all breakfasted together in the ship's dining room and enjoyed the buckwheat pancakes — buckwheat flour is not available in South Africa. Then as we drove up the hill above the harbor, the Grays kept asking us whose house we were going to. We evaded their questions with vague answers until we unlocked the front door and went inside the house. Fred Leonard soon discovered the truth. "That's our chair," he shouted. "And another one." When it dawned on Leonard and Marguerite that they were "home," they were reduced to tears. So began the first morning of many years of service by the Grays in South Africa.

Leonard and Marguerite were zealous, dedicated Christians. Often we found that we were good for each other. John and I were more placid, sometimes slow to get involved in a new plan, perhaps missing some good opportunities by being too cool. The Grays were more impulsive, quicker to pursue a new idea, and perhaps disappointed

sometimes when the Hardins were slow to jump "onto the bandwagon." Quite likely, whenever there was any difference of opinion, John and Leonard were each right 50% of the time. Differences were actually few, and never did any loom so large as to pose any real difficulty. When people's hearts are ruled by the love of Christ, they work together in peace and harmony, and personal differences of opinion will fade into insignificance.

Having grown up in a Scandinavian community in the state of Minnesota, I was more reserved than most people from the southern states. Something I did or said puzzled the Grays, but the first inkling I had of offending them was when they came to me and put their arms around me, telling me that they loved their little Yankee even if she was different. It took a while for me to absorb that. They were having a special problem adjusting to me! Here we all were, aliens in the foreign land of South Africa: they had to adjust to us, we had to adjust to them, and Leonard and Marguerite had to adjust to a Yankee.

Marguerite was an excellent Bible school teacher. She had taught public school in the states, and teaching seemed to be her element. Tall, lovely, and dignified, she would manage the class with children ranging from toddlers up to 12 or 13 years of age. There was only one room available — one where cases of empty beer bottles were stacked high after the Saturday night parties in the hall. We were meeting in the Masonic hall which was rented to dance groups and parties during the week. There was supposed to have been janitor service, but every Sunday morning we had to straighten up the chairs and make

certain that there was no spilt wine or beer on them.

Leonard took over most of the preaching. He is a powerful speaker, holding fast to the faith, conservative, and strict. When you've heard a sermon by Leonard, you know just what the Bible says on that subject. He was intense and he never minced words, never compromised, and always lived what he preached. Yet he had a sense of humor so he could even laugh at himself when he realized that he had said in a sermon, "And God said to Moses, 'Take off your feet for you are standing on holy ground'." For emphasis, he repeated the quotation with the same error. The gravity of the moment, the power of the sermon as a whole, kept us from bursting into laughter right then, and we only told him about it at the close of the service.

During our first year in Port Elizabeth, we felt that the going was hard. If only we could have stepped away from our work and viewed it from a distance as an artist views his canvas from time to time, we would have felt more optimistic, seeing the picture as it was developing. We were impatient to see the greater numbers as the visible results of our efforts. There were contacts made that came to nothing. The white group seemed so small. Some who came to sing and eat cake on Friday night did not come on Sunday. Racial unrest made it impossible to go into some of the black areas.

The black congregation seemed to have been making the best progress, but then their treasurer dipped his hand into the bag and thus we discovered a new problem. For some time, we had realized that the black members did not understand the real purpose of the contribution. They looked upon it as a source from which they could borrow money without paying interest. Futhermore, they thought of the treasury as a burial society, a sort of mutual savings account from which to draw money to pay for funerals. Perhaps they had gotten these ideas from some denominational groups but it was hard to convince them otherwise. When John tried to teach them the purpose of giving — for the spread of the gospel and for benevolence to the truly needy, they acquiesced, but only reluctantly. The next problem came when they wanted to be told the exact amounts they should contribute and were reluctant to believe that such a practice is unscriptural. Giving "as prospered" was more than they could handle and we were at a standstill.

In the white areas, we tried some door-to-door efforts, but without any real success. It did not help to learn that Jehovah's Witnesses and Mormons had already knocked on those doors many times, and when our people came knocking, we were put into the same category as they. At one door, John was not invited inside, but a lady engaged him in lengthy conversation on her front veranda. She called him "Reverend Hardin," so John explained that we do not use the term "reverend" in connection with our ministers because the only time the word appears in the Bible is in reference to God. The lady declared hotly that it was all right to use the title, that her church did so, and to prove it she brought the telephone directory and showed that her minister was indeed reverend. Brother Steiniger was especially disappointed in the poor result of his own door-knocking because in Germany it had been their most effective way of reaching people.

As the year 1953 moved along, we kept hearing the sad reports of the state of health of John's dad. Approaching 77 years of age, hardening of the arteries had decreased the circulation to his brain so that he was losing what had once been a sharp mind. He had to be watched all the time lest he wander off and get lost. He had had to give up preaching when the little congregation at Newkirk, Oklahoma could no longer use him. For a long time, his mind had wandered and his sermons had become repetitive. The process had been gradual, but in August, he experienced what the doctor called a "brain spasm" in which he suddenly lost most of his remaining abilities and was reduced to an infantile state, confined to bed.

Our supporting congregation readily agreed that we should terminate our period of service in South Africa immediately instead of a year later. Living in a city where ships called regularly, we were able to book passage within a few days. We had no trouble breaking the lease on our house because the owner was wanting to move back into it. Not knowing whether or not our departure was permanent or temporary, we packed our goods three ways: some to be stored but sold on our behalf if we did not return, some to be stored but shipped to us if we did not return, and some to take with us. This accomplished, we gave Leonard power of attorney to handle our affairs and got away as hastily as we could. Because Dad Hardin was already beyond the stage of recognizing even his closest loved ones, and the doctor had predicted that he would survive for some time, we did not even try to go by plane. Air travel in 1953 was possible, but not direct, and much more expensive than the ship. Our voyage of some 18 or 19 days brought us to Ponca City nearly a month after receipt of the cablegram that called us there.

By the time our ship sailed out of the Port Elizabeth harbor, we knew that we were deeply involved in South Africa and that we wanted to return. I stood alone on the deck as the ship left the protection of the breakwater and headed out to the open sea. From there I could see the Marine Hotel and the street that runs past the house where we lived. As the familiar sight faded from view, tears ran down my face, and I remember saying to myself, "Port Elizabeth, how I love you."

Our ship landed at Boston and we took a train to New York City to board the plane to Tulsa, Oklahoma. In Grand Central Station, with only moments to spare to make connections, we had a little-boy trauma that remains in my memory like a photograph. Someone in the crew of our ship had carved some sailboats for Kent and Don, not fancy, but good and much treasured by the little boys. Kent's sailboat was placed on the wagon that carried our I wanted to take the heartsuitcases and was crushed. broken boy in my arms and get that little boat mended immediately, but we had to take him by the hand and run at top speed to get a taxi. When we reached the airport, we learned that the very plane we were to board had originated at Boston! The travel agent in Port Elizabeth had lacked the necessary information to get us onto the flight in Boston.

Our flight to Tulsa was not long and landed at nearly midnight. We were met by our brother-in-law, Ernie Shoemaker, who took us to Ponca City by car. Our reunion with Mom Hardin, at about 3:00 a.m. was a poignant moment.

John's sister Bess had been helping in the care of her dad, but she needed to get back to her own home in Tulsa, so we agreed then to remain in Ponca City with John taking the night shift in the nursing routine. Dad Hardin could not be left unattended, and brethren from the church had been sitting with him at night. Bess took our younger children to Tulsa and cared for them along with her two girls. We put Kent into school in Ponca City, and Don went with Linda Shoemaker to kindergarten. Ladies from the church brought a dish of some kind of food every day, and they also took turns washing Dad's bed linens. The loving care and concern of the church was expressed in this way for more than six months until Dad Hardin finally slept away on February 16, 1954.

The human mind contains mysteries yet unsolved. There lay a man who did not recognize his own family, incapable of carrying on the simplest conversation. Yet he imagined himself to be conducting services or having meetings with elders. He preached sermons from his bed and pleaded with imagined audiences to obey the Lord. He could sing hymns, and during one night in particular, he and John sang for hours, taking turns in leading and singing a harmony part. The words and music of those old hymns remained in his memory but he could not call John's name!

A CHANGE OF SUPPORT

A day or two before Christmas, 1953, we received a long envelope from our supporting congregation. It arrived together with a batch of Christmas cards, so we thought it would be another greeting. We were astounded

when we opened it and found a "Dear John" letter, with two months' notice. The elders had decided that instead of sending money overseas, they would preach the gospel to the people right around them, converting the USA, and then, like the tides of the ocean, overflow as a great sea into other lands. This rather than, "as it were, a pitcher poured in a great wasteland." The letter is still in John's old files and the portion in quotes is taken directly from it. There was only one thing wrong with this new philosophy of spreading the gospel: it just doesn't work that The letter was written on the church's stationery. Printed at the bottom of the sheet was the familiar quotation, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to the whole creation." Immediately above that printed logo, the elder signed his name.

This came from an eldership of good men, the congregation were ready to work, the preacher had already done mission work, and by the time of this writing, has been spreading the gospel in many parts of the world. We regarded the withdrawal from South African support to be a step backward. But also, we were hurting. We could not help but wonder if our work had been unsatisfactory and they didn't want to say so. It was many weeks later that we received the assurance that our work had indeed been satisfactory and these same elders recommended that we be supported to return to South Africa, so stating in a letter to our new supporting church.

Before that support was found, we had to begin, and quickly, to find a sponsor. We soon became acquainted with the task which has beset almost every one of our missionaries — fund raising. We had 16mm movies of our

first years in Africa, and in early 1954, there had not been a great number of fund-raising missionaries traveling among the churches. Our presentation was novel enough that we could fill an itinerary with at least 5 nights a week. Plagued by wintry weather, John came down with a severe case of laryngitis and was ordered by the doctor not to speak for a week, but other than that, he kept busy for many weeks. No support was forthcoming until John decided on one of his trips to call on and greet his old friend, Cleon Lyles, then preacher for the congregation at 6th and Izzard Streets in Little Rock, Arkansas. Cleon told him that the congregation was in a position to help somebody and that he would speak to the elders. Very soon the arrangements were made and we were taken under their sponsorship immediately, so that we did not have to go without income for even one month.

Support problems settled, we went about and visited relatives in Minnesota and Kentucky, and just prior to our departure from the USA, we spent a week in Little Rock. During the week, we became acquainted with some of the members, but it would have been better to have remained with them for at least a month. A congregation that supports a missionary needs to have a chance to get to know him and his family personally.

We departed for South Africa in mid-July when a record heat wave had pushed the temperature higher and higher each day until the thermometer topped out at 115 degrees on the evening that we boarded our train for Chicago. It was a posh, air-conditioned train and we had a large, comfortable compartment. Excited little boys clambered into the upper berths and peeped out through the canvas webbing which would keep them from falling to the floor. At Chicago

we changed for New York where we spent three days, taking the children to see Radio City and the Empire State Building, and having a ride around the island on a sight-seeing boat.

The ship we traveled on from New York to Port Elizabeth was identical to the one on which we had sailed home. These were much more comfortable than the ship on which we made our first voyage in 1949. We now had spacious rooms, some comfortable chairs, a clean deck for play, a lounge, and a more pleasant dining room: these are factors that make the difference on a long voyage with several small children. We had a stop at Cape Town and spent a day or two in the harbor there, having the opportunity to go ashore and do some sight-seeing. We visited the Scotts at Grassy Park, and with a rented car we drove around the city and began to appreciate what a unique spot it has in the world and what a beautiful place it is. This was our first time to ride the cable car to the top of Table Mountain. At first my mouth was dry with fear, but then I remembered that people ride the cable cars every day to reach the restaurant at the top, as did other people who had to get there to maintain the area for tourists. I relaxed then and enjoyed the breathtaking view. From the top, one can look out over much of the city and the harbor where the ships look like a miniature toy set. On foggy days, the city may be entirely obscured; and sometimes in summer the "table cloth" is likely to hang over the mountain. We were in luck, for the day was perfect.

This time it was the Grays meeting the Hardins in the Port Elizabeth harbor. They took us first to their home in Parsons' Hill, then to the house that they had rented for us in Walmer. It was a temporary place, available for only four months, but during that time we would have opportunity to make other arrangements.

Port Elizabeth Again

After an absence of almost a year, it took a little while to return to the swing of things in Port Elizabeth. Echols had gone to Tanganyika to investigate possibilities of starting a school there and then gone back to ACC to work on a Master's degree. Leonard had been on his own. In East London, Ray Votaw had replaced Leslie Blake who had gone back to secular work in Johannesburg and Don Gardner who had returned to America. Joe McKissick had replaced Caskeys and Millers in Johannesburg. Only in Pretoria did the personnel remain the same, with Martelle Petty their preacher. In 1954, it was possible to summarize our brotherhood's progress in South Africa in this short paragraph. By the time of this writing it would take many pages.

Leonard had found hard sledding in the Port Elizabeth work. There was much indifference, the attitude of "live and let live" — it doesn't make any difference what you believe as long as you are sincere. With members of most denominations content to attend services once or twice a month, it is hard to teach new converts to assemble to worship on the first day of every week. With most people accustomed to dropping a small coin into the contribution plate, it is difficult to teach sacrificial giving. Also, we were living in a place where people flock to the beaches in the mornings because more than likely the wind will be blowing too hard by noon. (Maybe we should have had services in the afternoon instead of morning. That is

a moot point. How far does one go to cater to people's habits?)

The ping-pong table had been moved to the Gray's garage and they continued to invite the young people into their home, much as we had done. Marguerite made pancakes on Sunday nights, and they continued the Friday night sing-songs, though with fewer goodies accompanying the tea.

A really big problem in the black group had surfaced, bringing us face to face for the first time with a condition that had come about because many black men must work in the cities, leaving wives and families in the homelands. Many of the men took second "wives," or more accurately, "women of convenience" in the city. In a culture where polygamy is accepted, these people may have thought less seriously of this situation than we did, but even among themselves, they knew it was not accepted in the churches with which they were familiar. The men introduced their local women to us as their wives, and we accepted that, but word came to us after a while that the church in Korsten was known as the "fornicating church." John and Leonard began immediately to preach and teach on what the Bible has to say about marriage and morality. After sufficient time had elapsed for the men to learn and act upon their new knowledge, it became necessary to withdraw fellowship from them because they refused outright to mend their ways. Only one man, Morca Njiku, left the woman he had been living with.

Morca had a hard time. He was from Malawi, and since the Malawi people had a reputation for being good workers and honest people, Morca had a good job at a hotel near the beach. New laws were passed to govern population influx, and if a black alien had been in South Africa less than

a given number of years, he had to leave. Hard as it may seem, the law was necessary to protect the local black population and assure that there would be jobs and housing situations for them. But Morca didn't want to go. The police checked frequently to see if foreign blacks' papers were in order, and Morca's boss said to him, "Morca, if the police ask me about you, I don't know you." So when fellow workers saw the police coming to make a check, Morca would hide in the walk-in refrigerator. In a way, we all thought this was very funny, and truly, we did not want to see Morca leave, but of course it wasn't right either, and finally he came around to tell us good-bye.

We may have had one or two letters from Morca after he left us, but other than that, he simply disappeared from our lives. It was in October, 1983, more than 25 years after we told Morca goodbye, that I had a letter from brother Doyle Gilliam. Doyle had worked for many years in Malawi and went back for a visit in mid-1983. Part of his letter is quoted here: ".... in Blantyre, I met a brother Morca Njiku. He asked me if I knew you and John. He was unaware of John's passing. He felt very close to both of you and was especially grateful because John is the one who taught him the gospel in Port Elizabeth in 1953. He said that John first taught him, and then he was baptized by Leonard Gray. I was very impressed with this brother and his evident love for the Lord and for you and John." Never underestimate the power of the seed you have sown. For many years, we never heard a word from Morca, and now this wonderful news!

In February, 1984, I received a 7-page letter from brother Morca himself, from which I quote a few portions:

".... I am very glad to see you letter like I do see you with my eyes. I thank Lord that brother Doyle Gilliam what he has done. I am sorry about the death of brother Hardin it has broken my heart I told my people here about brother Hardin and sister Hardin that if brother J. Hardin and sister Hardin are not going to enter eternal life most of us shall be in hot fire.

.... Everywhere I was preaching with Joseph Chirwa and at Chombe Estate where I use to work. I and brother Thera we did open church there. We had 35 members and it was difficult to turn them to a Christian I am getting grey behind my head the hair is finished there is a round table glass, but I strong still"

Brother Morca has nine children, one of them a boy whom he named "Hardin Njikhu." One of the sons, together with three other children at school, were given Cola drinks with poison in them and died. Morca himself was laid up for 3 months with the effects of snake bite. Morca's place of work was very far from his home and he could visit his family only occasionally. He describes the trip as follows:

".... It is very far from here (to the place of work). We leave Blantyre Tuesday morning at 5 a.m. and arrive at Chipoka the same day at 4 p.m. At Chipoka we take a ship at 10 p.m. and arrive at Nkhata Kota 6 a.m. next morning, from Nkhata Bay that is the same day, but we do arrive at Nkhata Bay 7 p.m. from Nkhata Bay to my home 15 miles."

Morca is now living in Blantyre where he reports that jobs are very scarce. When he wrote, he was out of work and had had most of his clothing stolen. Life can be very hard for someone in that country. He closes his letter by saying, "I always sing song number 9 — 'Trust and Obey' because there is (no) other way to be happy in Jesus."

Within the black group in Port Elizabeth were a couple we began to refer to as "matchmakers." When they attempted to match a certain single man with a particular girl, an argument broke out, deteriorating into a fight with the two women tangling on the floor. The husband of the one picked up a piece of firewood with which to "discipline" his wife but struck the other woman instead, knocking her out cold. The following Sunday, all apologized publicly and shook hands. Happily, in 29 years of experience in Africa, this display of uncontrolled temper by church members was the first of only two, the other being a hot argument between some colored people near Johannesburg.

The white congregation seemed to have reached a plateau. There was some discontent among the members, some thinking John and Leonard to be too conservative, others that they were too liberal. In fact, there were so many origins and religious backgrounds of people in that little congregation, it is a wonder that we got along as well as we did. There were the British-South African Hockeys, the German Steinigers, the American Grays and Hardins, the ex-Methodist Joostes, two British ladies with remote connections with the church in England, and the Hornes who were part English and part Afrikaans with backgrounds in the Anglican and Congregational churches. We all had to

work at the job of accepting one another as Christian brothers and sisters, "in honor preferring one another," and overlooking differences in personalities, nationalities, and matters of opinion.

In 1954, Al Horne's father died. Al had decided that he wanted to go to Abilene Christian College and become a preacher. Al's mother, newly widowed, wanted Al to give up that plan and stay near her, but Al knew that his two brothers would take care of her. With mixed emotions, he left for Texas at the tender age of 17. At ACC he did very well, for he set as his goal to earn grades as high as Eldred Echols had done a few years earlier - some of the highest grades in the history of that college thus far. At ACC. Al met and married Donna Whittaker, and in 1959 they went to Tanganyika to work with Eldred and Jane Echols. Eldred and Jane had met in Ft. Worth, Texas, earlier in 1959 and were married after a whirlwind courtship and the assurance that Jane was willing to go to Africa. In 1964. Echols and Hornes all moved to Benoni. Al Horne is now the head of Southern Africa Bible School there.

SINGING SCHOOLS AND TRAGEDY

The choice of John Hardin to go to South Africa in 1949 had been because of his experience and ability as a song leader. He had hoped to be able to hold numerous singing schools, but the need had not arisen to any great extent because of the small size of the congregations. It was decided by late 1954 that the time was right for such schools in Johannesburg and Pretoria, so during the break between the school years, we traveled to the Rand.

It was just after Christmas. Two days of the

Johannesburg singing school had been completed when we received an urgent phone call with the news that Martelle Petty had been critically injured in a motorcycle accident. John and Joe McKissick drove to Pretoria immediately, arriving at the hospital only moments before Martelle passed away, never having regained consciousness.

Dolores Petty had given birth to the Petty's third red-headed daughter on December 22 and was remaining in the maternity ward for a few extra days because of minor complications. Martelle had visited her in the early evening and had taken home her little bedside radio for a minor repair. He put the two little girls to bed and left them for a few moments, he thought, while he went quickly to return the radio to Dolores. It was misting, and in the glare of headlights on busy Church Street, he missed his turn, did a "U" turn to rectify his error, was struck by a car, and sustained a severe skull fracture.

Martelle had sold his car to obtain funds to contribute to the purchase of property in Tanganyika where he hoped to go into missionary work with Guy Caskey and Eldred Echols. Perhaps we can say that Martelle Petty was a martyr for Christ — had he not sold his car as an act of faith, he would not have died when he did.

On the morning after the accident, the gardener had come to work in the yard and found that the two little girls were alone. The hospital personnel had failed to look in Martelle's wallet where they could have found identifying papers, so nobody had been notified of the accident some 10 or 11 hours earlier. A policeman who had been at the scene of the accident had told Eric Elliot, a member of the fire department and a member of the

church in Pretoria, that the accident victim looked like Eric's preacher, so the two hastened to investigate. As soon as the news reached Dolores, she left the baby in the care of the nurses, dressed herself, and went home to the little girls.

The Pettys were a young family, devoted to one another and to the Lord. The Greek man at the corner tea room described Martelle perfectly when he said, "Mr. Petty was the sweetest man I have ever known." Martelle and Dolores had married young and were only 26 when Martelle died. He had already been preaching for 10 years, nearly 4 of them in Pretoria.

Martelle Petty was laid to rest in the old cemetery in Pretoria. Dolores bore up well, not only because she had the little girls to think of, but because she had great faith. As quickly as arrangements could be made for her flight, she was on her way back to her people in America. We went to the airport to bid farewell to a brave lady, heartbroken, but courageously carrying her tiny new baby, closely trailed by two little girls, the sun glinting on the red hair that they had inherited from their daddy.

All of us agreed that if Martelle had been able to speak to us, he would have said that we should carry on and have the singing school as planned, for the work of the church must go on. We stayed in the Petty home then, and held a good week of singing. We remained in Pretoria for a second week in order to help with the preaching and teaching and to close out some of the legal matters following upon the Pettys' departure.

Pettys were to have returned to America later in 1955, and it had already been planned that the Carl

McCullough family were to take their place; but they were not due to arrive for many months. It was decided therefore that the Leonard Grays would take up temporary residence in Pretoria to help that church and that the Hardins would carry the work load in Port Elizabeth.

ALONE AGAIN

Left to work alone in Port Elizabeth once again, we faced many days of discouragement with heavy loads of responsibility. We had come to the end of the short-term lease on the house Leonard had rented for us in Walmer, and had lived with the Grays for a week before going north for the singing schools. The housing problem was solved for the immediate future when it was arranged that we would stay in the Grays' house while they were in Pretoria for the coming months.

The house was in Parsons Hill, a lovely new suburb. From a picture window in the living room, we could look out over much of the city and the harbor. We could count the ships as they came and went. Sometimes the harbor was so busy that as many as 12 or 15 ships would be waiting in the roadstead. Occasionally, on one of Port Elizabeth's rare windless days, there would be a hazy condition causing a mirage in which the horizon seemed to vanish and the ships appeared to float, ghost-like, in the sky.

We moved our school boys to the Herbert Hurd school in Newton Park and bought for each of them the required forest green blazers with grey grosgrain binding around collars and lapels, and the distinguishing school ties and belts. Sometimes the boys walked to school and sometimes rode the bus. On windy days they hated the

walk because the sand would sting their bare knees — that space between knee-high socks and short grey flannel trousers.

We kept Miner, the servant girl who had worked for the Grays. Miner loved the children, especially 3 year-old Neal whom she dubbed "Messpot," following him through the house, indulgently picking up the litter that he left everywhere. While Kent and Don were in school Brian and Neal played together very well. Brian had always liked being "big" and Neal enjoyed being "little," so they played daddy and son. Neal would call "Daddy," and when John would answer, Neal would exclaim vehemently, "Not you!"

During our stay in the Grays' house, we had four cases of measles at once, so we turned the big bedroom into a hospital ward, hung a blanket over the windows to darken the room, and sat it out. TV was still 20 years away, but we had recently bought a good record player and radio, so we bought a few children's records, a spare speaker and a length of wire so that the boys could listen in their darkened room. The radio provided such old American favorites as Superman and Lone Ranger as well as Noddy and other English and South African stories for children.

Another addition was made to the Hardin household — a mongrel fittingly called "Scamp" who dug up my pansy bed, carried shoes out of the house and chased the neighbor's chickens, but otherwise was a lovable and indestructible pet. She could have won prizes in high jump, for we found no wall or gate that could restrain her. She was not large, but she could clear a 6-foot wall by barely touching the top of it with her feet as she went over.

FISHER STREET - KORSTEN

Thursday afternoon was traditionally maids' time off. The girls would usually go to visit friends and relatives in the nearby black townships, do some shopping, or just catch up on rest, and if the weather permitted, lie or sit on the ground and talk. It was the best time to hold a Bible class for women, so we would take our maid and pick up 3 or 4 others, drive to Korsten township, and meet with some of the women who lived there. I could teach this group directly in the English language because all the women had worked in the homes of white people and knew a moderately simple vocabulary. I was teaching a series of lessons on the book of Acts, and having talked for quite some time on obedience to the gospel, I asked if there were any questions. One hand went up. Thinking I had reached through to someone, and that she wanted to know more about becoming a Christian, I said, "Yes, what is your question?" She asked, "Why do you wear lipstick?" Gathering up my shattered composure, I had to explain my position about the use of makeup: that I had never used much of it, only a touch of color to brighten up an otherwise washed-out complexion; that in my circle of friends and in the church where I had been in the past, moderate use of makeup was accepted, that I believed it to be wrong only if it placed a woman in the wrong category so that she would be thought to be deliberately tempting men - oh, I had a time of it! Obviously, the one who asked about my lipstick had been in the company of some religious people who thought all use of makeup to be sinful. All the while I thought she had been listening to me, she had been looking at me. Incidentally, lipstick must have

stayed on better in 1955 than it does in 1983 - I can't keep it on for half an hour any more. As for makeup, it needs to be like Paul's eating meats — if it causes a weak brother (or sister) to stumble, we won't use it.

Despite the fact that black South Africans were oppressed, underpaid, and underprivileged, they were still better off than their counterparts in surrounding countries. There were a great many Rhodesians, Malawians, and others who had moved into South Africa to seek work in the cities. Before population movements were so closely watched and regulated, it was possible for these people to enter South Africa in search of work. Because there was a severe shortage of suitable housing for them, they built shantytowns for themselves, "squatting" wherever there were a few square vards of space. They used old sheets of corrugated roofing iron, parts of large packing cases, and anything else they could get hold of. Whole families lived in shacks not much larger than 10 by 12 feet, with doors opening onto alleys of mud and filth. Plumbing was non-existent. Single taps were located a block or two apart, and overflowing outhouses teemed with stench, flies, and disease.

Some of our church members lived along "Fisher Street," in the midst of the conditions just described. We kept special shoes on our back porch, to wear only when we visited such an area, not because we felt superior to those folks but in order to protect our own family from disease. Yet we were amazed at how scrubbed and spotless the interiors of some of the shacks were. We asked, not "how can these people be so dirty?" but "how can they live where they do and still be as clean as they are?" Perhaps they had built up some immunity to some diseases,

but there, as in the Rhodesian bush country, gastro-enteritis, spread by filth and flies, killed many babies and young children.

There was a very old man in one of these shacks who had a small pension to collect each month, and when he became ill, John obtained the necessary forms to fill out so that he could obtain the money from the post office. We would take this pittance to the old man's shack and visit for a little while. He shared space with a married daughter, her husband, and several children; yet there was but one single bed in the room. He explained that the children slept on the floor and the adults took turns using the bed.

Among the squatter population was a group of Rhodesian black people who became known as the "basket makers of Korsten." They had their own religious group of some 800 members and lived in a sort of commune. They had the reputation of being honest and hard-working, and although they practiced polygamy, they were good moral people in their own way. They observed the sabbath, believed in Holy Spirit baptism, and called themselves the "Apostolic Sabbath Church of God." Their leader was called a bishop – Bishop Elliot Gabellah. The bishop was introduced to John, and soon began to come to the study for Bible lessons. It wasn't long until one day we took Gabellah to our favorite pool among the rocks at the shore for baptism. At low tide, the pool was clear and quiet, but that day, there was a strong wind whipping up the waves, and it happened also to be high tide. With the waves and the foam washing over the rocks surrounding the pool, Elliot Gabellah was immersed, disappearing momentarily in the white froth.

We had high hopes that the conversion of this leader would give a real boost to the black church work. He should have been able to convert many of his followers, for he was a man who could persuade others. When he began to inquire about going to college in America, our first reaction was enthusiastic. John took the first steps in helping him to obtain a passport and other papers, but soon we began to suspect that the man was more interested in personal advancement than in studying the Bible or in preparing himself to return and preach to his people. He spoke more of politics than of religion, so John explained to him that he was not interested in helping him to get to college in the states unless he would promise to preach the gospel.

About that time, the government was moving alien squatters out of the country. This was a move to protect the local South African blacks from some of the competition in the job market and to keep the locations such as Korsten and New Brighton from being ever more and more overpopulated. It was the same ruling that forced Morca Njiku to return to Malawi, and the basket makers of Korsten had to return to Rhodesia. At about the same time, we lost track of Gabellah. After a while we learned that he was doing considerable work with John Maples in Durban, even assisting with a short preacher training school. Later, he joined a denomination, and eventually may have become a Muslim and gone away somewhere for some higher education. Some of this was only hearsay.

Some 20 years later, in the mid-70's, when there was considerable political unrest in Southern Rhodesia and several parties were vying for power, we read in the

newspaper the name of Elliot Gabellah, a rather important man in one of those parties. We never knew if this was the same person and could only reason that there are few black people with the name "Elliot," and we had never heard the name "Gabellah" anywhere else, so we thought it quite possible that it was the same man.

Mid-1955 marked a step in the progress of the non-European work when a separate congregation for colored people was started in Schauderville. To an integration-oriented person, this may sound like a step backward, but in a society so divided by well-defined color lines, it meant that there would be a greater chance of reaching colored people who may not have consented to meeting with blacks. The colored van der Bergs had been willing to meet in the mixed group, but their untaught neighbors did not share that feeling. Long before the beginning of separate colored services, there had been large numbers of colored children attending evening Bible classes in the van der Bergs' home.

A LOW PERIOD

While we had encouraging progress in the colored work, we were concerned almost to the point of alarm about one individual, and perhaps two, in the little white congregation. We had lent our car once or twice a week to a certain young man for him to go to friends and teach Bible classes. He said he did not want us to accompany him because these were young people and he wanted to use a "young" approach. We believed him, and thought him to be a zealous Christian. I think now that he was, for a while, just that. One morning, he returned the car with a large scrape from a side-swipe collision, but that

can happen to anybody. But when he returned the car another time with large quantities of sea sand and popcorn on the floor and seats we became suspicious about the "Bible classes." When John questioned him, he was evasive and began to manifest a bad attitude about many things. As the weeks passed, we feared that he would leave the church altogether and perhaps influence another to do the same.

It was on a day during this depressing period in our story that John and I sat at the dining table in the house on Parsons Hill. We had finished our lunch. Kent and Don were at school, and Brian and Neal had returned to their play. Overseas mail had arrived -a high point in the week. Our spirits had been low and we were looking for something to lift them up. In this frame of mind, we opened a letter from John's sister and brother-in-law. They went on at great length about the successful campaign of a popular faith healer in the midwestern states. He had collected followers by the thousands, they said, so surely the Hardins ought to be able to do as well. John usually had a great sense of humor, but he saw no humor in that letter. He looked woebegone!

It was only years later that we learned their side of the story. The two had collaborated in writing the letter, thinking it to be a good bit of "leg-pulling" designed to give us a laugh and cheer us up. We were buried so deep beneath our pile of woe that we could see no humor in it. There is a lesson in that incident. Letters do not convey the "tone of voice" or the expression on the face of the writer. There has been many a serious misunderstanding arising from letters written in one "tone of voice" and read in another. So when a person writes letters, he needs to make certain

that the recipient will understand. When receiving letters, read with discernment, believing that people who love you do not mean to hurt and offend.

Part of our problem at this time was that we were working alone. Echols was gone for good. Grays were to be gone for months. Missionaries need the companionship and the listening ears of co-workers. Sometimes one merely needs another shoulder to cry on. Jesus sent the 70 to preach, two by two. In the book of Acts, it was Paul and Silas, or Paul and Barnabas. We needed to have John and Leonard. When a congregation is better established and there are mature Christians with whom to work, a single preacher is adequate, but the Port Elizabeth work was not quite three years old, and there were not yet the kind of mature men in whom John could confide.

TUNNELS

Sometimes there are "tunnels" in our lives. We were in one of them, and we couldn't see the light at the other end. Tunnels are a "way through," but sometimes they are very long and dark. Once when John and I had a few days' vacation, we visited the northeast Transvaal where one of the points of interest is a disused section of old cog railway going through a tunnel. It has been preserved as a historic monument, and we decided as most tourists did, to walk through it. My eyes are always slow to adjust to changes in lighting, so I took John's arm as we walked into the darkness. He walked confidently and I thought how good his eyes were to see anything at all. I felt completely blind. John said he could see a dim light ahead, marking the other end of the tunnel, but I couldn't even see that.

When I complained of my poor eyesight, he laughed and said, "Maybe if you took off your dark sun-glasses, you might be able to see it too." I'll not be-labor the point with spiritual applications of that incident. There was a light at the other end of our Port Elizabeth experience, but it was a while before we saw it.

THE JOOSTE STORY

During our furlough of '53 - '54, Leonard baptized Andy Jooste. Andy was one of the visitors at our very first service in September 1952. He visited frequently, and he was often among the young people who came to our home in Summerstrand to play table tennis and enjoy the Friday night sing-songs. Now in '55 we were getting to know him well, and his teenage sister Valerie was visiting our services. Andy was eager to have his entire family converted, but he labored under a tremendous handicap — his father had a problem with alcohol. A fine, likable man when sober, he gave his family problems whenever he yielded to his habit. He was an expert carpenter and cabinet maker but never kept a job for long. Quiet little Mrs. Jooste worked hard to be the main support of the family, and they lived by managing frugally in a tiny house. Little sister Patty was happy and sweet, a proper little ray of sunshine, but retarded. The older sister, Connie, had already married and moved away.

On a sunny day in May 1955, Valerie Jooste and our oldest son, Kent, were baptized at low tide in our little pool among the rocks. Both Andy and Valerie stand far above average in our memory, for they have remained steadfast and true, standing firm through difficult times.

Eventually the older sister Connie was converted and together with her husband, Johan Pienaar, they have worked hard for the church of the Lord wherever they have lived. Mrs. Jooste was baptized, and now the family circle was nearly complete. Patty, forever a child, never let go of her innocent faith. It is necessary now to skip even further ahead of the story to a gospel campaign that was being held in Port Elizabeth in 1968. Leonard Gray had been living in the states for some time but had accompanied the campaign group to the scene of his earlier labors in Port Elizabeth. Leonard was preaching on a particular Sunday of the campaign. At the close of the sermon, he invited his hearers to respond. Try to imagine the emotion that welled up in Leonard's heart when he looked up and saw Mr. Jooste making his way to the front of the building, and the tumultous joy in the hearts of the Jooste family when husband and father publicly confessed his faith in Jesus and was baptized.

When will we learn to let God hold the future? Had we but known in the "down" days of 1955 what was to happen some 13 years later!

THE CAR — A NECESSARY EVIL

Once again we had a car that was giving us a lot of trouble. We had replaced the old '49 model with a '53 Vauxhall when we were able to take advantage of a special plan offered to missionaries by General Motors. They provided cars at great reductions until some denominational group began to obtain the cars for non-missionaries. That entire plan was scrapped, so the innocent had to suffer with the guilty. When we found the '53 car to be

inadequate for our growing family and that it spent as much time in the shop as out, we had to do something.

General Motors assembled the Vauxhalls in Port Elizabeth, but we needed something bigger. We were offered the opportunity to import a car from the states, and in 1955 the customs charges were still very reasonable. (Later the customs doubled, and then rose to a figure equal to the purchase price of the imported car.) We could order the model of Chevrolet we wanted, even to our choice of color, and we had one built for us with a right-hand steering wheel. The only hitch to the plan was that payment had to be made before the car was shipped, but the Lord and John's good mother were with us. Mom had sold her big house and bought a smaller one and had some cash which she willingly lent us. She agreed that when we received the new car, we would sell the Vauxhall, live on the money from that sale for a couple of months, and have our salary sent directly to her by our supporting church, and then pay her back the remainder in monthly installments until the debt was cleared.

There were snags: the first check Mom sent us was made out wrong and had to be returned. Manufacture of our specially ordered car was delayed by internal factors. Shipment by freighter is always indefinite as to time, but eventually we landed our sea-mist green Chevrolet with white top, later to become known as the "Gospel Chariot." While we waited extra long for the delivery of the Chevy, the Vauxhall had added a few thousand extra miles, and the government had added a regulation that the purchaser of a used car had to pay down 45% of the purchase price and finance only 55%, thus making it harder for us to find

a buyer. We did some belt-tightening, but, as always, we made it.

A PLACE TO MEET

Time began to press us to do something about our own housing as well as a decent place for the church to assemble. The hall we were renting was always dirty and smelled of beer and wine, the final touch occurring when a visiting lady happened to sit on a chair that had some sticky wine on it. She was a finicky person anyway, and after that, she never visited our services again.

We began to search for a house that would lend itself to residence cum meeting place so that we would have two for the price of one. There were several houses that could have been satisfactory, but they all cost too much. We could finance a house with a mere 10% down payment, but even that was more than we had in the church treasury. When we asked for help from our supporting congregation, we were turned down because they had been reading scary articles about South Africa's political and racial conditions. They were afraid to invest any money in property when it seemed as though "the white population of South Africa were about to be driven into the sea." We could see no grounds for this fear and we were sorely disappointed, but everything worked out for the best eventually. mother came to the rescue once again, and although we had not yet paid back all of the car money, she lent us a few hundred dollars so that we could close a deal on a house. The property we bought at 9 Pickering Street, Newton Park, was very old. The house was not at all pretty, but it was well built and stood on a large lot. The Hardin family

paid enough rent for the dwelling portion of the house to make up a large part of the monthly payments. We would have had to pay rent somewhere, so we reasoned that we may as well be paying off church property with that money.

The congregation began meeting in a room at the front of the house, intended to be a bedroom. At this time it was large enough to accommodate the small group. Because we had no money with which to purchase seating, we would carry in our dining room and kitchen chairs, foot lockers, trunks, and Samsonite suitcases. Sunday school classes were held in our kitchen and living room.

For our family, we had a living room, kitchen with dining nook, one large bedroom with a sunny glassed-in area for a sewing table, and a medium sized bedroom opening onto a small glassed-in porch. The four boys had to share one bedroom, so John purchased materials and built two sets of bunk beds. This set-up elicited the comment from our doctor, who made house calls, "Well, that's one way to solve the parking problem." A small room off the living room made a good study for John.

The sheltered front yard lent itself to growing flowers, so I had a large bed of dahlias, two beds of carnations which thrived in the sandy soil, and some of the largest Shasta daisies I have ever seen. We tried with only moderate success to raise some vegetables in the back yard, but grew some waist-high marigolds. A golden shower climbed right up the back porch wall and onto the roof.

The house had been built before there was a good supply of city water, and in the back yard was a shallow fish pond about 9 feet square under which there was a large underground cistern. By chopping out the concrete bottom

of the fish pond and filling in the cistern to a suitable depth, we were able to build a baptistry. Since it was the Hardin family's responsibility to maintain the property, including the baptistry, we permitted the children to play in the water. We would have liked to have a pump to drain the little pool for cleaning, but again lacked funds, so it was necessary to dip the water out by the bucketful. This became the gardener's job every so often.

A TIME TO EXPAND

By the time we had moved to 9 Pickering Street, the Grays had returned from their temporary work in Pretoria. We began to have more visitors at our services and it looked as if we were ready to move ahead. It was time to make a big effort to reach more people. 1956 was upon us. Our fifth son, Dale, was born in February that year, and for the first couple of months he slept in a bassinet in our bedroom. Plans for expanding the meeting space affected those arrangements, for the only way to enlarge the space without adding onto the house was to remove the partition between the meeting room and our bedroom.

Removing partitions in any South African house is a messy job because of the brick and plaster construction. We knew this, but little did we expect that the partition to be removed was made of solid concrete and would require the use of sledge hammers to break it down. We moved our bedroom furniture into the little study — I should say we crammed it in, including a little bed for Dale. For the next week or two we had a covering of fine white dust over everything as the wall was being chopped

out.

After the partition was removed, there was replastering to do, the floor to be repaired, painting to be done, and curtains to be made. All this was done at minimum cost with members doing the labor. One night, close to midnight, several men had been painting when one of them, Bob Bentley, said that he wanted to be baptized. The work was halted for the night, and a little service held right there amid the mess of paint, and Bob was baptized.

Finished at last, the big empty room looked shiny and new, but barren of even a stick of furniture. We wanted strong, non-folding chairs, not only to look better and be more comfortable, but to eliminate the noise of folding chairs. With this in mind, John and Leonard visited a furniture factory and found just what we needed. Another church had ordered 80 blond-wood chairs and then decided they didn't want them, so the lot was offered to us at a reduction if we would take all 80. This was more than we needed at the moment, but a good value. At a business meeting, the men of the congregation decided to buy them, and we were given six months to pay, interest free. We knew we would have to do some scraping at the bottom of the barrel to make payments, but we believed we would grow and need those chairs.

THE LORD PROVIDES

One evening, soon after we moved into our new assembly room, Leonard arrived from the post office just a few moments before meeting time. He handed John a letter with a familiar return address — a couple who had sent us small sums from time to time to assist the work. Imagine

the wonderful surprise when we found a large check enclosed with a letter explaining that they were sharing a bonus with us. When the exchange rate was figured, we discovered that the gift was sufficient to pay the entire price of the chairs except for half a chair! That money was already on the way to us when the men decided to buy the chairs, but only the Lord knew it then.

Living in the "church building" — which is literally what we were doing — presented a few problems. With our living quarters being used for Sunday school rooms, we were constantly having to move furniture. Our bathroom was the church's restroom, and when there was a service to be held, I refrained from cooking so that there would be no food odors drifting through the little auditorium. When there was to be a baptism and the weather was cold, we would empty the water heater into the baptistry, but even that was nearly futile, for the water temperature would be raised only a degree or two.

John had had to move his study to make a place for our bedroom, and he set up his desk and duplicating machine in the sunny spot that I'd once had for my sewing. We were pretty crowded, yet had spacious quarters in comparison to the shanties on Fisher Street.

John and Leonard saw the need of a leader for the black congregation, so they made a trip into the Transkei to contact Bentley Nofemela, with whom they had corresponded. They found his home without any trouble, and drove a short distance off the main road and through a gate in the fence. They conferred with Bentley for a while, and when they stepped outside, there were a dozen or so mounted men, some of whom were police. It seems

that our white men had violated the law by going beyond the fence into black territory. They were about to be fined rather heavily but their pleas of ignorance of the law were heard and the fine was reduced to little more than a token. A short time later, the Nofemela family moved to Port Elizabeth to work full-time with the black congregation - a noteworthy step forward for the church. Bentley is a Xhosa as are the majority of black people in the Port Elizabeth area.

Housing was difficult to find for Bentley and his family of four, so we arranged for them to live temporarily in our servant's quarters. At that time this was possible, but in later years, there were strict rulings against allowing anyone except bona fide servants to occupy such accommodations. Bentley's wife, Dora, worked in the house several days a week, and when Dale was old enough to be propped up and look around, he enjoyed watching her, especially when she was ironing. Dora sang softly as she worked — such a joy! Bentley proved to be a hard worker, having arrived at the time that the little black congregation was staggering from the trauma of withdrawal of fellowship from all those who would not straighten out their lives by separating from their illegal wives.

PERSONAL

Mothers mark many events in life by associating them with the times of birth of children, or the various activities in which they engage. Memories come flooding back to me when I think of the year and a half that we lived at 9 Pickering Street. There was the time that Kent had a severe earache and Brian had a cluster of warts on his knee. Side by

side on a shelf were two little bottles of medicine: oily eardrops for Kent and acid for the warts. In the wee hours of a night, Kent awoke complaining of his ear. I poured a few drops of the oil into a teaspoon and held it for a moment over a burner to warm the medicine. Sleepy as I was, I noticed that the drops looked too thin, and on examination, I discovered that it was the acid. Suddenly I was wide awake with the horror of what I had nearly done. The acid being meant for warts only, with cautions not to spill any onto normal skin, I went cold and then hot when I thought of what it would have done to the inside of an ear. I poured every drop of acid down the sink and decided we would get rid of the warts some other way. Kent got his proper ear drops then, but I didn't sleep another wink that night. It wasn't long until Brian fell on the gravel driveway and removed every one of the warts in a split second.

The 1956 school year ended in early December, and Kent planned to spend the holidays at the swimming pool. Instead, he came down with the mumps, and dreamed night and day of the day his quarantine would end. The last day of quarantine was beautiful and warm, so we gave him permission to take a book up into the tree house and read quietly. When I called him to come into the house, he reached for the rope with which he would swing down to the ground, missed his grip, fell, and broke a wrist. What tragedy for a boy about to have his 11th birthday, for now there would be no swimming at all until it was time to go back to school.

Kent's time at 9 Pickering Street was beset with problems: twice he was bitten by dogs belonging to neighbors, and once he stuck a garden fork into the top of his foot, so he became a familiar figure in the hospital's emergency room. We all felt bad when his pet budgie escaped and flew out an open window and a search of the neighborhood was fruitless.

Don, at eight, was a sweet, tender-hearted boy. He had emptied his piggy bank and put his savings in the collection for our building fund. But the best of children are tempted too, and something or somebody whispered in his ear that he should light a fire in the tree house. The little blaze was soon extinguished, and Don learned that fire can destroy the things you love. Don had a lovely soprano voice, and in church, people would turn to see who it was that sang so well. It was at this time that he had his first pet pigeons, the beginning of an interest that continues on into his 30's.

Brian started school in January of 1957. The Herbert Hurd school was so crowded that they would take no new first-graders whose birthdays fell after February 28. Brian was to be 6 on March 9th. He was very tall for his age, and mentally more than ready for school. The school board would make no exception in his behalf, so I called the principal of the Summerwood school where Kent and Don had attended earlier. Brian would be accepted if we could manage the transportation, and we got him enrolled. He needed to ride two buses each way with a transfer in the middle of town, so for a while, I went with him, but he soon learned to make the entire 6 mile trip by himself. I was much relieved when I heard him come in the door after his first day on his own. Only once did he make a wrong move - he got onto a bus in town which had a "G" after its number, meaning that it went only as far as the golf Instead of panicking as some youngsters would have done, he got off that bus and waited for the correct one to come along.

My mind's camera has two pictures preserved forever in my memory. Sometime before Brian started school, I sent him on his big tricycle to get something from the store, two blocks away. Soon he came running home with a look of utter catastrophe all over his face. His trike was gone! John went with him to see if they could find it, and a little while later, back came Brian, catastrophe replaced by ecstasy, a happy grin from ear to ear and beyond. The trike had been moved, mischievously or otherwise, and they had found it a couple of doors away from where Brian had parked it.

A real tragedy in the Nofemela family struck us all. Little Patricia, close to the same age as Brian and Neal, was a sunbeam. Oblivious to color of skin, they played together, Patricia always singing, singing in the sweetest, clearest tones. Our children all caught cold and sore throats during a spell of damp, chilly weather, so we were not overly concerned when Patricia also developed a sore throat. The family, still living in our servant's quarters. had found a house in the black residential area, so on a drizzly, dismal day, they made the move. Having loaded their possessions on a donkey cart, they climbed aboard and drove out of the yard. Tiny Patricia was bundled up in a big blanket against the damp chill. That was the last time we saw her. Her sore throat turned out to be diptheria, and despite treatment in the hospital for contagious diseases, her little sweet voice was forever stilled. We laid her to rest in a lonely pauper's grave on a day when the rain was driven at a slant across the drab, muddy graveyard. Only her folks and the Gravs and I were there — John was away at a singing school in East London. The only consolation for the Nofemelas was that Patricia would not have to grow up into a world where her people struggle so hard for the little that they have.

MAPLES TO DURBAN

We always had a good way of remembering the date of the arrival of the John Maples in South Africa. Enroute to Durban via ship, the freighter on which they were traveling was to be delayed in the Cape Town harbor for many days. The Maples were weary of the ship, so they traveled by train to visit with us until the ship made its call to Port Elizabeth when they would reboard and sail to Durban. They were with us on Sunday, February 26, and the Hardins, Grays, and Maples all had dinner at our house. That afternoon, to give the members of the congregation a chance to get acquainted with the Maples, we held open house and served tea. In the evening, during the service, I began to have some familiar uneasy feelings, and shortly after we had gone to bed, I told John it was time for him to get dressed again and take me to the hospital. At 4:00 a.m. on the 27th, Dale Owen Hardin made his entrance into the world. That is how I remember that it was late February 1956 when the Maples arrived in South Africa, and early March by the time they finished their voyage and landed at Durban to begin the work of the church there.

John and Leonard did a lot of teaching and held many discussions with people of all races and religious backgrounds during these months. A letter John wrote in April of 1956 tells about a discussion with a Catholic doctor and a Mormon man which went on until 3:00 a.m. This type

of discussion sometimes did not accomplish much in the way of persuading men to change, but John always said that he learned a great deal by explaining to people what he himself believed and why. His own faith was invariably strengthened, making him better prepared to teach others in the future. On this occasion, John and Leonard had already promised Billy Malherbe that they would go fishing with him at 3:30 a.m., so they didn't even go to bed that night.

It was frustrating that many people would promise "for sure" that they would visit our services, and it took us years to learn that people often find it hard to come right out and say "No" to an invitation, so they will say, "Yes, yes. Definitely. I'll be there." There have been lists made of the unusual excuses folks make for missing services, and to these lists we could add quite a few. One family all stayed away because their dog died and they were too upset. One man didn't turn up because he had a "bad" eye, and another was interviewing prospective boarders. One lady could not attend Sunday school because that was her baby's bathtime, and he would be upset if she changed it.

RHODESIA AGAIN - A VACATION

With all the activity and responsibility — living in the church house — or having the church meet in our residence — and having a fifth little boy, I became very run down. Complicating my condition, or perhaps initiating it, was the very bad case of flu followed by an extended attack of bronchitis in July and August the previous year. I had been left with chronic asthma as a result

of it, and had trouble with long bouts of coughing. The damp coastal weather was no help, and my doctor recommended that I get away for a good vacation. Vacation with a baby 3 months old? And four other boys? We had no money for such a trip, and hardly gave it a second thought. Then John received a letter from Orville Brittell at Sinde Mission, inviting him to go on a hunt and take pictures. The hunt didn't interest John, but photography did, and he finally persuaded me that this was just the vacation I needed. The doctor thought so too, but when I said I must take the baby with us, he said, "No! That would be no vacation."

This was one of those times when the Lord works in mysterious ways to provide what we need. Sister Malherbe, mother of Abie Malherbe who had left Johannesburg to attend ACC, was in Port Elizabeth with her three youngest children: Billie, Lettie, and Claude. Living on the tiny amount she received from Child Welfare, the four of them had a single room in a big old house, a room which never saw a ray of sunshine and was always chilly. Our house on the hill had some rooms which were warmed and cheered by lots of sunshine - just what Malherbes needed. We moved them into our home, and in return for the care of our children, we paid all their expenses for the period of 5 weeks that we were away. Lettie, then about 17, said that Dale would be her baby and she wanted to fix his formula and take most of the responsibility for him. Sister Malherbe had had 10 children of her own so we had no fear as to her capabilities. We made arrangements with our doctor and with the pharmacist that the Malherbes could put any medical needs on our accounts.

We made leisurely stops and visited churches that had not been there just a few years before: East London where the Votaw family were living and working, Durban where the Maples had settled in and a small congregation was meeting in the Boy Scout hall, Johannesburg where the McKissicks were carrying on the work, and last of all before leaving South Africa, we visited the McCulloughs in Pretoria. Driving north out of Pretoria, there were no other churches or mission points to visit, so we headed across the border into Rhodesia and on to Bulawayo.

In Bulawayo, we stayed with the Henry Ewings. We had met them when they came through Port Elizabeth after having landed an imported car. Beth is a daughter of the W. N. Shorts. I stayed with Beth for three days while Henry, Alan Hadfield, and John made a 3-day trip into the bush to a village called Ndedele. They all did a lot of preaching and baptized a man, and, said John, "had a lot of fun because those were two fine fellows to be out with."

From Bulawayo we drove to Victoria Falls and found the Zambezi running so full that we could hardly see anything for the spray, a complete contrast to the dry year of 1949 when we had last been there. We slept in blanket rolls on the ground one night, despite the dampness. The ground was hard, but it was fun.

At Sinde, we learned that the hunting trip had been called off, so that gave us more time to sightsee at leisure, and we drove up to Namwianga for a little while. Since our first visit there, a boarding school for white children had been opened in addition to the older school for the black children. Missionary families at distant points had to teach their own children at home or send them away to

boarding schools, so they decided to open the Eureka boarding school and invite the children of white farmers in the area to enroll. In 1956 they had an enrollment of 46. The Shorts took care of the boys and the J. C. Shewmakers had the girls, in dormitory arrangements.

At all the stops along the way, John was asked to preach, teach classes, or lead singing and he loved every minute of it. The point farthest from home that we visited was Lusaka where the Henry Pierce family worked with the black people. Working on something less than the proverbial shoestring, they had built a group of 4 or 5 small rectangular buildings, out of sun-dried brick, the roofing being of thatch except for the kitchen which they had managed to roof with corrugated iron to avoid fire hazard - cooking was done on a wood stove. There was not money for glass windows and Henry had made shutters out of packing cases. Some years later, the Pierce family were able to move into town and live in a house while the buildings they had first erected were used for students in a preacher training school. Although we realized what hardships the Pierces had undergone to live as they did, John and I enjoyed sleeping in one of those little buildings with the smell of the thatch overhead.

MOOKA'S VILLAGE

We returned once again to Namwianga and then made the 50 mile trip out to the "end of everywhere" — Kabanga, where Dow and Helen Pearl Merritt had spent many years. From Kabanga we rode with the Orville Brittells in their truck, about 20 miles beyond the mission. Orville was not stopped by the fact that there was no road — we just took

out over the fields. It was the dry winter season, so we didn't have to worry about anyone's crops. After being stuck for over two hours in the mud of a creek we had to ford, we finally came to Mooka's Village where there had been Christians for many years, and found three generations of Christians in one family.

Most names escape my memory, but I shall always remember Elifha. Never have I seen a more beautiful or more graceful and gracious lady. She was so pleased to have all of us visiting her village that she brought us a chicken and some eggs, and enlisted the help of a number of other women to set up a camp for us. With tall grass and reeds, they hastily constructed a wind-break which also afforded us privacy, and in no time at all we were made comfortable.

We held a service around a campfire that night. Orville knows the tribal language and speaks it fluently, so he acted as our interpreter. Later, he set up a screen and John showed slides that he just "happened" to have along. In such a remote village, they had no idea of the vastness of an ocean, and oohed and aahed over pictures of it, and of the Empire State building and other buildings in New York City. We had some slides of people and places in Africa, but the picture they liked best was one of their beloved sister Merritt. When they saw it, they all said, "Oooooooooooh! Helen Pearl!" and insisted in having the picture left on the screen for a long time.

Camp cots were set up in the bed of the truck for Augusta Brittell and the girls and myself while John and Orville dug hip holes in the sand and made themselves comfortable on the ground. Orville was solicitous of city-bred John and feared that he would not sleep well, but few things ever kept John from sleeping. In the middle of the night, one of the little girls wakened Augusta and said, "Mommy, I'm scared! I think the hippos have come up out of the river." Augusta listened for a moment and then relaxed. It was John snoring.

On the return to Kabanga, we got stuck again, this time in a vlei, or swampy ground. A black man was running ahead of us to prevent just such an incident, but we had only the two left wheels on firm ground while the right rear wheel went down to the axle in mud. A team of six oxen was brought round to pull us out, but the middle yoke wanted to pull sideways. We got nowhere until the ornery pair were removed and the four cooperative beasts pulled together and got us out. Each time we were stuck, Augusta immediately set about making a little fire and boiling water for tea. At first I thought this ridiculous, but soon realized it was a good thing. The liquid, the sugar, the good flavor, and perhaps the "lift" of the caffeine all went well. Orville and Augusta had been together on many of these trips and had been stuck many, many times.

We were taken to another village not far from Kabanga where the people had not responded well, either to the gospel or to education — they had decided to close the school. It was a contrast to Mooka's Village where there were Christians with some education — clean and obviously progressive. Here there were women with reeds through their noses, and most of the women smoked gourd pipes. These gourds had a rounded blossom end about four or five inches in diameter and a long slender neck leading to the stem end. They were filled with water which filtered the

smoke that came from a chimney-like attachment fixed onto the large part of the gourd. To make it easier to draw on the pipes, the women had knocked out their upper front teeth. What they smoked was a combination of several things, one of which must have been dagga or pot, for they said it made them feel "so good."

SINDE TO KRUGER PARK AND HOME

Back at Sinde for a few days, we observed how the orphanage had grown since our 1949 visit, for they now had 63 children, the original ones being in school. We were beginning to feel like the horse whose head has been turned toward home - chomping at the bit. We'd had a refreshing time of it, my cough had nearly gone away, and we were thinking of home and the boys. John persuaded me to take time for a broad swing to the east to go through the Kruger National Park. We entered at the northern gate and took two days to drive slowly down the 200 miles to Malelane Gate at the southern end of the park, stopping to photograph animals all along the way. This was the first of many visits we made to Kruger Park, a place which we learned to love. We drove through Swaziland on terrible dirt roads, stopped at the rest camp at Hluhluwe for the quietest night of our lives, made a quick visit to Durban, and then headed down through the Transkei to East London and home to Port Elizabeth. We had traveled 6,000 miles.

SINGING SCHOOL AND VBS

The week after our return, John held a singing school in East London and reported that those people loved singing so much that they never stopped before 10:30 each

night. That was enough to warm the cockles of any song leader's heart. With prospective singing schools in Pretoria and Johannesburg later that year, John was beginning to feel good about his work.

Immediately after the singing school, we had a Vacation Bible School in Port Elizabeth. As far as we knew, this was the first VBS ever to be held by anyone in South Africa. We had distributed some 2,000 leaflets in the neighborhood, and on the Monday morning, we had no idea how many would turn up. We averaged about 46 for the 5 days which was fantastic and about all our facility could hold. We closed on Friday night with an open house for parents, with fair attendance and encouraging words from a good many. Some said that their children had learned more Bible in one week than in all their years in Sunday schools, and the way was open for other VBS's in the future.

We had our first baptism in the outdoor baptistry in the back yard when Pam Garth, a young lady who had been studying with us for nearly a year, was immersed. There were a number of other interested people by that time, and John actually wrote to his folks, "We are more full of enthusiasm for the work now than we have been in recent months."

In September of '56, John reported that Leonard Gray was in Rhodesia holding a series of gospel meetings in several places and had baptized about 30. Meanwhile John was having weekly Bible studies with the Jooste family and with the Bentley family, Mrs. Bentley being the mother of Pam Garth. Our services were being well attended with some visitors right along. Our Brian had made good friends

with a little boy at the corner of our block, and his mother began to visit our services. She was only "almost persuaded" but she brought her neighbor, Granny Swaats who was converted and remained faithful.

WE BEGIN TO THINK OF A COLLEGE

September 1956 is the first record of the thinking of our brethren in South Africa toward the establishment of a school to train preachers. We'd had only a few South African men to go to the states for studies by that time, but enough to begin to realize, along with our workers in other nations, that a good number of such men never return to their home countries, so the purpose for which they are sent to American colleges is thwarted. Even more important is the principle that it is not the purpose of missionaries to Americanize overseas churches, and education obtained on home ground will in most ways be more suitable. Usually it is better for a man to study locally and then be supported locally rather than depend on American support.

In the little Free State town of Harrismith there had been an agricultural college which had closed down, its vacant buildings for sale at a minimal price of \$14,000. In early November all of the missionaries met there to look it over and hold a conference about it. There was a considerable amount of enthusiasm and a lot of desire, but the practical issues of funding, administration, staffing, and student recruitment loomed so large that it soon became obvious that the time was not right. There were not yet enough members of the church from which to draw students. It could not be an accredited institution for a very long time so it would be difficult to persuade very

many to attend. It was 8 years later that the Southern Africa Bible School had its tiny beginnings in Benoni.

Just after the Harrismith trip, John and Leonard visited the Grassy Park congregation in Cape Town and held several services with them. The main purpose of the trip, however, was to determine the plausibility of starting a purely white congregation in Cape Town. There had been small congregations meeting since the turn of the century, the membership being mixed - mainly colored people. Those white members in the existing congregations were perfectly happy to be in the mixed group, but there were many whites who did not take that attitude and so may never be reached with the gospel. Conrad Steyn, who had been converted in Pretoria, had been studying in the states and was due to return to South Africa soon, desiring to work in Cape Town. The brethren in that city agreed that for the sake of the growth of the church, it would be good to have a separate white group.

The December school holidays of 1957 gave us a break to go to Johannesburg and Pretoria where John held some very successful singing schools. When we use the word "successful," it does not mean that we now had two congregations who could sing everything well, but there was a lot of interest and there were many who learned to enjoy singing. It takes more than five nights to learn to read notes, and some people never do so, even after several such schools. One lady with a lovely soprano voice sang well from memory and had considerable natural musical talent. During the closing moments of the final night of the school, John had us attempting to learn a new song by sight reading. He needed to turn his attention to the tenors and

basses, but when he did, the soprano floundered. When he asked the lady to please read the notes and carry on while he helped the men, she said that she was unable to read the notes. John raised his bushy eyebrows slightly and looked at her questioningly. She squirmed a bit and said, "I'm a soprano and I don't need to read the notes so I wasn't paying attention." What would you have said to her?

Johannesburg did better than Pretoria in their singing, mainly because Pretoria had three tone-deaf men who loved to sing and did so with all their might and main. In selecting a choir, a director can exclude the unmusical ones, but with congregational singing we teach that we sing to praise the Lord and not to tickle the ears of humans, so tin ears or true, all are encouraged to do their best.

On our return to Port Elizabeth after the singing schools, we stopped at Harrismith and met Andy deKlerk, the first South African student to return from schooling overseas and begin to establish a congregation.

FIRST OF MANY CAMPS

We hit the ground on the run when we returned to Port Elizabeth, for there was just time to make final preparations for the joint encampment we were planning with the East London congregation. Bob Bentley had obtained a large number of wooden packing cases, and for weeks the men had been busy constructing some pre-fabricated buildings. We might have done better to collect all the tents we could have found and set up camp that way, but with the larger wooden structures, we could have the women and girls in one and men and boys in another, while the third was to become a cook shack and storage place.

We had to hire a moving van to haul the huge pre-fab parts to the farm near Grahamstown.

The camp site itself was beautiful, being situated in a grove of trees in a valley with a stream running through it into a dam a little farther down. The stream must have been one of the few remaining in all the country that had water pure enough to drink unboiled.

A total of 50 attended the encampment. An adult Bible class was held in the cook shack, and thanks to the fine weather, we had a number of children's classes under the trees. There were plenty of games and sports for the youngsters, but when John tried to prove that he was one of them, he twisted his ankle. It was an enjoyable week and some of us were sorry when we had to break camp and go home so some of the adults could return to their jobs. While we were packing up to leave, a puff adder was seen moving away from the area of the women's accommodation, but we had no incidents with anything more troublesome than the mosquitoes that fed on us at night.

VISAS AND THE SECTS

Correspondence dated January 1957 brings to light the answer to a problem we had been concerned about — several Americans had had visa applications refused. Because a government does not have to explain such refusals, we could only guess the reasons. Kenneth Adams, Paul Hall, and Ardron Hinton had made applications in the states, and Dow Merritt was wanting to move from Kabanga to Grassy Park in Cape Town, and all were turned down. There was reason to think that their applications were refused because they were wanting to work with all

races. The government wanted to prevent entry of those who might stir up trouble among black and colored people. There had been some in some denominations who had done that very thing.

A visit to the American Embassy by John and brethren McKissick and McCullough during the time of the singing schools turned up some surprising information. The gentleman at the Embassy agreed that the race question could be the problem. Then he went to the files and brought out some letters, the contents of which were no less than startling. When the South African Embassy in Washington received a number of visa applications from members of the church of Christ, they decided to investigate the church. They corresponded with a "council of churches" (that is all they said by way of description) and were told that the church of Christ was a "small, unrecognized sect." That little phrase bore two damning words as far as South African officials were concerned. "Unrecognized" had particular bearing because until 1963, when official "church recognition" was done away, "unrecognized" churches could get no marriage officers, could get no building sites (in the case of black churches), and had many other difficulties in legal areas. The word "sect" is anothema, particularly in the Dutch Reformed church. Being Calvinistic and "orthodox," they preach against "the sects."

The man at the American Embassy advised our brethren to find some men of influence in Washington such as a congressman who was a member of the church or knew of it, who could approach the South African Embassy on the American side with the hope of dissuading them from their position. In Port Elizabeth, John and Leonard visited with the American vice-consul who gave them the name of a particular man at the "South African Desk" in the Department of State in Washington.

Another channel was used by writing the details to A. R. Holton who was then preaching for the congregation at 16th and Decatur in Washington, D. C., in hopes that he could be of sufficient influence to be helpful. Adams, Hall, and Hinton's applications had been refused and they had turned to other pursuits. In the mill were applications from Gene Tope, Tex Williams, and Abe Lincoln. What went on in all of those offices, behind closed doors, we never knew, but very soon, those three last named had their visas, and from then on, there was little trouble for others who wished to enter South Africa to work with the church of Christ.

As aliens, we always felt the need to be circumspect in our personal behavior and worked toward the keeping of a good name for ourselves and for the church. As far as I know, the church of Christ in all of South Africa has had a good record as far as the government is concerned. This is not true of every denomination, and there have been some missionaries who have been asked to leave the country. We always obtained the necessary permits to enter restricted areas such as locations and reserves, and we never preached politics but always encouraged people of all races and nations and beliefs to live peaceably.

Moving on into 1957, we faced the departure of the Grays in May, and looked forward to the arrival of the Williams and Lincolns in July. For a while, John was left to carry the entire work load in Port Elizabeth and was also

driving to East London, about 200 miles, to assist them in the absence of Ray Votaw who was away holding gospel meetings.

PORT ELIZABETH UPDATE

When the Hardins left Port Elizabeth in mid-1957, Tex Williams and Abe Lincoln took over the work. A year later, Tex moved to Pietermaritzburg to start the church there, and Abe carried the work load in P. E. During Abe's stay, there was considerable renovation done at the 9 Pickering Street property: an apartment was added and an indoor baptistry constructed. During Andy deKlerk's first period of service in P. E., his family lived in the apartment. In 1961-1962, the present property at 42 Pickering Street was purchased — a stark hall that had belonged to a Dutch Reformed church. Essential alterations were done at that time, and about 5 years later, in 1967, major remodeling was undertaken. With the addition of a foyer, office, and classrooms, designed by Andy Jooste, an attractive and serviceable structure was provided.

The "anti" situation is discussed in a separate chapter but enters into the Port Elizabeth picture here. During Andy deKlerk's first years in that work, he did not openly espouse "anti-ism," but during the time he was furthering his studies at Florida College, there was certain correspondence which brought the "issues" to light, and he was informed that he would not be invited to return to the Pickering Street church while he held his stated views.

DeKlerk did return to Port Elizabeth and started another congregation. In the months that followed, many sympathizers went to his side, perhaps not so much on

doctrinal grounds as on the basis of personal friendship. The group first met in a scout hall and a shopping center, finally owning their own building in Cape Road. Andy Jooste writes, "From 1962 to 1964, I worked with the church (and in full-time architecture) trying to plug leaks—and to protect the colored church, with whom I was working, from the new heresy of which they had never heard."

The Doward Runyan family arrived then (vocational missionaries), and Doward was of infinite help in rebuilding the shattered work. Charlie Tutor made frequent trips from Grahamstown and was instrumental in getting Joe and Polly Watson to move to Port Elizabeth in 1965. Joe preached for the church there until 1969. All worked hard for a campaign headed by Ivan Stewart in 1968, and when a second campaign was held in 1971, the Watsons returned to assist. One of the campaign workers was a lady named Freda who later became Andy Jooste's wife.

In about 1970, deKlerk left Port Elizabeth. The "anti" split had reached its climax and their work went downhill and eventually broke up. By 1975, most of its members had returned to the Pickering Street church.

Before Joe Watson left Port Elizabeth in 1969, he ordained Milton Wilson to succeed him in the work. Milton was strong on personal work and converted several families, while Doward Runyan and Andy Jooste carried much of the pulpit work. In early 1973, Colin Kauffman, a SABS graduate, began to preach for the Port Elizabeth congregation, supported at first, and later supporting himself by means of a secular job. Colin's forte was working with the young people so that a strong youth group became active. Colin eventually returned to his home city of

Pietermaritzburg.

At the time of this writing, Wayne Speer, an American evangelist, is preaching in Port Elizabeth. Brother Speer reports a strong revival with attendances pushing the 200 mark, and a great number of restorations and baptisms. An effort was being made, he reported, to unite the colored congregation with the white congregation, but it can be expected that a general move in such a direction may be some time in the future.

Benoni 1956-1958

Until early 1957 we were little more than just aware of the existence of a town called Benoni. We may have been there only one time. It is one of the gold mining towns that stretch out on either side of Johannesburg, Benoni being to the east. It is about 20 miles from downtown Benoni to the Johannesburg City Hall. From Benoni came a "Macedonian call" — "Come and help us!"

For many years there had been congregations known as the churches of Christ meeting in Benoni and Boksburg, two towns which have lately expanded and become almost as one. These people followed many of the same basic tenets as we, but used instrumental music and were weak in the knowledge and practice of some of the doctrines which we hold to be essential. Their leader made a trip to America, and when he returned to Benoni with funds for a new church building, all were pleased. Pleased, that is, until a new sign was erected bearing the name, "Christian Church." Some said, "What's in a name?" but others said that the name of the church as they read it in the Bible is "Church of Christ" as in Romans 16:16. Many would say that this was not much of an issue over which to divide, but these folks began to hold their own services, meeting on Sunday nights in a school hall.

Perhaps the best thing that can be said of the new group is that they recognized their weakness. They were sheep without a shepherd. They knew that they were on a right path, but wanted more teaching. It was "Auntie Kate" Anderson who sat down with the Reef telephone directory one day, looking for any possible listings of "Church of Christ." Finding such a listing in Johannesburg, she called and got Joe McKissick on the phone. After an hour's conversation with Joe, Auntie Kate had the assurance that the Benoni group would have help. Joe conferred with Carl McCullough of Pretoria, and they agreed to take turns teaching a Bible class on a weekly basis, meeting in various Benoni homes. This was good, but Benoni wanted more, and they asked if there might be someone who could move there and work with them all the time.

In early 1957, it did not take long to make a mental survey of all the preachers in South Africa: McCullough in Pretoria, McKissick in Johannesburg, Maples in Durban, deKlerk in Harrismith, Votaw in East London, Steyn in Cape Town, Hardin in Port Elizabeth. Who could move to Benoni? With Tex Williams and Abe Lincoln due to arrive in Port Elizabeth by the month of August, there would be three men in one city, so it seemed obvious that the man most readily available to move to Benoni was John Hardin. With that in mind, John made a trip to Benoni to visit and give the members a chance to decide if they wanted to invite him.

During this visit, John could see that there were numerous weak points in their faith and practice but nothing which could not be worked on and changed, because they were open to teaching and eager to learn. John wrote to our supporting congregation in Little Rock, explaining in detail the situation and asking their approval. We were taken aback by their reply, saying that they had

agreed to support us to work in Port Elizabeth and that they would terminate our support if we moved to any other place.

TESTED AND TRIED

John, a meticulous keeper of files and other records, was certain that he had his copy of the original letter of agreement with the Little Rock brethren, but a long and diligent search failed to produce it and we had only our memory upon which to rely. We believed the letter had stated "to work in South Africa," not "to work in Port Elizabeth."

Our fellow workers in South Africa agreed with our assessment of the situation. Benoni needed someone right away. It was the right psychological moment. The people were ready. After long hours of prayer and consideration, we decided to make the move and depend on the Lord to work out the problems of support.

We first requested the Little Rock brethren to continue our support for three months so that we could find other means. This they agreed to, and they also assured us that they would pay our return ship fare when the time came. Joe McKissick tried to find support for us from the states, Carl McCullough offered us a place to live in Pretoria if we could not find somewhere in Benoni, and Reg Carr tried to find secular employment for John so that we could be self-supporting.

Of all the unpleasant tasks in life, John found asking for money to be at the top of the list. He decided he would write one letter to everyone he knew who might be willing to help us, both churches and individuals. The Benoni brethren promised to find us a house and pay the rent. We decided to make the move in July since that was the midyear break between school terms: Kent was 11, Don 9 and Brian 6.

A short while before we were due to leave Port Elizabeth, I was assured by my doctor that my symptoms were indeed another pregnancy. My health was fairly good, but I had another bout of bronchitis in May. Don was to be 9 on the 15th and Neal 5 on the 14th, but I was in bed, unable to make their birthday cakes. Don, a great believer in birthdays and cakes, insisted that he would make one, so I found him the simplest recipe in the book, and he produced a cake that tasted very good. A few friends had a small party in the dining room, and I was able to enjoy it from the adjoining bedroom.

In keeping with doctor's orders that I do no heavy packing, I packed only suitcases and left the rest to John and the movers. Dale, then 17 months, was disturbed by the sight of our furniture being carried out and packed into a van, so I took him into the part of the house used for church meetings, gave him his own pillow and wrapped his favorite blanket around him. He was content.

Since the van was to take three days for the trip to Benoni, we were not in a hurry. On the first day, we drove only the 200 miles to East London to spend the night with the Votaws. Early the next morning, I awoke, bleeding profusely. The Votaws' doctor came in haste, gave me an injection, and ordered me to the hospital. I was prepped for a D and C, but a greater emergency than mine arose and my case was postponed until noon. By that time the bleeding had stopped entirely so the doctor decided to wait.

Nothing further developed, but I was kept flat on my back for a week.

John and the four older boys went on to Benoni when they saw that I was going to be all right, for they needed to check on the house and the arrival of the furniture. Dale stayed with the Votaws and spent his days toddling after the gardener. After the week was up, I stayed at Votaws for a few days to regain my strength and then flew to Johannesburg. The doctor had given Dale a mild sedative so that he would sleep on the plane, but it worked the other way and Dale walked up and down the aisle, sharing the cakes and scones that were served with the passengers' tea. The East London doctor kept track of us through the Votaw family and never ceased to marvel at the fact that I carried Gary full term and had a normal delivery. He called Gary a "miracle baby."

Mid-July is mid-winter in South Africa, and after living for 5 years in Port Elizabeth where nearly all heating was electrical, I had forgotten the murkiness of the air where large quantities of coal are consumed. Benoni's sun began to glow a deep red long before sunset, and before the end of the daylight hours, its last rays were over-powered by the heavy pall. Nearly everyone used coal for heating water and in fireplaces. It was only many years later that smoke-restricted zones were created.

The owners of the house, who had just moved to Rhodesia, left the servant girl who had worked for them, saying that she was good and reliable. The first thing I noticed was the smell of "medicine" about her — for her cough, she said. I'd never smelled cough mixture like that before, and soon we discovered that she was brewing beer

in her room, not 25 feet from our back door. We notified the police who came and dumped several gallons of the home brew. After we fired the girl, she hung about the neighborhood, scaring our children with numerous threats about what she was going to do to all of us.

John returned to Port Elizabeth for a few days to welcome the Williams and Lincolns and to help them adjust to their new country. Reg Carr helped me to find a reliable maid and came by daily to see that we were getting along all right. Dale was missing his dad, and one evening, when Reg came to the door, he flew into his arms and clung tightly to his neck, relaxing then and falling asleep.

"HE CARETH FOR YOU"

Not knowing how our request for support was going to go, we lived as frugally as we could against the possible day that there would be less income than that to which we had become accustomed, sewing, mending, making do, and buying foodstuffs most carefully. The Benoni members were so full of love for us, and there were so many prayers in our behalf that we never fell victim to worry. They told us, "We prayed you every inch of the way from Port Elizabeth to Benoni and we're not going to stop now."

Our last check was to arrive from Little Rock in October. Coincidental was the fact that Little Rock was very much in the South African newspapers because of the racial unrest in that city in 1957, so with our little personal problem and their large racial problem, Little Rock was in the minds of our Benoni people.

By September, we had assurance that regular checks of varying sums would be coming to us from Bowling Green, Kentucky; Borger, Texas; Tompkinsville, Kentucky; Berwyn congregation in Chicago; Mary Lou McKissick's parents. Tommy Perkins in Dallas, and a few other personal friends. The total was not vet enough to keep us going, but we received lump sums from Waxahachie, Texas; Bardwell and Altus. Oklahoma: "a man" in Brownsville, Texas; John's sister, Bess, and others. Most touching of all was the occasional check from an old sister Kester of Ponca City who lived entirely on a skimpy old-age pension -\$20.00 from her was like the proverbial "widow's mite," for surely she must several times have given all she had. Later we had regular support from other sources but we never could forget the experience of opening letters from friends in the states as well as South Africa and the Rhodesias and finding checks enclosed. In early 1958, Bossier City, Louisiana began to assist us monthly.

John kept a record of every cent we received during the 20 months we were in Benoni, and counted in the amount of the rent paid for us by the church. At the end of that time, he totted up everything and divided by 20, and on that day we stood in awe in the presence of the Lord. The average monthly figure came to within a few pennies of the monthly salary we had been receiving when supported by Little Rock!

The sequel to the story came several years later when we were living in Pretoria and John was redoing his files. From between the pages of numerous letters fell a single small sheet. It was headed "Little Rock" and consisted of a very brief statement which in essence said, "We agree to support John Hardin to work in the spread of the gospel in Africa for a period of 5 years, at the end of which time we

agree to return him and his family to the United States." It was signed by all of the elders. "In Africa!" Not just "in South Africa." Not just "in Port Elizabeth." We could have gone from Timbuktu to Cairo to Nigeria to the Congo or to Benoni and still been "in Africa." But nowhere could we have learned the lessons we learned by striking out on faith by moving to Benoni without assurance of support.

Ten years later, in a letter written by Foster Ramsey, who through the years had worked with churches helping to support us, he said, "Tex Williams says that Benoni is the best work in South Africa, and I am sure that much of that can be attributed to your leaving Port Elizabeth a number of years ago and going over there and working with that group." John answered brother Ramsey's letter and stated, "Yes, Foster, I think time has vindicated my decision to move from Port Elizabeth to Benoni, Actually, Port Elizabeth has come a long way also, especially seeing it was divided over 'anti-ism' some time ago Joe Watson, their preacher, is in the states wish you could visit with him. I am to hold a singing school in Port Elizabeth after Joe returns in July. (1967)" As Paul once said, "These things that befell us turned out to be for the glory of God."

BENONI BEGINS IN EARNEST

When we first arrived in Benoni, we had services only on Sunday evenings as that was the only time the hall was available. Early in September, 1957, we held the first Sunday morning service ever, in the home of Foy Anderson, Auntie Kate's son. Because some of the men worked shifts

in the mines and because the group were not accustomed to meeting on Sunday mornings, the attendance was only 21, including 7 Hardins.

Most of the early members were from two families: the Andersons, including the Foy Andersons, Beyers Anderson, Piet Jouberts and others; and the Botes, Momberg, Bothma group — the three women were sisters. Not all the members were related, but the close family ties were good because the stronger Christians among them went to work to bring the weaker ones to the church.

Enthusiasm is contagious, and once we had the use of the hall for both Sunday mornings and evenings, attendance swelled. Usually we had larger audiences in the evening, for that was the time friends were brought to hear the gospel. An attendance report for late September showed 34 for the morning service and 61 that night.

Very soon, John was busy every night of the week with classes in homes all over the town. With the McKissick's due to leave Johannesburg in November, John was appointed editor of the "Christian Advocate." According to a letter I wrote to John's mother, he was so busy that he had not had time to write. She replied, "Any son who is too busy to write to his mother is too busy."

TIME FOR THE FAMILY

John did find a bit of time to spend with the boys. Kent had decided to join a little baseball team, and John occasionally helped with coaching and with transportation. The game has never become one of South Africa's favorites, and funding was difficult, so we mothers sewed the uniforms

Don was always a lover of pets of all sorts, and as long as he lived at home, we had somewhat of a zoo in our back yard. John helped build a pigeon loft out of some large wooden packing cases, but that was only the beginning. One day Don pocketed his allowance and headed for town to buy stamps for his album. Instead he returned with "Thumper," a large white rabbit. A cage was made for Thumper, but it soon became his life's ambition to dig his way out. Somehow he was always found, and was later provided with a mate, but the attempt to raise rabbits was met with a disaster in the form of coccidiosis - none of us knew the correct way to build hutches to prevent the spread of the disease. Added to the zoo were guinea pigs, white rats, bantam hen and chicks, chameleons, and the most enormous frog we had ever seen. Scamp, the mongrel, lived up to her name in most respects, but she never attacked the other pets, and once actually carried back a number of guinea pigs that had escaped from their cage.

John preached long sermons, and, as he called them, "meaty" ones. Since we were to be in Benoni for a maximum of 20 months, he wanted to give them all he could in the limited time. The people were eager to listen and learn, and despite the jokes and comments about long sermons, there was great growth in numbers and in knowledge.

"URGENT IN SEASON"

It soon became evident that there was weakness in doctrinal knowledge. The members who had come out of the old group had been immersed for baptism, but in their own words, "That was about all." As they heard sermons

on obedience and repentance, they began to realize that they had never been taught the real meaning of repentance. and when they became aware of the fact that repentance precedes baptism as illustrated in the book of Acts, they found that they had not been baptized properly. They had not repented but just had been dipped into water. Never once did John preach that they needed to be immersed again, but one by one and two by two, and sometimes three or four at a time, they decided to be "rebaptized." Baptism is to take place only once. If the first was a dipping without repentance, the second would be the true If the first had been true baptism, the second would have been a mere dipping. He explained this to them, and yet it was difficult to avoid the expression "rebaptized." Since we had no baptistry in Benoni, and no suitable outdoor spot for immersing, we made many trips to Johannesburg to use the Turffontein baptistry. probably accurate to say that every one of the original members who had come away from the old church group underwent what they then concluded was their true baptism into the Lord.

BIG JOHN

John was a big man, and, to use a modern expression, he "came on strong." He appeared always to be self-confident, to have everything under control. In many ways he was a giant of a man, firm in his faith, zealous for the church, tireless in his efforts to reach people. As his wife, I saw and usually understood his weaknesses as he surely must have seen mine. There was a certain amount of insecurity in his nature, somewhat of an inferiority complex.

He felt, for instance, that his lack of university education made him beneath those who held degrees. His lack of experience in the pulpit before we went to South Africa made him unsure of his ability to preach. Except for short periods of time when he had been left to hold the fort alone in Port Elizabeth, there had always been someone else with more preaching experience, and whether correct in his assumption or not, he had felt that his co-workers had thought him to be less capable than they. In a letter to his folks, written after five months in Benoni, and after more than eight years in South Africa, he wrote first about the way in which people had come to our financial aid, "It makes our hearts glow to know that some are interested in our work, and have the confidence in us to send." Then about the experience as a whole, "This has been good for me. I had always played second fiddle, being the singer, but here they look to me for the right teaching, and it has helped me in my studying and in my teaching and preaching. These people keep one on his toes for they can ask some real sizzling questions."

John was 44 when we moved to Benoni and was in every way in the prime of life. Physically he was strong and active, looking much younger than his years. Challenged as he was by the Benoni work, he matured beyond measure. Brought up in a good Christian home, a good student and hard worker in high school where he was chosen President of the Senior Class despite his "strict" type of behavior, and willing always to help in any of the activities of the little church in Ponca City, he was the kind of young man who makes a mother proud to call him her son. He graduated from high school in the depth

of the depression of the early 30's and went to work to help support the family — his dad was preaching wherever he could find those who would listen, sometimes for pay and sometimes not. When the U. S. saw World War II about to involve us in the fighting, they began to draft young men for a year's army service. When John's year was nearly up, Pearl Harbor was attacked and all personnel were automatically held for the duration, which turned out to be, in John's case, almost 5 years.

A conscientious objector to combatant service, John was in the medics, serving most of the time in offices, but at times assisting with sick call, working in a dental clinic, and finally in charge of the convalescent ward at the Muroc Air Base Hospital. Always, he made his service to the Lord come first; wherever he was stationed, he worked with the churches, usually as song leader and Bible teacher. None of these activities qualified him for credits toward a degree, but were doubtless invaluable in preparing him for his future in South Africa.

Once when we were discussing a certain one of our sons who was particularly stubborn, John commented, "I wonder where he inherited that stubborn streak of his." I just smiled at him and shook my head slightly. "Stubborn" is what a child is called when he wants his own way. In a mature person, the same trait becomes resolution, tenacity, perseverance, backbone, and "hanging in there." John was resolute, tenacious, perseverant — all of those things. Ian Fair who preached his funeral many years later said of him, "He had a stubborn faith."

GIVE ME THIS MOUNTAIN

John had a compulsion to climb to the top of things. Some of the high places he reached were the tops of the Washington Monument, the Eiffel Tower, the Cathedral Tower of Florence, the Campanile in Port Elizabeth, the Voortrekker Monument in Pretoria. Table Mountain in Cape Town, Sugar Loaf Mountain in Rio, Mt. Vesuvius in Italy. If there was an elevator or cable car, he used it, but if not, he always said, "Stairs are for climbing." The same attitude made him a good song leader. His music director in high school recognized that his musical ear was not quite true, and together they worked hard for improvement, although one is for the most part either born with a good ear or not. On two occasions, John took singing lessons, but it was mainly his desire to serve the Lord by being a good song leader that made him just that. He practiced long hours, and eventually could lead almost any song in the book. He never learned the staff notations. but by using the shaped notes that denote the "do, re, mi," he could work out any new song. He usually spent two or three hours planning a song service he was to direct, and practiced the singing and directing of each song. Pure desire, long hours of practice, and lots of perspiration brought him to his goal. In teaching students of Southern Africa Bible School and others to lead singing, he could say to them, "If I can do it, you can too, unless you are completely tone deaf."

John's lack of formal education was made up for, in part at least, by wide interest in world affairs, sports, and reading of all sorts. He read the newspapers thoroughly, especially the editorial pages. Most important, he had a

good knowledge of the Bible and a retentive memory for the content of the religious books he read. I often called him a "walking concordance" because of his recollection of chapter and verse, and he was always able to give a reason for the things he believed. This then was the man who became affectionately known as "the patriarch."

BENONI GROWS

Many of the Benoni members were holding conversations with people at their jobs, with their neighbors and friends, and with relatives who were members of other religious bodies or were being approached for teaching purposes by those groups. Jehovah's Witnesses and Mormons were busy knocking on doors and our people wanted to know what to tell them. There were Pentecostal churches teaching miraculous healing, spiritualists inviting folks to seances, and the usual number of agnostics, atheists, and indifferent people trying to influence Christians to their ways of thinking. John spent a great deal of time studying various denominational doctrines, reading their literature and ours and comparing them with the scriptures. Having a retentive memory and deep interest in such matters, John became knowledgeable and was often called upon by Benoni members to help them in their discussions. Foy Anderson and his brother-in-law, Piet Joubert, were frequently asking such help, but especially Foy, for he loved a religious discussion better than anything.

John was not the only one with a retentive memory. Not long before we left Benoni in 1959, he preached a certain sermon. Nineteen years later, after having lived a second time in Benoni, we were preparing to return permanently to the states. John was called upon to preach for the Benoni congregation, now numbering over 200, and decided to use the same topic, thinking that nobody would remember a 1959 sermon in 1978. After the service, Joey, Foy's wife, told us that all during the sermon, Foy was whispering to her, telling her what the next point was going to be.

In recent years, camps, seminars, retreats, and lecture-ships have become part and parcel of the works of the churches, but in the 50's in South Africa, we had been too small to make use of these means. We had, however, enjoyed good success with a Vacation Bible School in Port Elizabeth and saw that avenue as a means of reaching our neighborhood. We had no building to use on week days so we planned to use our small home for classes. There were many children in our area of town, so we distributed leaflets in the immediate vicinity and had about 50 young-sters packed into our home each morning for a week. Several teachers from the Turffontein congregation came to help us.

After the VBS was over, several of the boys and girls continued to attend our Sunday school which, for a while, was held in our home. Later, when we got permission to use class rooms adjoining the school hall, transportation became our biggest problem. The municipal bus system closed down on Sundays and very few of our members had cars, so our '55 Chev began to make a shuttle service between Northmead Extension and the Verkenner school hall. With all the rides we had to provide for people who had no cars, the Chev became affectionately known as "The Gospel Chariot." There was a legal limit to the number of people

to be carried in a car of a particular size, which limit was strained somewhat at times, as were the springs in the Chariot. We became so attached to that vehicle that we felt sad when we had to sell it at the end of our time in Benoni.

The Vacation Bible School and the activities of the Gospel Chariot were good public relations and we and the church had a good name in the neighborhood. Sometimes we may fail to recognize how important it is to be good neighbors, keep a tidy home and a neat yard and a well-behaved family.

Among the people needing rides regularly were several older ladies from Springs, some 12 miles from Benoni. Two were elderly sisters who lived together on meager pensions. The younger sister, Poppie, had been converted during a gospel meeting held by Ray Votaw in Rhodesia, and when she returned to Springs to live with her sister Mary, the two began to attend our services. Mary soon responded to the gospel, and it was on a cold winter night that we took her to Johannesburg where she was baptized in unheated water. She was frail, but she suffered no ill effects from being immersed in the chilly baptistry. Poppie and Mary had been heavy drinkers for many years, so one of our main concerns was to help them so that they would not return to their old ways. Once or twice they backslid, and Mary had a particular problem in the form of a grand-daughter who would bring brandy and drink with her.

Several years later, the two sisters moved into a home for old people in Pretoria, operated by Catholics. Poppie had been a Catholic, and she returned to that faith, but Mary not only remained a faithful Christian but she converted another old lady whom John eventually baptized at about 83 years of age.

Somehow during our stay in Benoni, John became known as "brother John," perhaps because people were reluctant to call their preacher by his first name, and yet not formal enough to say "brother Hardin." So "brother John" it was. Once when visiting the two old sisters at the Catholic home, Mary introduced us to a cute little Irish nun, as perky and frecklefaced as could be. Mary said, "I want you to meet 'brother John'." The little nun, in her broad Irish brogue said, "Ohhhhh, I want to shake the hand of this 'holy man' I've heard so much about from Mary here."

Late one winter night, John and I returned to Benoni from Springs, tired from a long day. The servant girl and Kent had taken down an urgent telephone message from someone in Springs. Someone was dead or dying, and we needed to get to Poppie and Mary. Back to Springs we went. Another sister had died a pauper in a mental institution. The funeral was to be in Pietermaritzburg at 10:00 a. m. the very next day, and it was likely that there would be nobody there except an appointed minister and a wit-John was tired, but he gathered a tooth ness or two. brush and razor, a clean shirt and a suit, picked up Poppie and Mary, and headed down the road. Several times he stopped for a brief nap. Driving through mountains, they encountered mist which froze on the windshield so that John had to drive with his head out of the window. Towns are few and far between, and there are even fewer all-night cafes or coffee shops, but he did know of one at Colenso where he could get coffee. With only a few miles to go to get that "cuppa," he woke up going off the road, a concrete

marker coming right at him. He hit the marker which flew up over the car and caused considerable damage. The Lord was riding in the Gospel Chariot that night. The country-side was rocky, with thousands of boulders in the ditches, but where they left the road, there was only grass, so after driving a short distance along the ditch, they were able to regain the road and resume the journey. Since that time, we have made many trips along that stretch of road and searched for a place where a car could run off the road without being smashed by large rocks, but we have never found it. One almost wonders if the hand of God prepared that spot for just that time.

The travelers arrived in Pietermaritzburg about half an hour before the funeral and found that a niece was there with the minister, and one or two people from the institution. They were happy to turn the funeral service over to John. Later they went to the home of the niece, had some lunch and napped for a couple of hours before returning to Benoni. On the return trip, John sang every song he could think of, religious and secular, partly to assure the ladies that he was awake, and partly to keep himself that way. If he stopped for breath or to think of another song, they would look at him to make certain that his eyes were open.

Whenever a person reads missionary reports that sound as if everything is rosy, it is quite certain that the whole story is not being told, for there will always be hardships, heartaches, and set-backs as well as success stories and progress. Part of the strength of the Benoni congregation was in the family relationships, but at the same time, it was some family ties between our group and those now

calling themselves "Christian church" that caused some difficulty. Feelings ran high with some, people were hurting, and there were some untruths being spread. When one of the Christian church preachers died of coronary thrombosis, there were some in that group who intimated that John Hardin was the cause. We never did hear an explanation of their reasoning, but perhaps they thought that the man's blood pressure was elevated by the emotional strain of church division, and John was the natural scape goat.

Some of our members were concerned about the doctrinal weaknesses of their old friends in the Christian church group. The first obvious difference is in the use or nonuse of instrumental music, but the greatest concern was the difference in belief about baptism. We believe that one must be immersed for the remission of sins, and when this is done, the Lord Himself adds the obedient one to His church. The Christian church in Benoni believed that any mode of baptism was acceptable, and that it was even optional whether one was baptized at all. It was arranged, then, that John and one of their ministers would hold two evenings of discussions: one evening on the subject of instrumental music and one on baptism. I hate to use the word "debate," for the winning or losing of debates accomplishes little in the furtherance of the gospel. The discussions were well attended. John's teachings on baptism went over strongly, and even though there were no Christian church members who changed greatly as a result, the faith of the members of the church of Christ was greatly strengthened.

Prior to these discussions, our children had come

home from school, disturbed because the children of the Christian church members were singing a parody of the old song, "Hang down your head, Tom Dooley," but substituting the name John Hardin. We assured the boys that there was no harm done but only that the parents of those children had been talking about the upcoming discussions. The children, in their childishness, carried the matter to the school playground. Obviously it was expected that John Hardin would be soundly defeated in the discussions.

The sum total of "results" is never assessable, but John said that if it did nothing else, it strengthened his own faith in what he believed. He had developed a concise presentation of the church as the family of God, the kingdom of God, the body of Christ, etc. with baptism being the act of obedience by which a person enters into each of those relationships. The only answer the other man had was to the effect that God surely isn't going to condemn certain famous religious leaders, whom he named, merely because they had not been baptized.

Missionaries are noted for much speaking and teaching, but one of the most effective lessons John ever taught was the time he said nothing at all. It was a mid-week Bible study and the home of Foy Anderson was filled with Benoni church members. At the close of the study, a certain man asked permission to speak. He then launched into a tirade of criticism of John's work: his methods, his sermons, just about everything. We were thunderstruck, and before the man finished, all eyes were riveted upon John to see how he was reacting. There he stood, his expression revealing nothing at all, appearing to be calm. But every bit of color left his usually ruddy complexion.

There was nothing for his critic to do except quietly disappear. He later became a good friend, and a great many good things can be said about his life in later years. The silent treatment was what the man needed at the moment, but more than that, the group who witnessed the incident were deeply impressed by someone who did nothing to retaliate.

The gospel meeting as a means of contacting people and teaching them the gospel has had a long and varied history. In the early history of the restoration movement, "protracted meetings" and outdoor "brush arbor" meetings were popular and successful in America. Before the era of radio and TV, meetings of two weeks were common and were often the high point of the year. In the pell-mell rush of life in recent years, gospel meetings have been reduced to 3-day affairs. The first effort to hold gospel meetings in South Africa were not resounding successes, first because our total numbers were small, and then because South Africans were not accustomed to that method or to the idea of "going to church" every night for a week or two.

Records for 1958 indicate that, by then, progress had been made and in that year a good number of meetings were held. Ray Votaw preached every night for a week in Benoni and we had a total of 57 outside visitors. John held such a meeting in Harrismith and baptized six. Abe Lincoln did so well in Pretoria's meeting that they had a record attendance of 113, and Leonard Gray held a meeting in Durban where they also broke all previous records for numbers in attendance. Later in 1958, Andy deKlerk held a special series of meetings for the Benoni congregation with the idea of getting acquainted. It had been decided

that Andy would very likely replace John in Benoni when we returned to America. Andy had built up a fair-sized congregation in Harrismith, especially considering that it was a small town, and he was expecting to leave it in the hands of Johannes Potgieter who planned to move there from Durban.

Late 1958 reports indicate Benoni's regular attendances numbering in the 60's. Some of this growth was due to outreach among the "Old Church of Christ" group in Boksburg. Leonard Gray had held a series of lessons particularly for their benefit, and some of them decided to join with us, especially the Hartman family, relatives of the Andersons.

With our time in Benoni drawing toward its close, we decided to take the four older boys to see Kruger Park. Perhaps we would never have another chance, we thought, for it could be that we would not return to South Africa after 1959. We left Dale with the McCulloughs in Pretoria — they had taken a liking for each other, and Dale was one of the few non-McCulloughs who could maul the fierce Alsatian watch dog and get away with it. Gary stayed with the Beyers Andersons. He'd had a bad winter for a young baby, having had bronchitis several times, so Irene promised to take good care of him rather than have us risk taking him on a long trip.

We had a good time viewing the wild animals, preparing our own meals in the rest camps, and getting lots of sleep in the peaceful atmosphere. Then, typical tourists, we undid all the restfulness in a one-day trip over the mountains of Swaziland, mostly on unpaved roads, to Pietermaritzburg. The Tex Williams family had recently moved there from Port Elizabeth and were teaching their neighbors the gospel — among them Ian and June Fair. We worshipped with them that Sunday morning and then visited the Durban church in the evening. Durban had 85 present that night, a gratifying number representing two and a half years' work.

From Durban we made a fast trip south to East London for a visit with the Grays, to Grahamstown where the Roy Lothians were attempting to start a work (our boys contracted chicken pox there), and on to our old "stomping grounds" in Port Elizabeth. Abe Lincoln had been busy and there were quite a few new faces in the congregation. We also visited Bentley Nofemela who was carrying on the black work, and the colored van der Bergs. John wrote in his report of this visit, "If I had baptized none other than sister van der Berg in Port Elizabeth, her faith and zeal for the Lord would have made our efforts worthwhile."

The ladies class in Benoni aroused a great deal of interest and was well attended. We spent some time each week doing sewing and knitting for the needy, and we would have a short period of Bible study and spiritual fellowship followed by a cup of tea. We met from house to house and became a close-knit, loving group.

Another class met at my house each week — a group of little girls. The church had been helping a large needy family with food and clothing for some time, and we observed that they did not know how to care for their possessions, not even to the simplest repairs of clothing. Together, Irene Anderson and I worked with these girls and several others from the neighborhood, teaching them to

mend tears, replace buttons, and sew up broken seams. Then we had story reading time, memory verse time, and a time to make and serve a cup of tea and some simple bite to eat such as cinnamon toast. After the tea, which was served in the accepted South African style, the girls washed the dishes correctly and tidied up the kitchen. The girls loved those afternoons and no doubt there was lasting good accomplished, but sad to say, the poor family for whom we started the effort dropped out of the church. After the Hardin family left Benoni, the alcoholic father created much trouble, the church members grew weary of their well-doing, and the distraught mother and children went to another church. Eventually the mother, undergoing long-needed surgery, died on the operating table.

1958 was a year of many activities. We had a successful Sunday school picnic, the highlight of it being that it was the birthday of one of the members who said that it was the first time in many years that he had been sober on his birthday. We had a teacher training course in December, conducted by Tex Williams. We returned the favor that the Johannesburg members had done by helping us with our VBS — we helped them with theirs. Then, to end the year in a grand fashion, we invited everyone in the Benoni church to be at our home for "Old Year's Night," or "New Year's Eve." We had games, movies, lots of good things to eat, and just before midnight we had songs and prayers. In good South African custom, there were kisses all around, and good wishes for the new year.

The McKissicks had returned to South Africa, this time to start a new congregation in the new gold-mining city of Welkom in the Free State. A young couple from Johannesburg, Doug and Theresa Pullinger, had moved to Welkom and for 3 years were the only members of the church there, so they set aside their contribution each week and saved it toward the purchase of ground for a church building.

It was in 1958 that the Earl Ross family entered South Africa with the Grays. Gene Tope was holding men's training classes on Saturday afternoons in Johannesburg. Arthur Lovett moved to Primrose and started a small church there. Conrad Steyn was having a successful church developing in Cape Town. Alex Claassen, the young Rhodesian who had graduated from ACC and spent some time at Doonside, south of Durban and then worked in Johannesburg for a while, moved to Nhowe Mission in Rhodesia. Gene Tope accompanied John on a trip to visit the two congregations then existing in Vendaland. Baptisms all over the country were not occurring at the rate that they did on the day of Pentecost, but a few here and a few there, and the church was certainly being built up.

John and I had sometimes come close to wearing ourselves out, but our efforts in Benoni had been well rewarded. In the short time that we lived there, we had found friendships such as we had never known before. We loved those people, and we knew that they returned our love. Our five-year tour of duty which had begun in 1954 was nearly up, and we were due to return to America. By this time, Africa was most assuredly "in our blood," and it was our earnest desire to return, though just where, we did not know. Andy deKlerk was to replace John in Benoni. So once again, just as when we left Port Elizabeth in 1953, we packed some things to ship with us, some to be

sent to us in case we did not return, and other things to be sold in our behalf in the same situation. The deKlerks moved into the house we had occupied, and even inherited Scamp.

Parting brought floods of tears, especially from myself and the ladies of the church, and for a time I wasn't even looking forward to the exciting trip we had planned up the east coast of Africa, through the Suez, across the Mediterranean, and across Europe. That trip is described in the chapter about furloughs and other journeys.

Furlough — '59-'60

Air travel and changing times have in recent years brought about a change in furlough arrangements for missionaries. Today, most missionaries travel home every second or third year. When travel time by ship was about three weeks each way, it seemed more plausible to stay overseas for longer periods and have longer furloughs. We went for 5-year periods, and sometimes when that seemed long, we just needed to remember our Rhodesian friends who had gone for 10 years and more without a break, or some Catholic missionaries we read about who were allowed only one furlough at the end of the first five years, and when they returned to their field, it was for life.

There is much to be said for shorter terms of service and furloughs of two or three months. Twice we stayed in the states for just under a year, putting school children into classes for parts of the school year. This was difficult for them, both when they were placed in the American schools and when we returned to South Africa. The school systems are very different, the subjects different, and even the school year itself is not the same, the new school year in South Africa beginning in January, and in America in September. Whichever way we went, the boys were always getting into the middle of whatever courses they were studying. Three-month furloughs could be difficult in that way as well, and we always ended up keeping the boys out of school altogether and their having a hard time catching up with the work, especially maths.

When we arrived in the U. S. in May 1959, we made our headquarters with John's mother in Ponca City. She had sold her big house and bought a very small one, so we had wall-to-wall children sleeping on the living room floor. For the long summer, we sent Kent and Don to Kentucky to stay with relatives — Kent on the farm with Paul and Ella Geralds, and Don in Tompkinsville with Eva Kirkpatrick. When they returned to Ponca City to go to school, we hardly recognized Kent — cousin Ella had fed him so much of her delicious pie and other farm cooking that I immediately put him on a diet. He didn't lose weight but went into a growth spurt in which width was transformed into height.

Since our support during the period in Benoni had been on a temporary basis, much of it discontinued when we reached the states. John now had 5 years' worth of slides of the South African work, and he was able to work up a good itinerary for showing them across a number of states. Many congregations took up special contributions at the time of the showings, and it always turned out that there was sufficient for our family's needs. During the summer months, the younger children and I traveled with John, including a trip to see my relatives in Minnesota. From the time we left South Africa by ship to make our tour in Europe until we settled down to put the boys in school, we lived out of suitcases, a total of 5 months. We were fortunate in finding a furnished house for rent from September through December. It was an old house, plainly furnished with just the essentials, but when I was able to unpack the suitcases and put them away in a store room, I sat down on the porch swing on the old-fashioned screened

porch and felt I had reached heaven on earth. The heat of summer had passed, autumn was beautiful, and I wouldn't have to pack suitcases for four months!

In January we moved back to John's mom's little house, but the John Sudburys and the Jim Bays took some of the boys part of the time. The Bays had some cattle on a piece of land where their boys and Kent did some rabbit hunting. On a very cold February day, Kent dropped the rifle he was carrying — his hand was numb and he couldn't feel it properly — and a bullet neatly removed a piece of thumb, leaving a groove that had to be pulled together and stitched. It could have been worse — the bullet narrowly missed his face.

Whenever we returned to South Africa after furloughs, people there invariably asked us if we had had a nice vacation. We would wearily assure them that it had really not been a vacation at all even though we had enjoyed good visits with friends and loved ones. Records indicate that between May and September of 1959, John had visited 45 congregations and shown slides of Africa 36 times. From September until we left the states, John traveled much of the time, as far away as California. Thirty-four churches and 57 individuals or groups of individuals had made contributions to our travel fund and a fund for teaching materials and office equipment.

The ideal support situation is to have one's entire salary coming from one church, but often this is not possible. For our coming 5-year term in Pretoria, seven congregations pooled their resources to support us, some more, some less. These churches were: Gateway in Borger, Texas; College Street in Waxahachie, Texas; West University in

Houston, Texas; Shamrock Shores and Peak and East Side in Dallas, Texas; 12th and Peter Streets church in Edinburg, Texas; and the church in Bandana, Kentucky.

It is only now that I have grandchildren of my own that I can fully appreciate the sacrifice that our children's grandparents made by our going away for 5 years at a time. An article written by John's mother in the "Christian Woman" magazine for February, 1960, tells how she felt. I can do no better than to quote the entire article at this time.

MOM AND HER MILLION - by Eva L. Hardin

"I can hardly remember the time in my adult life when I wasn't wishing for a million dollars. If my wish were granted I would be very happy, for then I would preach the gospel to a world lost in sin. 'Mom and her million' became a household expression in our family.

"I always had thought that if my ship were to come in I would reach out and grasp my million, and how wisely I would spend it. I would wisely invest the capital. The interest would provide a perpetual source of income, to be used in preaching the gospel long after this tabernacle in which I dwell had crumbled into dust.

"Often in the dark and silent watches of the night, I would spend my money. It crossed high and rugged mountains. It sailed over deep and stormy seas. It crossed vast plains and scorching desert sands. It went into all the world preaching the gospel. I prayed that soft and gentle winds would bring the good ship into port bringing my million dollars to me.

"Time passed. The war came and ended. My sons

returned home and to their former jobs. One son, John, was not happy. During the time he had spent in the service of the U. S. Government, he saw the great need for workers in the Lord's vineyard. After a while, he resigned his work with an oil company and moved to a Texas town, with his wife and small son, as song director for the church. He thought perhaps it would be a stepping stone to a more concentrated effort in the mission field, preferably in the northwestern part of the United States. The urge grew, but he did not find a sponsoring church. The Lord had other plans for him.

"When opportunity opened its doors, it was in faraway Africa. When the letter informing me of his acceptance of the challenge came, it struck deep within the inner recesses of my heart. But how could I object to such an important and vital decision? This was a decision that I would have made for myself in my younger years had I received proper encouragement. On the other hand, the advancing years were taking their toll in the lives of his father and me. The snows of many years had whitened our hair, and the years had wrinkled our brows. The thought of the mighty Atlantic Ocean that would lie between us was hard to bear.

"It was overwhelming. The year was 1949. The last goodbyes were said in Fort Worth, Texas, a few weeks before they sailed. In 1953, I sent a cablegram to Port Elizabeth, South Africa, saying: 'John, come home. Dad is going away.' They came with their four small sons. In February 1954, we buried his father.

"They were soon to set sail for Africa again. I needed my son more than ever! Why did he have to go? If I had

my million dollars, I would send six or a dozen preachers to Africa, China, India and Japan. 'Lord, send me the million, so I can keep my son with me.'

"In August 1954, they said goodbye and sailed across the ocean for another five years. In May of 1959 they returned home. I was afraid to ask them if this was their final return.

"One day John and I were in conversation with some friends regarding the African work. They asked him if he was returning. He replied, 'I am.' I covered my face with my hands to hide my emotions. John told them how that for so many years I had wished for a million dollars to use in preaching the gospel and then added, 'I'm her million dollars.'

"In my heart I cried out, 'Lord, how selfish and shortsighted I have been. You answered my prayer — not in dollars and cents but with a precious son and daughter-in-law.' I know 'my million,' like the pebble that is cast into the pool which sends its waves to the farthest shore, will send its influence through time and on to the shores of eternity.

"When John, Bessie and six sons leave around the first of this year for another five years in Africa, I shall say through my tears: 'Goodbye, God bless you, and bon voyage, my precious million dollars'."

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Oftentimes, parents and grandparents and other family members have hindered would-be missionaries, holding them back with such persuasive statements as, "There

are plenty of unsaved right here. You don't need to go so far away to preach the gospel." Mothers and Dads, brothers and sisters and friends, if you have someone near and dear to you who wants to go into the mission field, encourage them, help them to go, and rejoice and be proud of them. Be thankful that your loved ones are so willing to serve the Lord. Never hinder them, for in so doing, you may be preventing many from ever hearing the gospel. You don't want that on your conscience.

With our support and travel fund assured, we were able to complete our plans to return to South Africa. Our target date was the last week of February. We had bought a 9-passenger station wagon to take with us to accommodate our large family. At that time there were no comparable cars available in South Africa. John's mom stood watching as John loaded the suitcases into the specially made canvas case on the roof carrier, doubting that they would all go in — but they did! Brother Dale Pearson, the minister, was there beside her as she waved goodbye to her "Million Dollars."

We were heading for New York City where we would sail on the "Queen Mary" to Southampton. Our spirits lifted as we anticipated our return to South Africa, and by the time we were driving across Kansas, we were singing, "We are marching to Pretoria." We ran into some snow and ice on the highways, but made the trip safely to the home of Burney Bawcom in Westfield, New Jersey. We'd known the Bawcoms in San Francisco during the war, and Burney had baptized me there in 1944. After we sailed on the "Queen Mary," Burney saw to the shipment of our car direct to Cape Town via freighter.

Our voyage from France to New York on the Queen in early May of the previous year had been smooth and easy, but not so the north Atlantic in February. From Southampton to Cape Town, we sailed on the Carnarvon Castle, one of the famous mail and passenger ships that served South Africa for many years. It was either the last or next-to-last voyage of the Carnarvon, and we could see why — she rattled and creaked with each movement of the sea. Within a few short years, the Castle liners were all to be withdrawn from service, yet another victim of the jet age, and surface mail had to go by freighter.

The voyage on the Carnarvon and the landing at Cape Town were uneventful, but the vagaries of freighter service and a delay of paper work at the docks caused us to wait longer than expected for the car to be landed and cleared through customs. We were staying with the Conrad Steyns, our large family and theirs crowded into one medium-sized house. Finally when the car was made available, John and Conrad went in to settle up the customs account while Pietra and I waited outside. Presently John reappeared with the longest face he had ever worn. Customs regulations had changed, rates had doubled, and we had to fork over every cent we had brought for the purpose, plus every cent we had brought for the purchase of office equipment. We were so stricken that we even considered shipping the car back to the states and selling it, but decided we would lose even more by doing that. We were over the proverbial barrel, so we paid.

We made the trip to Pretoria by going the long way round via the garden route for a visit to friends in Port Elizabeth, East London, and Durban where we were pleased to find that the churches had been growing. All the way, we had fun watching the filling station attendants as they serviced this huge car we were driving. They had never seen a rear window raised and lowered by remote control from the driver's seat, and they would jump back and exclaim, "Hau!" Driving after dark, we wondered why oncoming cars kept blinking lights at us even after our own had been dimmed. Then it occurred to us that we were driving a "right-handed" car on the left-hand side of the road so that the dimmer flipped the lights directly into the eyes of the oncoming drivers. We had to have new seal-beams installed that would flip the dim light to the left.

Pretoria

Beyond rolling grasslands north of Johannesburg lies the city of Pretoria, executive capital of South Africa and capital of the Transvaal Province. It is the location of numerous foreign embassies, and the various structures that house all of these offices and residences, plus the homes of the Prime Minister, State President, and many government officials all lend to the creation of a beautiful city. Approximately one-fourth of Pretoria's population are civil servants. The University of Pretoria, the University of South Africa (Unisa), the teachers' college, and fine high schools add to its prestige.

The main part of white Pretoria lies in a saucer-like depression with its numerous suburbs spilling over and beyond the kopjies and ridges that form the rim of the saucer. Some cities, such as Cape Town, owe a part of their beauty to natural settings, but Pretoria sprang from the grassy veld and has been made beautiful by its architects and its gardeners. Early settlers in the 1850's began building in the area now called Sunnyside, where water was plentiful and the soil was rich. Today, some 50,000 jakaranda trees line its streets, creating in the month of October a fairyland of mauve blossoms. Limitless varieties of shrubs and flowers grow everywhere in people's gardens and in parks. To be sure, there are parts of Pretoria that are ugly and unkempt, but much of the city is splendid.

Around the perimeter of Pretoria are a number of industries, particularly Iscor (iron and steel), and nearby

is the Premier diamond mine. Close to the city is Voortrekkerhoogte (an Afrikaans name, literally "Pioneer Heights"), a large military training base.

On a hill just out of Pretoria is the Voortrekker Monument, strong and sturdy as the hardy pioneers themselves, rising importantly on the skyline to remind the Afrikaner of his victory over the Zulu armies of Dingane. That famous black chief had treacherously massacred Piet Retief and 71 white companions plus their retainers and grooms, and all in all, he and his fierce warriors posed an almost insurmountable threat to the doughty pioneers. Ten months after the massacre, Andries Pretorius, with 463 fighting men, was prepared to go to battle with the Zulu. Sarel Cilliers led the commando in prayer and vowed that if God would grant them victory, they would consecrate the day as a Day of Deliverance. December 16, 1838, dawned bright and clear, revealing 12,000 picked Zulu warriors, sitting down in closely-packed lines, watching the Boer camp. The Trekkers were out-numbered 25 to 1, but their hail of buckshot and elephant-ball felled the Zulus as they rushed in, rank after rank, their assegais ineffective against the Boers in their laager. Dingane's army was scattered, the blood of the wounded and the dying so tainting the river that the event is to this day known as the Battle of Blood River

No white man lost his life in the Battle of Blood River, and only two were wounded. The Voortrekkers kept their promise to God and set aside the sixteenth of December as "one of the most sacred in the South African calendar." First called Dingane's Day, it has since been renamed, "The Day of the Covenant." On that day each

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year, great numbers of Afrikaners gather at the monument from all over South Africa, in solemn remembrance. In the top of the monument is a small aperture situated in such a way that at noon on December 16, the sun's rays gleam through it and down onto a memorial cenotaph.

The Afrikaans people are proud of their heritage. In the city of Pretoria, the Afrikaans population far outnumbers the English-speaking sector of white people. It was to this city that we had decided to move in early 1960, and we were coming from periods of service in Johannesburg, Port Elizabeth, and Benoni, where the English-speaking sector was considerably greater in proportion.

WE ARRIVE IN PRETORIA

The month was May, the year 1960. We'd landed our Chevy station wagon at Cape Town and driven upcountry by way of the beautiful garden route from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth and then up through the Transkei, and at last we drove into the yard at 774 Church Street, Arcadia, Pretoria. This was to be our home for the next 5 years! The house had once been a mansion, built, so elderly neighbors told us, by a man of means for his dearly beloved wife, early in the century. The church had purchased the property, not for any beauty of the house as we found it, but for the large grounds upon which there was soon to be a church building.

The front lawn with its flower borders and its two large palm trees was passable in that neighborhood of fine old homes with their beautiful gardens and well-kept walls and fences. The rear portion of the house and grounds, however, was incredibly ugly. Huge stumps attested to the

fact that there had once been a beautiful yard, and residents of long standing remembered when there were fruit trees and other beauties gracing the property. The big house had once served as a nursing home, and the entire ground behind it had been a graveled parking lot. Surrounding the property was a sagging wire fence and bent iron posts of the kind used in farm fencing.

The Carl McCullough family had been living in the house and had restored it to a reasonable state with paint and colorful curtains. The ceilings were very high — the stairs to the upper-story boasted 23 steps — I know — I climbed them enough times. (Today's two-story house has 15 or 16 steps in its stairway). The main living room was spacious and opened with double doors into another room at the front of the house (now to be used as a study) and into the dining room at the back.

The kitchen left much to be desired. Someone had painted the walls with fire-engine red enamel, but at least that created a washable surface which was necessary because the old Esse anthracite cookstove belched clouds of acrid smoke whenever it was opened for fuel. The kitchen and dining room were so badly arranged that I walked at least a mile every time I prepared a meal. The floor was cement — and you've guessed it — polished with red polish!

Now that our boys are grown, we all look back with nostalgia at the years in the old house. Everyone had plenty of room, and nobody had to be warned against damaging something fine and new. The younger boys found the bannister unsuited to sliding, but the hardwood stairs themselves made a good, if bumpy, slide. There was ample room in the yard for all sorts of pets, and Nic Dekker

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helped Don to build a good pigeon loft out of used bricks. We were close to the Arcadia primary school, and bicycles were accepted transportation to the high school. Bus service ran at 20-minute intervals past our address and into town.

This was the second property the Pretoria church had acquired. The first consisted of a large plot with three houses at the corner of Church and Hamilton Streets, and drawings had at one time been made for a possible building to be constructed there. The city was rapidly growing up around the Hamilton Street area, and it soon became obvious that noise of traffic and limited parking space would make it impractical to put a church building there. The church at Peak and Eastside Streets in Dallas, Texas, had invested in the first piece of property, and when that was sold, the money was put to use in the purchase of the second one.

The school year was already about three and a half months along, so our first concern was to get the four school-age boys enrolled: Kent in the Pretoria Boys' High, and Don, Brian, and Neal in Arcadia Primary. Both schools had excellent reputations. We credit the head-mistress of Arcadia Primary, Miss Matthews, for the extremely high standards of that school, not only in scholarship, but in attitudes, behavior, manners, and sportsmanship. She knew all of her scholars by name, knew much about them, and never forgot them. They dearly loved her. Every school ought to have at least one "Miss Matthews."

We had been living in Johannesburg when the Gardners and Pettys had begun the Pretoria work in early 1951. Gardners had moved to East London in mid-1952, and in

December 1954, Martelle Petty was killed in a motorcycle accident just two or three blocks from the new church property. Leonard Gray had then filled in for several months until the McCulloughs arrived in 1955. In 1960, then, the church was just over 9 years old.

THE WORK BEGINS

Attendance at Sunday morning services was running at about 60, and at this time, the Pretoria congregation was one of the largest in the country. From it had gone Conrad Steyn and Andy deKlerk to attend colleges in America and return to become ministers to their own people in other South African cities. Phil Steyn and Brian van der Spuy were still in the states and due to return soon. Other men were becoming promising speakers, particularly Phil Theron, Jr., who very capably preached in the Afrikaans language. Hank Pieterse spoke well in either English or Afrikaans, and "Papa Bill" LeGassick loved nothing better than to "give a little exhortation," as he called it.

Among the men of the Pretoria congregation in 1960 were Hank Pieterse, Gavin DuToit, Phil Theron, Sr., Phil Theron, Jr., John Fair, R. Hudd, Fred Pretorius, Bill Allen, Bill LeGassick, Hekkie van Staden, Nic Dekker, Andrew Venter, Glenn Gillespie, George Kruger, Pierre duPreez, Ronnie Pretorius, Mervyn Blythe, Eric Elliott, Charlie Jahnke, and Janssen Uys. Gordon and Ivan Uys and Armand Verster were older teenagers, and among the younger boys were our own Kent and Don, Izak and Martin Theron, and Raymond and Graham Elliott. Among these are the names of some who have died, some who are no longer in the church, and some who, throughout the many years,

have been faithful servants of the Lord in Pretoria.

"Blallen's here," became almost a daily shout from our youngest son, Gary. Bill Allen (shortened to Blallen by a two and a half year-old), an electrician by trade, owned a small appliance store at the edge of Pretoria. Bill fell into the habit of stopping by our home on his way to the shop each morning, usually drinking a cup of coffee with John in the study. He was a talented story-teller and he regaled us daily with his newest tale. Bill was a fine Christian, but he had a serious fault – he was too soft-hearted. Because he had a ready ear for customers' hard-luck stories, he eventually had too many people owing him too much money, and he was forced into insolvency. This was the greatest test for a Christian, for legally he had the right to write off all of his debts, but he chose not to do so. Instead, he and Anne both found employment, lived frugally for several years, and paid off every cent they owed. Bill's actions were a sermon for everyone to see, and God has blessed him since that time, for Bill went into educational work in technical fields and did very well.

ROCKY ROADS

The church of the Lord on earth, among humans, will always have some difficult times. Pretoria had had its share. There were many faithful members, but there had been hard feelings arising from personality clashes and differences of opinion so that some were weakened and discouraged. John recognized that before we could hope to add many new members, it would be necessary to clear up the existing problems, so we began to do a great deal of visitation work. With careful preaching designed to instruct Christians on

proper behavior toward one another, we began to see some good results.

Beautiful buildings do not assure great congregations, either numerically or spiritually, but there are too many disadvantages to having no building. At the original property at Church and Hamilton Streets, one of the three houses had been used as a meeting place, one as a home for the preacher, and one for Sunday school and social functions. When the transaction for the second property was made, the congregation once again had to meet in rented halls, and before we were able to occupy our own building, we had to move three times. The last of these halls was a fairly good one across the street from the big hospital. It was large enough to accommodate the congregation, but we had to improvise places for Sunday school classes, sometimes meeting on the lawn, and even having small classes in cars. Two Afrikaans classes were set up for small children who could not understand English.

Among our faithful members were Armand Verster and his sister Marie. Their parents were also members but had problems which kept them away, and they did not encourage their children. Armand and Marie usually had no trouble being permitted to attend the morning service but were sometimes forbidden to go to the evening one. Quite often they ate Sunday dinner with us, stayed the entire afternoon, and attended the evening service before going home. Armand drove an old car and some of our boys often rode with him. One Sunday evening, as we were climbing into the two cars, Armand called out, "I have three of your boys." We looked around and saw that we had three, so off we went. When we arrived at the hall,

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we realized that Gary was not in either car.

It was time for the service to begin, and John was both song leader and preacher, so George Kruger took me in his car and made record time back to the old house. We searched the grounds and checked all the rooms. No Gary. We drove to the police station just two blocks away, and when I dashed in and started to ask, "Has anyone found a . . .?" the policeman interrupted, "Yes, he's asleep here under the counter." Two black servant girls, off duty for the evening, had found him wandering down the walk, crying, and had presence of mind to take him to the police station. We tried to find out who they were so we could reward them, but they never made themselves known.

Soon after we were settled in Pretoria, we went to visit Benoni, and were greeted warmly by our old friends. No greeting was as ecstatic as the one we got from our old pet, Scamp. She was all over us. She jumped into the car through the tail gate, leaped over the middle seat and into the front seat, knocked off my glasses, and broke open a paper bag of sugar.

We were parked on Benoni's new church property in the Great North Road. After we left Benoni in 1959, the church acquired that ground — an old dairy farm with a barn, milk shed, and house standing on it. It had once been on the outskirts of Benoni, but the town was growing up all around it. By the time we saw it, some of the excess land had been sold to the town of Benoni for a school, and the brethren had plans for renovating the milk shed and making a meeting house that would seat about 100, with projected plans to make the barn over into a larger church building at some future date.

JOHN MANAPE AND THE BLACK CHURCH

In Pretoria, John was growing increasingly interested in working with the black people. When Phil Theron began preaching in Afrikaans for the white congregation once a month, John began to use that time to visit the black congregations in Atteridgeville. Brother Manape, a Sothospeaking black man, had first been put into contact with brethren Echols, Petty, and Gardner in the early 50's by brother and sister Scott of Cape Town. These men had worked together to a great extent before we moved to Pretoria, but brother Manape was capable of doing much on his own. He had been baptized in Cape Town in 1924 by the British brother Stevens. When he moved to Pretoria, he was employed as a clerk in the Iscor (iron and steel) compound, and began to share his Bible knowledge with others. Long before he began to work full time for the church, John Manape was preaching and baptizing. 1974. John Hardin met a Jack Sebei who had been baptized by John Manape 27 years before, in 1947. For many years, brother Manape has been supported by the Lamar Avenue church in Sweetwater, Texas.

In the 50's, brother Manape was given a motorcycle to assist him in his work, but he had an accident in which a leg was severely injured and became the source of pain ever after. As our association with him grew and deepened, we appreciated him more and more for his faith and his willingness to stand and interpret for hours at a time in spite of the pain in his leg. Brother Manape has always been an example of humble service to the Lord. With great wisdom, he trained a number of members of his congregation so that they can carry on without him. Born in

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the 1890's, he was already a man of years when we began to work with him. From 1960 until we left South Africa in 1978, the two John's traveled many miles together, and preached and interpreted many sermons and Bible lessons, question-and-answer sessions, and private teaching sessions. At the time of this writing, brother Manape is unable to preach, mainly because of physical weakness. He cannot stand, and he walks with what he calls a "walking box," but he keeps a keen mind and is interested in all that goes on around him. He began to study Biblical Greek when over 70 years of age, and in a letter to me, dated in late April, 1982, he was explaining to me the Greek source of the word "evangelist."

Brother Manape's personal salary continued to come from Sweetwater, but he always taught his congregation that they must give of their means for the preaching of the gospel. By 1974, the Atteridgeville congregation was partly or wholly supporting 7 black men to preach in as many places. At the same time they contributed monthly to the publication of the "Christian Advocate." Many of the black people give "out of their deep poverty" as did the Macedonians.

WE GET A BUILDING

Mid-1960 saw a flurry of activity as final details were cleared up before starting work on the new building. Among our members was a plumber, Fred Pretorius; and two electricians, Glenn Gillespie and Bill Allen. They had presented their estimates which were much lower than non-members' estimates would have to have been. The building society arranged a loan on the Turffontein building in

Johannesburg without which it would have been impossible for Pretoria's building to be erected. The Pretoria church was also granted a loan, so for a long time we were "strapped" with the repayment of two loans. When the brethren approached John with the request that he find money from the states, he refused, saying that much of the down payment had already come from there and that if the members gave as they had been prospered, they would be well able to make the payments. John was somewhat unpopular because of his stand, and even more so when he suggested that many could cut down or quit smoking, attend fewer movies, and reduce other luxury consump-One lady, always very outspoken, lived up to her reputation by asking, "Brother John, what are you giving up?" Brother John had never smoked, rarely went to a movie, used his "luxury" motor car as a "Gospel Chariot" at his own expense, and as most missionaries do, led the way in filling the contribution plate. One does not effectively answer vocal sisters with such a list, but John told her enough to satisfy her. The Bible says, "Let a man examine himself."

With the building work practically on our doorstep, we had a mess that lasted for months, but the work of the church went right on. We became involved for the first time in the duplication of tracts in African tribal languages, the first of which was for the Venda brethren in the northern Transvaal. John and Joe McKissick had first visited there in late 1954, and since that time the church had grown considerably, largely due to the tireless effort of Samuel Ramagwede and those he converted. Ramagwede had translated three English tracts into Venda, and we were

busy cutting stencils and running off 500 copies of each.

When you type your own language, your fingers fly over familiar letter combinations. Proof reading is easy because errors in spelling and punctuation are readily spotted, and omissions of lines or phrases are quickly noticed in a careful reading. With a foreign language, typing is one-letter-at-a-time, and proof reading is a slow, word-by-word process with special attention to spelling. We typed dummy copies and mailed them to brother Ramagwede for further proof reading, and after receiving his corrected copies, we cut the final stencils and proof read them again.

THE BUILDING TAKES SHAPE

In mid-August of 1960, the concrete foundations were "thrown," or as Americans say, "poured," and from the upstairs windows of the house, we could trace the floor plan of the auditorium and classroom wing. South African churches usually did not have special rooms for Sunday school, and the city authorities had to be assured before they approved the plans that we were not going to run a kindergarten or parochial school. We, on the other hand, were sorry that only seven classrooms were to be built, but shortage of money was our problem, and we had to be satisfied with plans for future additions.

Builders swarmed all over the property, and we lived first in springtime dust and later in the summer mud that surrounded us. We were assured that the work would be completed in ample time for a wedding on January 7, and that we should be able to celebrate our formal opening shortly thereafter. When the annual builders' holiday came along in December, we had serious doubts that the deadline would be met. All builders take leave for three weeks, and by law, only the contractor himself is allowed to do any work. Our contractor worked a good bit during those three weeks, and when work was resumed after the holiday, they really went at it hard.

The day before the wedding of Pierre duPreez and Marion Pretorius, there was much finishing yet to be done. Late that evening, the carpet people began to lay carpets in the aisles and on the platform at the front of the auditorium. All night they worked, and as the carpet was laid, our black janitor, Jacob, began to operate the new vacuum cleaner. He had never used a vacuum before, and we forgot to instruct him in the need to empty the bag. So he just went on and on until the bag was over-full, and something in the motor burned out. Then it was necessary to use brooms and brushes to clean the fuzz and debris from the carpet, and we only went to bed at 4:00 a.m. The next morning, carpenters came to put down the base boards and quarter-round over the edges of the carpet, followed by painters with wood stain. Fifteen minutes before the bride was due to enter at the front door, the painters disappeared out the back door. We'd made it! Only half of the window panes had been installed, but it was a perfect summer day and we hoped the guests would think we had sparkling clean glass.

I was so thrilled at having the new building, that during the first week or two, I wandered there daily and sat in one of the pews, just looking around, feeling happy and thankful. The building was designed to hold about 220 people and the pews had been placed far enough apart

to allow plenty of space to kneel comfortably for prayer. There was maximum window space and a ceiling high enough to give a spacious atmosphere. Best of all, we had our very own baptistry and would no longer need to find a suitable stream or drive to Johannesburg for baptisms. The building was conveniently located, and as near to the center of the city as possible so that members from all areas had reasonably easy access to it. Church Street was sometimes noisy, but usually not unbearably so.

Summer was drawing to a close, and the grounds were not landscaped, but John used the large slabs of slate which had formed a walk from the street to the front of the house to lay a new walk from the house to the building. The worst of the builders' rubble had been hauled away, but instead of doing a complete job of it, they had gone over the ground with a heavy roller which flattened it but left huge chunks of brick, concrete, squashed paint cans and other rubbish through which a lawn could never have grown. During the winter, we had work parties and cleaned the grounds thoroughly, and in the spring, grass was planted.

John and I undertook the entire portion of ground around the house and back to the driveway as our own project. Having been a graveled parking lot, it needed major work. We hired nursery people to come in with a plow and turn all of the ground over. They planted a crop of buckwheat, and when it was a foot high, plowed it under for green fertilizer. We then brought in several truckloads of compost and mixed it into the sandy, gravelly soil, and after smoothing it well, the nursery people planted runners of a variety of grass called "skaap plaas," or "sheep farm." Before long, we had such a thick stand of lawn that the

mower would stall in it.

My own project was to get beds of shrubs and perennials established so that there would be beauty with a minimum of care. With the addition of some borders of annuals, we had a lovely yard after the first couple of years. I was determined that for my last two years in Pretoria, I would have easy gardening so that I could sit down and look at it and enjoy it. Tremendous bougainvilleas climbed all the way up the two-story veranda and onto the roof, their beauty and size camouflaging the deteriorating old pillars and railings of the veranda. The builder, meanwhile, had constructed an ornamental wall around the residential portion of the property, but he must have been clean out of funds, for he did such a poor job that within months it began to fall down. Fred Pretorius and his son, Ronnie, redid the entire wall with attractive brick and wrought In a neighborhood of well-established homes and gardens, we felt it to be essential to be in keeping without being pretentious.

LIFE IN THE EX-MANSION

The old house needed something to be done about it. At almost every meeting of the men of the congregation, the subject was brought up. Half the men were in favor of spending a goodly sum on major renovation while the other half thought it ought to be left alone and available funds put back for the construction of a brand new house. The upshot of the matter was that exactly nothing was done except for emergencies. Anyway, every available cent had to go on payments on the church building. The tile roof of the house began to leak in several places, the worst

causing John and me to have to move our bed. When tiles were sought for repairs, they couldn't be found. The house was so old that the type of tiles used on it had gone out of production many years before. Eventually some were found in a junk yard and the repairs made. Another time, a hard rain and windstorm came up from the west and blew in one of the kitchen windows, frame and all. It was rotten and had to be replaced.

The floors were uncarpeted and it was Jacob's job to keep them polished. They looked good, but close inspection revealed some splintering floor boards. Once, Jacob, busy spreading wax polish by hand, ran a long splinter far under a finger nail and had to go to the doctor to have it removed. Another time, the boys were having great fun with an old blanket, pulling each other across the floor at speed. After one of them caught a splinter in his sitting-down place, the blanket-pulling game was permanently discontinued.

For a while, Kent had a friend who collected snakes, and Kent also became a prospective herpetologist. He acquired an old fish tank in which he kept 16 or 17 small serpents, tightly covered, in his bedroom. He assured us that they were non-poisonous and that they would be kept enclosed. Except for a short period when he had a couple of small night adders, he kept his word, but he wasn't allowing for the presence of a little brother. Apparently Gary, aged about 5, peeked at the snakes and did not properly replace the cover. Every snake escaped into the house, and with the exception of one which Kent found in his bed, they disappeared into the cracks around the base boards and the stair posts. (That's how old the house was).

Happily I was not squeamish about animals, insects, fish, or even snakes, as long as I could be assured that they would not hurt us. I could handle white rats, hamsters, guinea pigs, birds, and even snakes. Don's racing pigeons interested me, and when he was sick, I cared for them, feeding them and cleaning the loft. His pet goose, "Loosie the Goosie," was an all-time favorite and the best "watch dog" we ever had. She stayed near the pigeon loft when she rested, and when the pigeons were let out for exercise and took off in flight, she ran across the yard with a great flapping of wings, gaining all of six inches in altitude. She had a running feud with Mac the mongrel, she pinching his nose and shaking his head from side to side, and he dashing behind her and grabbing for a tail feather or two. Mac was rather like Walt Disney's "Tramp," tough and worldly-wise. Whenever he saw one of us with the grocery basket, he vanished around the corner of the house, only to meet us at the corner store three minutes later. One day shortly before we were to leave Pretoria, some children came to tell me that Brian's dog had been struck by a car in front of the shops. When we left for the states, Goosie had to be given to friends and eventually she was moved to a farm where at last she could live out her days with other geese.

The big old house was a great place for entertaining large numbers of people. On the large grounds, we had congregational gatherings for dinners and birthday parties, and if the weather was bad, we could all go inside. The ex-mansion must have once been furnished in the grand manner, but its occupants in those days could not have enjoyed it any more than we did.

PRETORIA MEN AND THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE

Ivan Uys became almost one of the family during his last year of high school and later when he had a job in town. Ivan admired John and wanted to assist him in all activities, so he would come to supper with us and help with whatever church work was on the go. When he turned 21, we had his birthday party at our house because his parents' home was very small. Ivan wanted to be a singer, but he was completely deaf in one ear and tone deaf in the other.

Gordon Uys, Ivan's brother, was a zealous young Christian but did not have the time to come to our house as often as Ivan did. He was willing to try almost anything, and after a while he became a promising song leader. He sometimes gave devotional talks, but in the early 60's he showed little of the potential that developed later when he became an outstanding speaker, much in demand for gospel meetings. Gordon married a Pretoria girl, Rose Smith, went to SABS, and preached first at Pietermaritzburg, then at Durban.

Soon after we moved to Pretoria, the Philip Steyn family returned from college in the U. S. to establish the church in the city of Bloemfontein. If our dark blue Chevrolet station wagon created a sensation by its very size, imagine the impact made by the fire-engine red one that Phil drove into our yard! Red was a popular color of American cars in the 60's, but in South Africa, it was startling. Phil and his brother, Conrad, who was already preaching in Cape Town, were some of Pretoria's earliest converts, so we were very proud of them. Phil and Lucy moved into Bloemfontein in late 1960 to establish the church and have remained there ever since. Phil eventually

sold the red car to a funeral home where it was painted black and used as a hearse, while the Steyn family began driving a small continental car. Phil and Lucy are ideal for Bloemfontein, since it is predominantly Afrikaans, but Phil preaches in a most unusual manner, switching back and forth between English and Afrikaans as though they were all one language. At SABS lectureships he became affectionately known as "die biskop van die Vrystaat."

Pretoria produced some great preachers. If those men were all in the Pretoria area today, that city would indeed have the largest church in the country, or more likely, several of them, but if so, there would not be the churches in other centers where they have labored.

The Uys family produced another person of note -Shirley van der Spuy. Brian van der Spuy and Shirley had already gone to the states for education by the time we were living in Pretoria. The entire Uys family had been converted soon after the beginning of the Pretoria church, and in 1954, Brian was baptized during the time that Leonard Gray was filling in after Martelle Petty's death. When I requested that Brian send me an account of his conversion and education, he wrote this gem: "Within a few months (of baptism), Carl McCullough came over and encouraged me to study further. He gave me 5 pounds (about 14 dollars) and then Shirley and I went to East London to work with the church there for one month, September 1957, before leaving by ship for England and New York. Votaw was in East London but was very ill at that time - he gave me another 10 pounds. The rest of the money we collected by selling a truck Janssen (Shirley's father) built up, selling everything we had and getting a

scholarship from Freed-Hardeman College. We arrived in New York after a weary month with no more than \$10.00 in our pockets. A fat old cab driver turned down his meter and showed us the city. Eventually we wired FHC for some help and flew to Nashville, caught a bus and arrived at the college, cold and sick and wet. I had slept in my only suit two nights, and was introduced at chapel that way - no wonder people looked at me funny. We had spent three days in England on four sandwiches a day, ate well on the ship, and again had a few sandwiches for the next two days. We attended FHC October '57 to September '60, then went to David Lipscomb and graduated October '61. That year was paid for by an eye specialist who wished (to this day) to remain anonymous and the church at Granny White Pike has been behind us since that first day in October 1960 -22 years. Last month the last of the original elders who started supporting us passed away . . . "

When the van der Spuys first returned to South Africa in 1962, they lived at Sterkfontein, then moved on to Welkom when opportunities there appeared to be far greater for the work of the church.

In the "News and Notes" of the Christian Advocate for June, 1959, we find this report: "A Pretoria couple, brother and sister (John) Fair, were visiting their daughter in Pietermaritzburg where they were contacted by brother Tex Williams. Bible classes were being conducted in the home of the daughter when the Fairs arrived for a three week holiday. During their stay they were taught and obeyed the commandments of the Lord and were added to the church. The two daughters of the Fairs were also baptized. Nola, the younger, is to move to Salisbury where

she will worship with the church that meets there. Joan will worship with the Pietermaritzburg church and Mama and Papa came back to Pretoria to worship with us. We commend brother Williams for his ability to teach through this means and pray that this family might have a long and useful life in the church of our Lord."

Later, John Fair and the husbands of the two daughters, Des Lister and Arthur Engelbrecht, all served as elders. John's nephew, Ian Fair, also converted by Tex, eventually was educated at Abilene Christian, returned and preached in Pietermaritzburg and in Benoni, worked with the Natal School of Preaching, and finally emigrated to America where he is presently head of the Bible Department at ACU. Ian always uses his influence to further the missionary efforts in South Africa. The Fair family has contributed extensively to the growth of South African churches.

THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA BECOMES A RE-PUBLIC

On May 31, 1961, we saw the historic event of the withdrawal of the Union of South Africa from the British Commonwealth to become the independent Republic of South Africa. It had been named "Union" in 1910 when the four provinces were united: Natal, Transvaal, Free State, and Cape Province. The provincial divisions remained, and as is the case in the United States, certain governmental responsibilities are provincial while others are national in nature. Withdrawal from the Commonwealth was no catastrophic event. Many changes had already taken place long before 1961. The Afrikaner people had moved

a long way from being "Boer," or farm people only. Motivated by the many disagreements with the British, beginning when South Africa became a pawn to be passed between Holland and Britain as far back as the late 1700's, continuing through the 1800's when the British tried to dominate the areas where they settled, and culminating in defeat by the British in the Boer War at the turn of the 20th century, Afrikaners wished for nothing more than to be Political leaders arose, the rid of British domination. Nationalist Party was formed, and Afrikaans-speaking people deliberately moved into every area of life: business, banking, higher education, and all the professions. Before 1961, the armed forces, the police force, and public transportation and communications systems were already manned chiefly by Afrikaans people. Afrikaans and English had long been the two official languages. So when the nation became an independent Republic, it was a peaceful, smooth transition.

May 31, 1961 fell on a Wednesday, the day when John put out the weekly church bulletin which he called the "Pretoria Preceptor." He was moved by the events of the day to write the editorial from which the following excerpts are quoted:

"... the echoes of the 21-gun salute heralding the birth of the Republic of South Africa have hardly died over the awakening city of Pretoria. Meintjies Kop, on which the Union buildings are located is a bare quarter of a mile, as the crow flies, from my upstairs window from which I was looking as the first gun fired . . . At the same time, the flag of the New Republic was raised over the Palace of Justice

on Church Square, exactly two miles from our home and the church building, witnessed . . . by many thousands who had braved the chill and wet of the night to reserve their places for the ceremonies of the morning.

"At exactly five minutes to seven, I was in front of the church building where two C. I. D. men met me to search the interior of the building, which faces the route the State President is to take for his induction ceremonies, for possible assassins or other troublemakers . . .

"And so dawns - wet as it may be at the present writing - the new day for South Africa. A great section of the people are fearful of the future while another section are jubilant in the success in attaining their 'freedom' from British imperialism. What is the attitude of the Christian to be? What of the future of the church in the Republic of South Africa? Are we to be fearful, or jubilant? Do we close up shop, or can we expect a fresh surge of growth spiritually and numerically?

"I know this: ... for most of us there will be no perceptible change ... Souls will be born into families that know not the Lord; and souls will die daily, never having heard the gospel of our Lord and Savior. Our task will be just as great as ever. Souls need saving in a Republic as well as out.

"Our members are made up of both Afrikaans and English speaking people. It is only a matter of circumstances that English is used more than Afrikaans in our religious services. It certainly has

nothing to do with politics... We have no room nor any sympathy for partisan political thinking in the church of our Lord. We are Christians attempting to do a Christian task of spreading peace and good will among all races of people...

"I call upon this church, not only in Pretoria, but in the whole of South Africa, not only not to allow political feeling to dictate their attitude toward the great work ahead, but to live, and above all, allow their attitudes to be far above any racial, political, or other lines so as to promote peace and harmony among all peoples, and to see that we do our part in spreading the truth to all sections of this new Republic of South Africa.

"An old era has closed, a new day has dawned — but the work of the Lord's church continues as of old. PEOPLE TODAY NEED TO BE BROUGHT BACK TO THE GOSPEL OF OLD.

"Christians, do not fail us in this hour."

REPUBLIC DAY was a great day of pomp and ceremony. A huge parade was held, traveling from the Prime Minister's home, past our church building, all the way past the Union Buildings to Church Square in the center of the city. Twelve thousand military personnel lined Church Street while limousines bearing the officials drove slowly, accompanied by a mounted guard. For the parade, we had a vantage point from the covered entrance of our new church building. An unseasonal rain on that early winter day refused to let up for even a moment. The service men, standing at attention, were drenched and so were the

horses and riders.

Our small boys were more interested in the horses than in the officials in the limousines, and they could not have understood the significance of the day. Late that afternoon, we missed Gary, now 3. We found him in front of the church building, barefoot, soaked to the skin, looking hopefully for more horses. The next day he had pneumonia.

Life after the big day proceeded in the usual manner. To the average citizen, there were few obvious changes, and those that came were introduced gradually. "God Save the Queen" was no longer sung at public gatherings, but was replaced by a stirring anthem called "Die Stem van Suid Afrika," "The Voice of South Africa," sometimes sung in English, but more often in Afrikaans.

When the old British pounds, shillings, and pence were replaced by metric Rands and cents, there was general confusion. The British coinage had been cumbersome: 12 pence to the shilling, 20 shillings to the pound — school children had quite a task learning to work arithmetic problems, and John Hardin always got a headache when it was time to work out his income tax. The laboring class found the change most difficult, especially those who had little or no education. When bananas were a penny each, you got 12 for a shilling. Now suddenly, you had a new coin which replaced the shilling but was worth 10 cents and you got only 10 bananas for your coin. Many a customer counted his coins and counted his purchases, mumbling and shaking his head, certain that he had been cheated, which sometimes he had.

Later the entire metric system was adopted and then

everyone was confused. We suddenly had to buy petrol by the litre, measure distance by the kilometer, calculate speed by kilometers per hour and fuel consumption by kilometers to the litre. I had just about begun to feel at home with the system when we moved back to the U. S. where we went back to gasoline by the gallon and distance by the mile. Europe has long had the metric system. Sensibly, everything is in multiples of 10.

1961 MARCHES ON

In June we had a great gospel meeting with John Maples preaching, the attendance for the first time going over the 100 mark. In July we ventured forth into our first Holiday Bible School and had an average of about 62 children attending. We had advertised the school in a wide area around the church building and were gratified by the good response. Hank Pieterse and Rose Mary Smith took leave time from their jobs to assist in the teaching, the total staff numbering an even dozen. "Auntie Vi" Fair was in her element as she prepared cool drinks and served home-baked treats at break time.

Churches in other cities were seeing progress in one way or another. Phil Steyn had baptized 7 in Bloemfontein and was preaching via recordings over the Lorenzo Marques radio. Durban reported an attendance figure of 135 for a special event. A short-term preacher training school for black men was held in Boksburg with 30 in attendance. And Pat Boone, then at the height of his popularity, was visiting South Africa and attended services in Port Elizabeth. His coming was unannounced, and John, in the pointed style of writing for which he was well known, said in his

bulletin article, "The people who didn't come that night must have been chagrined when they found out what they missed. But you know, the King of Kings is there every Sunday, and other times too. I wonder if the same people are chagrined when they realize that?"

Phil Steyn was scheduled to hold an Afrikaans gospel meeting in Pretoria in September, so for many weeks before then, we met on Friday nights to learn the songs in the new Afrikaans books we had recently obtained. The quality of the books left much to be desired. Most of the songs were translated from English and American song books, but even I, with my half-knowledge of Afrikaans, could recognize the awkward phrasing of some of the translations. In addition to the translated songs, the book included the slow, stately, traditional Afrikaans hymns. We were handicapped by the fact that the print in the song books was very small and hard to read, but we managed, and by the time Phil came for his meeting, we could sing pretty well.

Phil's meeting was well received and well attended. His lessons drew special attention because he had some beautifully prepared flannelgraph illustrations that he used to great advantage. Anyone who had not mastered Afrikaans could follow the lessons through the flannelgraph.

In November of that year, Phil Theron Jr. began teaching an adult Bible class in Afrikaans. Although most of the people in the city were able to understand enough English to get along, there were many, including members of the church, who could learn more and participate better in discussions in their own tongue.

The Theron family had lived next door to the original church property on the corner of Church and Hamilton Streets and had been converted by Leonard Gray during his brief stay there. Phil, Sr. had suffered a severe heart attack before we moved to Pretoria and had been given a year or two to live. Often he felt bad, but he was always zealous for the Lord. All but the oldest daughter of the family were baptized, and Phil, Jr., Izak, and Martin have all done some preaching, while "Popeye" has steadfastly been a dependable worker. Phil, Jr. preached full-time for a while in Welkom and in Kempton Park, but perhaps the best work he ever did was the Afrikaans teaching and preaching in Pretoria. Phil, Sr. outlived the doctor's predictions by several years.

We began to think of 1961 as the year of the "down-and-outers." There were at least three men who came looking for help who, after some conversations and some financial assistance, friendship and fellowship, were baptized. We recognized that these were difficult people with whom to deal, but that they needed the gospel as much as anyone. We had them working around the church property, fed them, gave them clothing, and were as patient with them as possible. When John ran out of clothes to give them, Kent lent one of his jackets to a man so that he could attend church services. (In 1961, a man didn't attend services without a suit coat or jacket). None of these men remained with us for long, and the one even absconded with the jacket.

Living next door to the church building is convenient, but it has its draw-backs. We had so many come knocking on our door, asking for handouts, for money, for clothing.

Often they smelled of strong stale tobacco or of liquor, but John had a policy of helping anyone at least once. He never gave them cash, but we often fed them, and John gave away so many of his clothes that he hardly had enough left to cover his own back. If the men needed a place to sleep, he would take them to the Salvation Army hostel and pay for a bed for a night.

A typical story these transient poor would tell was that they had been working in Pietersburg, had had their case of tools stolen, had lost their work papers, and now here they stood in clothes too disreputable to wear for a job interview. Why they used the name of Pietersburg always remained a mystery because it is only a small city on the road to Rhodesia. Several years later, in teaching a ladies Bible class in Benoni, I was telling about these experiences to illustrate a lesson on the subject of benevolence. I expanded on the story about the many who claimed to have come from Pietersburg and added the comment, "I don't know what there is about Pietersburg." A little lady who was visiting the class piped up and said, "I'm from Pietersburg," but she could not explain why the transients used that city in their story.

Jesus said that the poor would always be with us, and our experiences from living next door to the church building and on a main street of the city taught us that along with the poor are the pan-handlers and leeches, and sometimes it is hard to sort them out so as to give help where it is genuinely needed.

Traffic in Church Street kept life more than interesting. It seemed pretty often that we would hear a familiar screech of brakes and tires, then we'd listen to discover if

there was to be a crash. A number of accidents, some slight, some serious, occurred within a two-block area, but only one turned out to be laughable. One Saturday afternoon, a carload of people on their way to a wedding reception had made a wide swerve, the door had swung open and the driver had tumbled out (no seat belt!). The car, driverless, went over the curb and plunged neatly between a light pole and a stop sign, coming harmlessly to a stop in a hedge. As we ran to see if we could help, the driver picked himself up from the street, brushed off his suit, climbed into his seat behind the wheel, and was quite annoyed that we were concerned about his welfare. A tray of cold meats being carried to the reception had flipped and scattered its contents all over the interior of the car.

We had lived in Pretoria only a few days when Neal went to the shop to buy himself a comb. Soon the delivery boy from the pharmacy came running to tell us that Neal had been knocked down by a bicycle. The tire marks went all the way up his khaki trouser leg, and he had a shattered baby tooth and a cut on his jaw that required stitches. Another time Gary was knocked over by a bicycle and had a knot on his head the size of half a tennis ball.

In addition to the perils of a busy street and the problems of indigent callers, we had an experience that was both pitiful and funny. Don had planted a bed of cacti and succulents near the side veranda. Late one afternoon, we watched a drunk man stagger up East Avenue which ran alongside of our house. Following him in the street was a police van. As long as the man kept walking, they would not take him in, but if he were to fall, they would lock him up. We saw him wander through the gateway toward the

house and supposed he would ask for help of some sort, but before he could get to the door, the drink overcame him and he slowly sank down into the cactus bed. Two policemen picked him up and lifted him into the back of their van, leaving us to imagine his predicament when he awoke to find numerous spines needing to be removed from an inaccessible spot.

"1962"

We broke with tradition concerning the holiday season by having a gospel meeting beginning on the last day of the year and continuing through New Year's day and for the first week in January, 1962. Leonard Gray was our speaker and we broke all records for attendance, and had a number of conversions and a great rededication of many members. Our Neal was baptized at this time.

We were gluttons for hard work — just a week after ending the gospel meeting, we had another Vacation Bible School, having decided that since one a year had been good, two a year would be better. The January VBS was a roaring success because we had classes in both Afrikaans and English. The mother of one visiting child said, "My daughter learned more Bible this week than in all the Sunday schools she ever attended." Being mid-summer, we had a problem with heat, but Aunt Hettie LeGassick provided cool drinks, the Pieterses donated a dozen watermelons, and Miemie Theron presented us all with ice creams. Plans were begun immediately for the July VBS and for the translation of some materials into Afrikaans. Attractive, colorful books from America were available in English only, so the Afrikaans children felt neglected until we

provided a fair substitute.

1962 was a high-point year in many ways. Attendances reflected good interest and spiritual growth. People were willing to work and cooperate in all the programs of outreach. The new building was making a good impression in the neighborhood, and the VBS's were attracting many children from all around. Later there were set-backs when several families moved away. Some became disgruntled, and there were problems in human relationships. But 1962 was a good year.

In early May we had another Afrikaans gospel meeting with Andy deKlerk preaching. Andy was well known for the excellent charts he had made for illustrating his lessons. John did a great deal of serious advertising, but in a moment of the corny humor for which he was known, he decided to have some fun with his fellow-preachers all over the country. Some months previously, a group of preachers had been enjoying some time of relaxation and had photographed each other wearing a ridiculous big cap and making funny faces. John had one of Andy, with the cap pulled down so that his ears were made to stick out. He had it processed for the duplicating machine, designed a front cover for a real-looking bulletin, and printed Andy's picture together with an invitation to come and hear him preach. A few days before mailing copies of the real advertising material, John sent the joke edition to Conrad Steyn, John Maples, and several other preaching friends. Most of them recognized the joke, but John Maples, after a chuckle or two, had second thoughts and is reported to have wondered if John was really serious in publishing that picture. All's well that ends well, and the gospel meeting was a success.

TWELVE YEARS IN SOUTH AFRICA

May 15, 1962, marked the 12th anniversary of our entrance into South Africa, and John wrote an editorial in the bulletin, reminiscing and accounting for the progress that had been made. He estimated about 60 congregations had been formed with around 3,000 members. Exact figures are always impossible because the remote black congregations simply do not communicate and give information. By 1962, churches had property fully or partially paid for in Johannesburg, Pretoria, Durban, Benoni, East London, Port Elizabeth, Welkom, Harrismith, Woodstock, and Rosebank, with Pietermaritzburg on the way with a house and plot of ground for future development.

Most of the American workers were already on second and third tours of duty: Leonard Gray, John Maples, Roy Votaw, Gene Tope, Tex Williams, and ourselves. South Africans in the work now included Tommy Hartle and Conrad Steyn in Cape Town, Phil Steyn in Bloemfontein, Basil Cass in Primrose, Andy Jooste in Port Elizabeth, Ian Fair in Benoni, Johannes Potgieter in Durban, Roy Lothian assisting in Springs, Ivan Bezuidenhout in Welkom, Andy deKlerk in Port Elizabeth, and numerous black and colored brethren working on a part-time basis in addition to John Manape on full-time. Lowell Worthington was the newest arrival in Johannesburg. Alex Claassen, who had been for a short time at Doonside and then at Johannesburg before spending some time working in Rhodesia, had been killed in a motor accident.

In June of '62, John had a two evenings' discussion

with a man who represented a group who believe that Jesus only is God — that there is no Godhead of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Considerable interest was generated, but most of all, John said that he himself was edified by the great amount of study that he did in preparation, and knew better than ever why he believed in the trinity.

A VISIT BY AN ELDER

Brother C. K. Money, one of the elders of the West University church in Houston, Texas, which was contributing regularly to our support, had corresponded with John for some time. Upon John's suggestion that it would be a good idea for an elder to visit our work, brother Money became interested and began to plan a two-week trip to South Africa. John prevailed upon him to extend the visit to 3 or 4 weeks so that he would have opportunity to make a thorough study of the work being done, not only by us, but by the churches elsewhere in the country. If 1962 was the highlight year of our 5 years in Pretoria, we can safely say that the visit of Clay and Olga Money was the highlight of 1962, and probably the greatest single event of that five years.

We had met the Moneys on a visit at West University, but at that time they were just one couple among many, so we couldn't remember what they looked like. John and I stood on the balcony outside the old Jan Smuts air terminal building and studied the passengers as they deplaned. John spotted Clay, perhaps looking like a Texan. He said, "I'll bet that is brother Money!" I disagreed because the lady in question was much too young. I was looking for an elder's wife to be wrinkled and gray. We learned then

that Clay's first wife had passed away, and Olga was his second wife, several years his junior, and younger than myself.

We whisked them away as quickly as we could after they came through customs, and only later did we learn that Clay had the fright of a lifetime, sitting in the front seat, facing the oncoming traffic on the "wrong" side of the road. Before returning to Pretoria, we had to stop in Benoni for the little funeral service for the infant daughter of the Ben Schempers.

Safely in Pretoria after the perilous left-handed journey, we put our guests into the warmest of the bedrooms — they had come to South African winter from the middle of a Texas summer and would feel the cold. The room had a floor of alternate grey and yellow tiles, and according to the decorating fashion of the time, the walls were of different colors: one red, one yellow, and two grey. The curtains were predominately red and yellow — a real boys' bedroom that screamed at you as you entered. Fortunately for Clay and Olga, they didn't have to spend much time in that room for we kept them very busy, but I groaned inwardly when I discovered that Olga loved quiet colors, particularly moss green.

The Moneys had some adapting to do when they spent a month with us. They had two little girls who had been left with a grandmother. Our six big, husky, hungry sons created a beehive of activity to which they were unaccustomed, and with ten people in a house with one bathroom, we had to be cooperative. Clay and Olga were overwhelmed by the huge bowls of food that went onto the dining table every day, their contents disappearing as

if by magic before their very eyes.

Clay loved to take walks to the grounds of the Union Buildings. Although July is not the best month for displays of the massive flower gardens on its terraces, there were enough in season to make a good showing. Pretoria seldom gets much frost; it is 1,000 feet lower in altitude than Johannesburg and Benoni and often as much as 10 degrees warmer.

It was Friday, June 29 when Moneys arrived. Saturday evening we had a welcoming party for them, and Sunday was a normal Lord's day, but that was the end of the leisure. The first full week of July, we had a black preacher training school at the Pretoria building. The men met in the auditorium and the ladies in one of the class rooms. Clay taught on the subject of eldership while Olga taught on "elders' wives" and did some teacher training. Monday and Tuesday of the second week, they visited Phil and Lucy Steyn in Bloemfontein - Phil had preached at West University before leaving the states for Africa. Thursday and Friday, Clay taught white men on eldership while Olga instructed pre-school Sunday school teachers – her specialty. Olga has written a great deal of pre-school teaching material and has tremendous artistic ability along those lines.

During the third week, we had Vacation Bible School each morning and other lecturing activities at night. Olga taught the pre-school classes with Pretoria ladies assisting and observing, and by the end of the week she was speechless with laryngitis. The fourth week, we had a gospel meeting with Dick Clark from Rhodesia doing the preaching. The Clark family stayed with us for 12 days since they

were leaving for the states immediately afterward, so for that period of time, we were 14 around the table.

Everything went smoothly with the 14 except when the Clark's little Richard drank Clorox. It was noon on Sunday. Phil Theron had borrowed our station wagon for the afternoon because his car was broken down, so we had no transportation. While the rest of us panicked about the Clorox, Adeline calmly gave her child a big glass of milk. I phoned our doctor who said he wasn't sure how dangerous Clorox could be, so he would phone the pharmacist. Meanwhile, John phoned Phil to bring the car. Phil threw down his dinner fork and knife, told Frances, "The Clark boy has been poisoned," and came with the car. The doctor phoned back to say that Clorox could be dangerous in quantity, so we had better meet him at the emergency room immediately. Examination of the little fellow showed no signs of damage and the doctor's only prescription was, "Give him a big glass of milk to drink!"

Moneys had planned to spend a couple of days in Paris on their return to America, but we persuaded them to use the time for a visit to the game reserve. We had three days of peace and relaxation in nature and saw enough wild animals to make the trip to Kruger Park really worthwhile. Clay and Olga collected a number of souvenir items and turned their little den into an African room when they got home. Ever afterward, they had a deepened understanding of the missionary work in South Africa, and at the same time they developed a love for the country itself. Best of all to us was that we all became fast friends ever after.

The effect of a visit by an American elder was good.

Elderships in South African churches were yet far in the future, but it was a step on the way to seeing the need. Olga made an impact on South African Sunday school teaching that simply cannot be measured. Her use of a wide variety of visual aids was an eye-opener to all of us. She encouraged me to carry on with teacher training, convincing me that I was able to do things I had thought impossible. When I told her that I wished she would be along at a certain future training course, she said to me simply, "You can do it." I did.

It was during the visit of the Moneys that Phil Theron, Jr. expressed an interest in full-time preaching, and soon afterward, the West University church took up his support.

Notes in the "Pretoria Preceptor" for August 4, 1962, report that churches in other centers were going ahead in various ways. Port Elizabeth had a VBS in which their attendance figures were almost identical to ours. Ian Fair, now preaching in Benoni, was holding cottage meetings by the dozens, reaching out to many new people. The Leonard Grays were leaving East London for about 8 months, and the Durban church was aiming at the figure of 200 to attend their upcoming gospel meeting. John was scheduled to hold gospel meetings in Port Elizab th and Welkom, a youth camp was in the plans for October, and also a gospel meeting to mark the completion of Benoni's new meeting place. The van der Spuys were to return from America with Brian scheduled to hold Pretoria's November gospel meeting. Ivan Uvs was to leave for Michigan Christian College within a month.

In November that year, Lowell Worthington, the

preacher in Johannesburg, was seriously ill. He had contracted a disease while in service during the Korean war. It was apparently the cause of the problem at this time, and his condition deteriorated so badly that the family members were called to the hospital, perhaps to say goodbye. Massive doses of antibiotics and thousands of prayers turned the tide and Lowell slowly recovered.

YOUTH CAMPS

To write a chronological account of all that has taken place in any one church would be boring except to the few who were there when it all happened, but there are always highlights of interest to all. One of the best things ever done by any of our brethren was the beginning of annual, and sometimes semi-annual camps for the youth. Some of the congregations were very small, and the consequent small number of young people could be discouraging and often caused the youth to look too far afield for friends and companions. If we told them they should make friends with other Christians, they could well ask, "What other Christians?" We told them that they should look for marriage partners from among the Christians, but the local churches were too small to offer much choice. Youth camps brought about lasting friendships and even romances - a real asset - plus the good Bible teaching and relaxing times enjoyed.

John Maples was the first to hold a Christian youth camp and invite young people from all over South Africa to attend. (The Bulawayo, Rhodesia, brethren had conducted successful camps in years past). In the camp atmosphere, with a number of congregations represented, the

young people could begin to feel that the churches of Christ were more than a mere handful. The first camps were at Umtentweni, on the coast south of Durban. John Maples later acquired property close to Durban and put quite a lot of work into it, trying to make it a permanent campsite, but when the Maples left South Africa, this effort died out.

With congregations scattered as far apart as Cape Town and Johannesburg, a distance of 1,000 miles, and a number of others from 400 to 700 miles away, different solutions were tried during the coming years. If one were to try to work out the geographic center so that everyone would have the same distance to travel, he would find that there was neither a suitable camping place nor a nearby congregation to sponsor a camp. Umtentweni and other places near Durban, as well as East London, Port Elizabeth, and Cape Town are on the coast, and lifeguarded swimming can usually be arranged. But it takes more than a suitable location to make a successful encampment. Welkom, for instance, has little to offer in the way of an interesting site, but that congregation sponsored a great camp by having an outstanding program of instruction, plenty of games and activities, and wonderful food prepared, by the way, by the men of the Welkom church. Someone had contributed several sheep, so there was plenty of meat!

Most of the camps for white young people have been held on the long Easter weekends because that is when the greatest number of people can get away from schools and jobs. With almost everything closed up from Thursday evening before Easter until Tuesday morning afterward, there are four full days available, though it often entails non-stop driving for hundreds of miles in order to make the journeys. Easter in the southern hemisphere comes in autumn, and if Easter is late, it can be very chilly, especially at night. When the camp was held on the grounds of the Southern Africa Bible School out of Benoni, the nights were bitterly cold. The school building had not yet been built. Water was scarce, and temporary outdoor sanitary facilities had to be constructed. In order for everyone to be bathed before Sunday morning services, Benoni members went with their cars and fetched loads of young people, taking them to their homes to use the baths and showers. Rather than try to cook at the camp site, the Benoni ladies had organized the menus and cooked accordingly at home, taking the prepared food to a central collecting point and so to camp. Every camp bears fruit in the form of conversions and rededicated lives. It is also a time for fun, and closing night usually features a talent show in which skits and musical productions are performed, sometimes for prizes.

Of necessity, the camps just described consist entirely of white young people. Camps for black youth are described in the section on the "Big Tent."

PRETORIA'S PEOPLE

Among the Pretoria members, there was a good amount of fun and fellowship. We often had guests in our home by personal invitation, and sometimes the entire congregation used our home as well as the grounds for get-togethers. Often we would gather in someone else's home for an old-fashioned sing-song followed by tea and conversation. The Hardin family as such didn't receive many

invitations to other homes for meals, but we knew the reason — most people didn't know how in the world they would feed so many hungry boys — but we were in many homes for teas and snacks. Babs Pieterse made a specialty of heaping plates of curry sandwiches. Babs worked for a green grocer and often slipped a box of vegetables into our kitchen. One exceptionally large carrot came bearing the inscription, "Texas carrot," courtesy of Hank Pieterse. Amy Pretorius was famous for her home-baked bread, and Carl McCullough used to wait by her oven until the fragrant loaves were ready.

The Pieterse, Uys, and Pretorius families had serious health problems. Hank Pieterse had already had one foot amputated because of a circulatory condition, and the other foot gave a lot of pain. Amy Pretorius had an acute thrombosis in a leg and developed a severe heart problem, eventually having a series of pace-makers. Fred Pretorius tried hard enough to work himself to death - he never knew when to stop, and he suffered from a severe sinus con-Eunice Uys had multiple internal problems and many operations, but she kept alive by sheer will power – her son. Gordon, said she was too stubborn to die. (Doctors admit there is more truth than fiction to the idea of willing one's self to live). Eunice was the life of whatever ward she was in, and as soon as she was able to walk after surgery, she was busy helping and cheering other patients. Janssen Uvs also had a severe heart condition and he died just a day or two before we were scheduled to leave Pretoria for America in 1965.

These were all among our faithful Pretoria members in the early '60's: Hank, Amy, Eunice, Janssen — all passed

to their reward. Also among the regulars were the Theron family, the older Therons now gone. For a long time, Eunice's parents, the LeGassicks, had been among our hardest workers. "Papa Bill" had struggled all his life with a quick temper, and after he became a Christian in middle life, it would still flare up at times, but he did his best. His education had been limited because he'd had to work for a living since boyhood. When he served at the Lord's table, he loved to preach a little extra sermon about it, and we cringed a tiny bit when he added an extra syllable to the word "remembrance." When Papa Bill served the Lord's supper, we always did it in "remembramence." But Papa Bill loved the Lord and we loved Papa Bill. Aunt Hettie had worked so hard all of her life that the wrinkles had formed deeply on her sweet old face, and her hands were ravaged by work and rheumatism. She studied her Bible for hours every day and was deeply concerned that she was not bearing fruit for the Lord because people she invited to services failed to keep their promises to attend.

Aunt Hettie LeGassick's greatest victory was when she finally was able to quit smoking. She had smoked for many years, and whenever she tried to give it up, she became violently ill, but she believed that she needed to quit the habit. When she finally succeeded, she drew me to one side in the foyer of the church building, and filled with joy, she told me that she had done it — but that it wasn't really she but God who deserved the credit. What an example to all those who say they cannot quit smoking! Papa Bill and Aunt Hettie too have gone to join the hosts on the "other side."

Among those we remember in Pretoria is the shy little

girl, Rose Smith, who became Mrs. Gordon Uys. Rose was the only member of her family who had been converted, and it wasn't always easy for her to be faithful in her attendance. But you could nearly always look around and see Rose in the audience. Her most dreadful experience was when we persuaded her to teach a Vacation Bible School class. She said that she was too afraid to try, but we were short of teachers and pleaded with her to take a class, promising her that we would give her one of the easier age groups. However, there were, among the visiting children, a set of twins who needed to have been handled by an experienced teacher. We didn't know about Rose's troubles until the week was almost over, but she came very near deciding that she would never again teach any class, anywhere, any time.

As early as 1962, Gordon Uys expressed a desire to work full time for the church, but he was still very young and there was no way that he could be trained at that time. It was a few years later that Gordon became one of Southern Africa Bible School's earlier students. Rose was then still her shy self, not at all sure that she would make a good preacher's wife. Rose and Gordon both grew tremendously in the Lord. Gordon became a capable preacher, and Rose has even conducted teacher training schools for the Sunday school program.

Time and space do not allow the telling of all the interesting things that occurred in Pretoria during this time, or that developed as a result of ground-work laid in the early '60's. There were long periods when we felt that we were merely plodding along, sometimes making little obvious progress. Yet there was fruit borne. The W. N.

Shorts, who served for such a long time in Rhodesia, helped us to see our work in the right perspective. When the fighting became fierce in Zambia and much of our mission work was either hampered or stopped altogether, I asked the Shorts if they were not heartbroken to see the many years of their labor brought to a halt. They calmly answered, "No, only God knows how much good has been accomplished and what the final score will be. All we did was what we were able to do. Nobody can do more than that." Paul knew it when he said he planted, Apollos watered, and God gave the increase.

1963

If 1962 was a highlight year in the work, 1963 probably marks one of the greatest times for the family. After Neal was fully grown and had been away from home for some time, I asked him what he remembered as the best thing that the family ever did together. After a brief hesitation, he answered, "Our trip to Tanganyika." It's Tanzania now, but was Tanganyika then. Neal was 11, Brian 12, Don 15, and Kent 17. Dale and Gary, at ages 7 and 5, thought a trip of 35 miles was unbearably long and we were planning to travel 6,000, so we made arrangements for them to stay in Benoni with Beyers and Irene Anderson.

Very soon after moving to Pretoria, we had started a savings account and put a little into it each month, pretending we didn't have it. We knew it was the only way we would have enough money to make such a long journey. In 1961 and 1962, we had taken only a few days off now and then, not taking any real vacation — not necessarily the

best idea, for families need more frequent times together.

It was to be a rough trip, with mostly dirt and gravel roads, some of them seldom graded or repaired. Rhodesia still had some strip roads, in poorer condition than ever because they were neglected while plans were underway for wider paving to be laid. We were going to carry a heavy load, so we had some heavy-duty air lifts fitted to the rear coil springs. To protect ourselves from dust coming through the underside of the car, we had undercoating sprayed on it. Friends who were experienced with dusty road conditions told us to keep our windows closed and the front vents open for fresh air. Luckily it was winter and we didn't anticipate hot weather.

This was a vacation trip for the most part, but is recorded in some detail because it includes our stops and visits along the way with a good many of our missionaries in four countries. Our first stop was Bulawayo. We drove into the yard at Henry Ewing's house, went inside, and within 30 seconds, had song books in our hands. Henry, who loved singing as much as John did, was practicing with a group from the church, so he just added us to the number. We visited the Queens Park congregation that we had seen at its inception in 1950 — now they were in the process of enlarging their auditorium, so our hearts were gladdened by this evidence of growth.

The next day we spent at the Motopos Hills, famous for rocky out-croppings of all shapes and sizes, sometimes looking like stone building blocks piled up by the children of a giant. Cecil Rhodes is buried at the Motopos, high on top of a granite hill known as "World's View." We climbed up to that spot and also climbed a good bit to see the

bushman paintings in some of the caves. We camped by the Maleme Dam, and in the light of our camp fire we sang songs back and forth with some unseen campers on the other side of the water. It was a cold night and we didn't have enough blankets to keep us warm.

From Bulawayo we traveled on a hundred miles or so of the old strip roads and some of the new two-lane highway to Zimbabwe ruins. Kent and Don were too little to remember our first visit there in early 1950, and Brian and Neal had never been there, so we spent most of a day examining the ruins and then camped there for the night.

At Nhowe Mission, we just happened to arrive in time for their lectureship, so we had the opportunity of meeting a large number of black and white Christians from many places. There were some 650 blacks there, and numbered among the white missionaries were the Roy Palmers, Leggs, Giffords, Clayton Waller, Monika Steiniger, Henry Ewing, and Pres Higginbotham. Unfortunately, along with the good fellowship we enjoyed, we also contracted a bad variety of flu. After the lectureship, we heard that visitors from all around fell ill after they arrived at their homes. Fortunately for us, I was the only one who was affected, but my case was bad enough to suffice for all.

We'd had enough of camping in the cold, so when we got to the Inyanga Mountains, we rented a cabin. Firewood was provided for the kitchen stove and the fireplace, but it was green and gave off poor heat. The stove never got hot enough to cook our supper, so we brought in the gas camping cooker we had brought with us, and I was

able to prepare the first-quality chops and steaks that we had bought in Umtali. We remembered the terrible meat of the drought-striken country of 1949 and were thankful that conditions had so improved that Rhodesian meats became known as some of the best.

In Salisbury, we enjoyed a brief visit with the Dick Clarks, Alan Hadfields, and Lyle Pomeroys and then went on to Kariba Dam on the Zambezi. Kariba is one of the largest dams in the world, the water backing up as much as 200 miles. This is where "Operation Noah's Ark" had rescued many wild animals stranded on newly-formed islands as the water accumulated and the lake was forming. We camped at "Pirate's Cove," and on the next day we decided that it was well-named. We paid for an hour's boat ride on the dam, and got no refund for the half-hour that the operator spent restarting the stalled motor. Leaving Kariba, we had the only mishap of the trip to the car when a speeding driver overtook us and large gravel was thrown back at us, breaking both headlamps.

The shortest route to Malawi (Nyasaland) would have been to cut across a corner of Mozambique, but we could not obtain permission to do so. We were perplexed because we merely wanted to travel through without stopping, but we were unwelcome because we were Americans and because we were not Catholic. (Mozambique was a Portuguese colony at the time). We had to go by way of the "Great East Road" from Lusaka — great in name only. It was rough and extremely dusty. And long. About 500 miles long. We swooshed along through a thick layer of fine white powder, but thanks to our undercoating and our closed windows, we stayed fairly clean. We arrived at

the Doyle Gilliams in Lilongwe so late that they had given up on us and gone to bed. The next day we enjoyed meeting with Christians, and were especially impressed to meet some folks who had walked 30 miles to be there, one of them a blind man.

The 265 miles from Lilongwe to Rumpi were, for me, most miserable. We had spent one afternoon having a picnic by the big and beautiful Lake Nyasa, and I had felt myself coming down with flu. My chest, which has always been my weak spot healthwise, was becoming congested, and at Rumpi, I stayed in bed, hoping to recuperate. The Andrew Connallys and the Gilliams and Liggens had originated the work at Rumpi, but in mid-1963, the Doug Bauer family from Rhodesia were holding the fort alone. John worked with Doug at the preacher training class one day, answering questions, and later he and the boys made a trip up the mountain to Livingstonia, an old mission of renown. We admired the Bauers for managing alone at Rumpi, especially since sister Bauer had to be full-time teacher for their own six children.

The last leg of the northward journey was another 320 miles to Chimala. The Andrew Connallys, the Jerry Mays, and the David Caskeys made up the personnel. It was a blessing for me that Jerry Mays was an M. D. for by this time I had a full-blown case of bronchitis. An injection relieved me of the asthmatic condition, but it took me most of a week to feel normal again.

It was Andrew Connally who had invited us to visit Chimala, and they and the Mays did a super job of taking care of us. Chimala had once been a tourist hotel with separate rondayels for the guests, so that is where our boys

stayed. John and I stayed at the Mays, and we had meals with both families. Whatever missionary work was going on, we got to visit it. Sister Connally taught some women's and children's classes which were good for me to observe. Years later, I taught a good many black women in "the bush," but by 1963 I had had little experience.

The nearest town to Chimala is Mbeya, more than 50 miles away, over rough gravel road. We all went there one day to see the little town and to enjoy a very good dinner at a hotel. Then at Mbeya's tiny theater, we saw Walt Disney's movie about the great frozen north - I forget the name - but there we were, close to the equator, watching Polar bears. On the way back to Chimala, Andrew was ahead with his Land Rover, carrying his family and our boys. John and I followed with the Mays in a small station wagon. We hit a rock in the road, knocking a hole in the sump, and we lost all our oil. It was one of those moonless nights, black as pitch. Few cars ever travel those roads, and of those that do, some might be driven by "unfriendly" people, so we decided to sit and wait for Andrew to miss us and return for us, rather than try to flag down some stranger. Only one or two cars passed us during that hour or two, but finally Andrew returned and towed the crippled car back to Chimala.

Brother Mays' work at that time consisted mainly of the clinic which he held in a small pre-fab. While he was busy with patients, there would be many sitting and waiting on the ground outside. The hospital was under construction, the window frames propped in place and the brick work rising to windowsill level. Word came that there was a very sick black woman who was pregnant and

was in dire need of a blood transfusion. Some black men were asked if they would give blood, but this was unheard of to them, and in great fear, they refused. Andrew and John volunteered to give blood and when it was found that John's was compatible, he contributed a pint of it while the frightened black men stood watching in awe. The woman survived, gave birth to a healthy baby, and after several years had passed, we received a letter from her, expressing her grateful thanks.

Chimala is situated on the plains, and immediately behind it there rises a mountain. On the top of the mountain was Ailsa, the Bible School, staffed by Eldred Echols, Al Horne, Tom Dockery, and Worley Reynolds. Ailsa was reached by a narrow road winding tortuously through 56 hairpin turns, some of which were so sharp that a car had to take them in two hitches, reversing a bit, and going ahead again. When we learned that Jessie Lee Caskey used to drive that road in a jeep, our estimation of that petite lady rose by several points. But if we thought that the road was bad, imagine our reaction when we were told that when our first people went there, the road did not exist and they had to climb all the way on foot!

We did not get to visit our old friends Echols and Hornes in their home surroundings because they were on a "safari for souls" on the plains. Bob Weaver and 12 young men from the states were with them, working together in a series of evangelistic efforts in a number of villages. John and the boys got to join them for a few days, but I missed it. I coughed my way through those days, hoping not to disturb the Mays too much. The boys were disappointed when the leopard trap remained empty. There

had been leopard raids, and the treacherous animals were close to the buildings on Ailsa. At such times, the people were permitted to trap the otherwise protected species.

The route we had planned for our return trip southward was to be a particular challenge: there was a 629 mile stretch with no garage or mechanic. This long road went the length of the northern portion of Northern Rhodesia, and even as early as 1963, there had been sufficient political unrest to have caused remote white settlers to sell out and move away, so small hotels and rest stops that had once existed were no longer open. Consequently we needed to make the entire stretch in one day. The map we carried had a few places marked where we could buy petrol, but even these were "iffy," so Andrew gave us a spare can of petrol to carry with us. Sister Connally fixed a large box of delicious food to last the whole day, and thus prepared, we began the trip.

When lunch time came, we found that the petrol can had leaked enough to soak into some pieces of luggage, and that the bottom layer of food in the box was so contaminated that we didn't dare to eat it. We salvaged the undamaged food, and nobody went hungry. By late afternoon, we had come to two places where we had thought we could buy petrol but found them closed. We had emptied the contents of the spare can and were watching the needle fluctuate downward toward the empty mark. Our destination, Kapiri Mposhi, was a mere spot on our map, too far away to be reached with the petrol we had, so we began to discuss how we might spend the night at the side of the long, desolate, dusty road. This was never good country, even in the rainy season. It was sparsely covered with

scraggly bush and almost no grass, supporting only a very small population of poverty-stricken black people. Night was near. Then, just as we needed to turn on the headlights, we saw a single gas pump standing just a few feet from the side of the road. There was no building in sight, no attendant, just that old-fashioned hand-operated pump. We stopped and sounded the horn. In a few moments, a man came running from among the bushes. There was petrol! When John asked the attendant to fill our tank, he said, "But sir! It's 7 shillings a gallon!" Seven shillings or seventy, we had to have it.

For the benefit of younger readers — an old-fashioned pump has a glass container into which the fluid is pumped by hand and from which the fuel runs by gravity into the car's tank. We wanted to make sure our tank was completely full, so John had the man keep on pumping. The last batch was more than needed, but once allowed to flow, the entire amount was emptied from the glass tank and we saw about a half gallon of the precious liquid run onto the sand. But now we could make it all the way to Kapiri Mposhi, and as we drove on down the road, we began to sing, "I know the Lord will find a way for me." We had just learned the song at Chimala. Now it had real meaning.

The little hotel at tiny Kapiri Mposhi was the most welcome sight we had seen on our entire journey. Weary and dirty, we arrived long after the dinner had been cleared away. We had hopes that we might persuade someone to make us some sandwiches, but the gracious hostess told us that if we would give the staff a little time, they would provide a dinner. We bathed and had some time to walk around, stretching our legs and admiring a fantastic

collection of hand-carved rosewood pieces from China. When the dinner was served, we were delighted. It would have been a fine meal anywhere, but we thought it a master-piece to have been produced in an out-of-the-way hotel at that late hour of the night. The hotel was near a stream that trickled musically over some rocks, and after a typical country hotel breakfast the next morning, we walked by the stream for a little while before resuming the journey.

We swung west and north to Ndola and visited with the Des Rvan family and the small church that met in their home. From Ndola we went nearly to the Congo border to see the largest open-pit copper mine in Africa – perhaps in the world. The great number of ant heaps – actually termite nests - drew our attention. John would photograph the biggest one we'd ever seen, only to drive a bit farther on and find one even bigger. Since the insects work and build only on the inside, we never saw any of them. The nests are as hard as concrete, and each time we stopped for a photograph, Don would scramble to the top to have his picture taken. (15 years later, John climbed onto a similar heap in Southwest Africa so I could photograph him and send a copy to Don). Scores of these termite heaps had been partially dynamited out of the way for the construction of the road and to make way for the power lines to be erected.

Back at Lusaka, we visited again with the Pierces, the Joe Lyons, and Ed Crookshank. Joe worked with a small white congregation and a black group in the city while Ed worked with the Pierces in a preacher training school.

From Lusaka, we drove to Choma, a tiny town,

where the Stan Maidens were living. They had been converted in Bulawayo, and as Stan was an engine driver on the railway, they had been transferred to Choma. Our boys were excited about seeing him there and having a chance to climb onto the engine. We drove into Choma in a cloud of dust, with all of our clothes unbelievably dirty. We never forgot the great act of hospitality shown to us by the Maidens when they excused their houseboy from his usual tasks for part of a day so that he could do our washing. We still had a long way to go and couldn't have stood ourselves and our dirty clothes that long. (The Maidens later emigrated to America, Stan studied for a while, preached for a congregation in Washington, D. C. and later moved to Texas).

We made a stop at Namwianga Mission where the staff now consisted of Leonard Bailey, brother Bell, Stan Shewmaker, Jack Crissop, and brother Balcher and their families, and Betty Bailey (not related to Leonard). At Livingstone we visited the Phil Rabecks and Lester Brittells and then took the boys for a real good look at Victoria Falls. It was John's and my third visit to the falls: the first time there was too little water, the second time there was too much, and this time there was just the right amount to allow us to take good pictures and to see everything from one end to the other. On the Northern Rhodesia side we bought an end table carved in the shape of an elephant, a very heavy piece that loaded the station wagon more heavily than before, but it was worth it for it has been a conversation piece in our home ever since.

By this time we were approaching the final days of our long vacation and had to budget our time. We went

to the Wankie Game Reserve, hoping to spend a night at the camp, but there were no reservations available. Wankie is much smaller than Kruger Park, so we decided to take the day to drive through the reserve and on down to Bulawayo. During six hours of viewing in Wankie, we saw all the animals we cared to see, including lions lying nearly within petting distance of the road, and a large herd of some 60 elephants, one of which lumbered onto the road near us and flapped his huge ears as though he was becoming irritated. The boys chorused, "Daddy, Daddy, move the car, let's get going." Daddy was quite unflappable, but even he decided it would be wise to move.

Back home from our 5 week safari, we had to come down out of the clouds and get back to work. The boys had to make up school work, John had to get some things restarted that had lagged during our absence, and I had to get the household back to normal. Dale and Gary had enjoyed their stay with the Andersons, but it was good for us all to be back home again.

DOWN TO EARTH

An excerpt from a letter John wrote to his mother is the best way to summarize the events that followed immediately upon our return to Pretoria . . . "After our return, we had exactly one week in which to prepare for a gospel meeting (Ian Fair preaching). Then after the meeting I had many classes to hold for prospects (of which we baptized three). That was one of my busiest times — holding classes, calling on delinquent members, and trying to build up the church attendance which had fallen way down while we were gone. Then came the trip to Sibasa the latter part of

September which Gene Tope and I made and which required a lot of preparation (trips, for instance, to the Bantu Affairs Department to get permission to enter the Native Reserve area). Then it was time for the Cape Town meeting. 13 - 20 October. I left on Bessie's birthday and was supposed to return on mine, but didn't make it. Immediately on my return from Cape Town I had to prepare for two lectures on the Benoni lectureship ("Godhead" and the "Jesus-Only Doctrine"). That ended last Saturday, and on Sunday our last 1963 gospel meeting began with Lowell Worthington preaching. Intersperse all that with the usual run-of-the-mill activities and that has left little time for anything else. I took a whole sheaf of correspondence with me to Cape Town, hoping I would get to catch up, but Conrad Steyn kept me busy. A man attempted committing suicide for about the eighth time, and what with that, and a couple of funerals in the congregation, and all the other visiting one does in such a meeting kept me from answering a single letter."

John always emphasized that one of the best ways to reach people with the gospel is to talk with them at work. It was about the middle of 1963, just before we went on the Tanganyika trip, that Fred Pretorius brought to church a young man who worked with him at the steel plant. He was a personable man and star pitcher for the Northern Transvaal baseball team, Stoffel Botha. Stoffel and his wife, Corrie, had been visited by Jehovah's Witnesses and had studied with them once or twice, so Fred suggested that they should hear what John Hardin had to say. It was arranged that John would be present the next time the Witnesses were to hold a class in the Botha home.

Fred and John pointed out to the Bothas that the JW's main theme was their belief that "the meek shall inherit the earth," and that there would be a literal 144,000 in heaven, which number is already filled. It was also pointed out that JW's always want to dominate a discussion – they must do the teaching, not the listening. It was decided that Stoffel would pointedly ask them a leading question and give them a chance to see what they would say. He asked them, "Precisely what must I do to be saved?" This was so far off the track from the usual doctrines which they choose to promulgate that they were completely at a loss for words. After considerable humming and having, they made excuse to leave, saying that they would have to study the matter further. When Corrie and Stoffel saw that those men did not have the answer to a simple scriptural question, they decided that they would study no more with Jehovah's Witnesses but would hear more about what we had to say on the subject of the church of the Lord.

It was about the middle of August, still chilly winter, when John and I had a study in the Botha home, and before long, we came to the subject of baptism. It was a Monday or Tuesday night, and Stoffel said he was ready to be baptized the next Sunday. John said, "We have a mid-week service so why not be baptized then instead of waiting until Sunday?" The couple agreed. Then John said, "If you are ready to be baptized then, are you not ready right now?" With joy they said, "Yes, why not?" Their little son Chris was sound asleep, so they bundled him up in a blanket and we all went to the church building where, in the same hour of the night, Stoffel and Corrie were baptized. The air was cold and the water was colder, but

everyones' hearts were warmed by the events of the evening.

"GOVERNMENT RECOGNITION" DONE AWAY

The government rulings concerning church recognition and their subsequent removal of those rulings are mentioned elsewhere, but to fix the event chronologically, we do so at this point. This was a very important milestone in the history of our work, for now we would be able to have marriage officers and we could be of assistance to the black churches in obtaining building sites and in other legal matters.

THIS AND THAT IN '63

1963 ended with a time of mixed feelings about our work as well as our family. We never regretted having made the Tanganyika trip, but it had turned out to be most expensive, for we were a long time paying on repairs to the Chev. After it was repaired, we swapped cars for a much smaller, and hopefully, more economical car, but it was a bad trade. A second trade for a VW was all right financially, but we had to depend on the fact that we had no plans to go on any more family trips for a long time — we could barely squeeze into it even with Dale and Gary in the "dog box" at the back. We lived next door to the church building, and that was mostly where we went as a family.

I'd fired the servant girl — she was helping herself to our belongings — and tried to do the housework myself to save a bit of money. That proved to be false economy, for that huge old house was too much, even with some help from the boys who also had to help in the big yard. I soon hired a new girl.

Don had to have surgery on his nose to correct a deviated septum, and recurring attacks of asthma and bronchitis kept several of us returning frequently to doctor and pharmacy, all of which took huge bites from our budget. The Pretoria congregation had financial problems as well. Several familes had moved to other cities, and as John wrote in a report to our elders in the U. S., "Some are not giving at all, and others not as they should, and with such a small group and such a large debt, it is becoming alarming."

Kent was 18 that December, and all ready to go for his driver's license. He passed the driver's test the first time, and then it was for us to decide whether or not this was an asset. He helped a good bit with driving for the church, but he also enjoyed his new-found freedom to go places via car. Any parent who has seen teenagers through their first driving months knows how we felt.

Don had been jarred upon receipt of his end-of-year report card, finding out that you can't put off concentrated study until a few days before exams and expect high grades, but he was promoted. Brian was about to enter high school and Neal his last year of primary. Dale did well in grade 2, and Gary was about to start school. That meant we would have all six boys in school at once. Six clean shirts every day! Neal entered the new school year with the goal of being everything Brian had been the year before: top of the class, captain of sports teams, prefect, the lot! (p.s. He made it!)

1964

Not long after the beginning of the school year, Kent had to have a tonsillectomy. Once over that week of

recuperation, he was back full swing into the school work with the added excitement of making plans for going to the U. S. for college. The prospect of the first fledgeling leaving the nest was devastating to me — there would be five more to go, but this was the beginning of the exodus. Kent, typical of the eager youth stepping out on his own, was on cloud 9 for many weeks. June 25 was the date for his flight, and it came too soon for his dad and me. I had helped with packing his things and had watered them all thoroughly with many tears — tears which Kent could not understand. Parents know they cannot keep their children forever, but they are never quite prepared for the day of departure.

Kent had a great trip planned, and it all came about quite smoothly. His cut-rate Trek Airways prop plane took him to Luxembourg from which he traveled by train to Italy. There he bought a Vespa scooter from the factory (import permits had all been arranged before he left South Africa), and he spent about three weeks touring in several countries. He had some interesting experiences despite a shoestring budget, and he visited several of our missionaries on the way. His tour ended by crossing the channel to England, and after a couple of days there, he put his scooter onto the "Queen Mary," on which the family had already made two crossings, and sailed to New York. From there to Minnesota he rode the Vespa and visited my mother for a few days. She had recently remarried after more than 20 years of widowhood. Paul Gunther worked as a railway dispatcher and Kent enjoyed spending time with him in the dispatch office. We were all rather amused by mother's reaction to Kent's trip. After having toured Europe and

England on his Vespa, and then riding it from New York City, half-way across the continent of America, she had him park the scooter in her garage and leave it there — she said it was too dangerous to drive it around Willmar (population about 12,000). From Willmar, Kent continued his trip by going south to Ponca City to visit his other grandmother. Time ran out then, and he finally headed for Nashville, Tennessee.

Kent attended David Lipscomb College, and for the first year he roomed with the family of Howard Justiss. Howard and John had become good friends during basic training at Camp Grant, Illinois, in 1941, and the Justiss's felt that their giving Kent a place to stay would be a good way to help a missionary family. They also helped him obtain a good job at a meat packing plant to help him pay his college expenses.

John was working very hard. A typical Sunday was to have the morning service and Bible Study, visit the prison at 2:00 p. m. (we had a member from the Reef area in the condemned cells and John was his spiritual advisor), and perhaps travel to a service of black Christians, return for a teenage class at 5:45, and preach again for the 7:00 p. m. service. But we had reached another "low" time. With several families having moved away, our numbers had shrunk. We had some who were dragging their feet. Perhaps some felt that since they had a full-time man to do the church work, they did not have to do much themselves. Let the preacher make the contacts, teach the cottage classes, etc., etc.

One couple who had been members at Pretoria for some 10 years had some ideas that were, to say the least,

different. Every once in a while, John had to spend a couple of hours with them, trying to show them Bible teachings on various subjects, or sometimes just talking them out of some peculiar thinking that had beset them. Now they were so certain that the prisoner mentioned above could never receive forgiveness for his wrong. "When you have murdered someone, you can never make it right," they insisted, "because you cannot bring the victim back to life, and unless you make restitution for your sins, there is no forgiveness." What they were saying was that they thought it a waste of John's time for him to visit the prison and try to give spiritual assistance to the man.

The same lady approached me in the foyer one day and nearly pinned me to the wall with her pointed finger. John had been speaking to the congregation about the many things they could do to build the church: teaching, doorknocking, inviting people, visiting the sick and spiritually weak, etc. As it happened, I was teaching four classes a week and often accompanied John on his visits and classes, sometimes to the point of neglecting my own family. The lady spoke rapidly and in a crescendo, shaking her finger at me, coming closer and closer to my face. I could get no word in edgewise even if I had been able to gain composure enough to think. What she said all boils down to this: "Your husband is telling us all what we should be doing. Well, then what are you doing?" By the tone of her voice and her expressions and gestures, she could just as well have added, "You lazy, good-for-nothing thing." I don't remember what I answered, if anything. I was floored. I think I just walked away as soon as I could get out from between her finger and the wall. It was the first and only

time anyone ever spoke to me that way. Maybe I needed what she said. It took some soul-searching and some long talks with John to help me understand what I was feeling and what I should feel.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE

Sometimes, preachers are "put on pedestals" by their church members, but sometimes they are just "put on the spot." Everyone looks to the preacher to live an exemplary life, to be at beck and call, to preach beautiful sermons, to visit, to comfort the sick and bereaved, to teach classes, to give freely of his time, his life, his money, his home, his car – and never be tired or discouraged. The preacher's wife is brought into the scene in much the same way, and in the two largest denominational churches in South Africa, it is expected of the minister's wife that she take the lead in the activities of all the women's groups in the congregation, that she entertain beautifully and generously, and be a leader in the social activities of the church. It could very well be, explained John, that this background has made it harder for wives of our missionaries in South Africa to fit the mold they are expected to fill.

I have always been grateful to John for the level-headed way in which he spoke to me about my problem. He told me that there are certain things mentioned in the Bible which are the duties and responsibilities of all Christian women. Although the wife of a minister should be in a better position to fulfill these scriptural duties, she is in reality no more called upon by God to perform them than any other lady in the church. He then went on to remind me that the churches in America who sponsored us to work

in South Africa had hired him, that he was the head of our family, and if I was doing those things which he deemed to be sufficient in the way of a Christian woman's service to God, that was all that anyone should expect. He then pointed out what I already knew about the lady of the pointed finger — she herself did very little in a positive way, and we needed to pray that she would get busy with the work that she needed to be doing.

ECHOLS AND HORNE TO SOUTH AFRICA

In July of 1964, the Echols and Horne families moved to South Africa from Tanganyika. Political problems of that country had accelerated, and with children coming into school age, it was a propitious move from every standpoint. They had obtained property for a preacher training school in Swaziland, and in a discussion described elsewhere in this book, it was decided that they should rather start a training school in Benoni.

From a personal standpoint, we were happy to have Echols and Hornes move into our area. We'd known Eldred since we began working together in 1949. He had married Jane Holland in 1959 and had one daughter, Cherry, born in Tanganyika. Al Horne was our old friend from Port Elizabeth — 15 years old when we first met him. He'd married Donna Whittaker while attending ACC in Abilene, Texas. Lisa was born in Texas and Lynda in Tanganyika. The two families had worked together in Tanganyika for several years.

The Hornes had moved household goods to Benoni in a truck belonging to the mission in Tanganyika, so Al had to make the long trip back, get his jeep from the repair shop

in Mbeya, and return to Benoni. Al asked Don to go along for company. It was school holidays, so off they went. When they did not return at the expected time, we began to feel uneasy. When several days passed, we were really concerned because there had been political unrest and violence in the northern part of Northern Rhodesia. A fanatical religious leader named Alice Lenshina convinced her followers that bullets could not kill them as long as they carried the "tickets" she had given them, or if by chance they should lose their lives, these tickets would get them straight to heaven. Believing a promise like that, they were fearless and reckless, and they had caused some deaths and had burned a good many huts and other property. Phone calls to Tanganyika were next to impossible, so we sent telegrams to which we had to wait some days for answers. Donna Horne was expecting their third child to be born any day, so she was particularly anxious.

The main reason for the delay was that the mechanics failed to keep their promise to have the jeep ready. Each day, Al and Don went into town, expecting to be able to leave, and each day it was the same — jeep not ready. When at last they were on the way, they were stopped at the border and told that they would have to stay overnight as it was too dangerous to drive at night in Lenshina's territory. Soldiers were everywhere, and when the travelers were shown to some guest rooms, they were told that there were trenches prepared for everyone's safety. If they should hear screaming and commotion, they were to head straight for the trenches. They shared a bedroom, and as they told us later, each one turned and tossed and heard the other doing the same. Suddenly there was a horrible

screech and the two leaped out of their beds, adrenalin surging through their systems, ready for flight to the trenches. Then they discovered that the screech had come from the short-wave radio of the man in the adjoining room. The remainder of the night was quiet, but sleep had vanished. The long trip to Benoni was uneventful, and Al arrived home before Stacey was born.

1964 was more than half gone, and we were aware that our departure time of May 1965 was rapidly drawing near. John's mother celebrated her 82nd birthday. She had been a widow for 10 years, and was asking John to come and live closer to her in her declining time of life. We had some idea of what she had sacrificed by having her son and her grandchildren so far away, so John decided to fulfill her desires.

With such plans in the offing, we remembered that our youngest boys had not been privileged to enjoy the wild animals of Kruger Park. September is the best time to see game. We had to take the boys out of school, but Kruger Park is educational too, so we took Neal, Dale, and Gary with us for a few days. We felt confident that Don and Brian would be just fine, going to school and getting some of their own meals, so we relaxed and began to enjoy the trip. We saw a lot of game and felt it special to see a herd of 3,000 buffalo cross the road not far ahead of the car. However, Gary began to run a fever, and without doctors in Kruger Park, all I could do was give him aspirins. By the time we arrived home, he had a full-fledged case of tonsillitis.

SIX STEPS FROM DEATH

We arrived back in Pretoria to find that there had been some upset in the home, that a rather serious problem had developed in the church, and worst of all, we got the news that the prisoner whom John had been working with was to be hanged in three days. The man's plea of temporary insanity had been turned down, and now "justice" was to be done. He had never denied his guilt. He expressed to John that he had repented of his wrong. God is the judge. It was a terrible ordeal for John to have to be there until a few seconds before the hanging took place behind closed doors, and to have to return a few hours later and conduct the funeral.

John had had only a few experiences with prison inmates, particularly because in South Africa, regulations permitted a minister to work only with prisoners of his own church or denomination. This, therefore, was one of the deepest experiences of his entire ministry. I quote from the article he wrote afterward:

"The full moon hung at a forty-five degree angle in the pre-dawn of the western sky. Earlier in the evening it could have been called a lovers' moon, but on this occasion such thoughts were furthest from my mind. Mine was a mission concerned with death. Church Street, reputed to be the longest straight street in the world, at this early hour of 4:40, was lined with the cars of the sleeping flat tenants, only the occasional early riser's lights meeting my own as I drove slowly, not relishing in the least the arrival of the end of the journey. For I was going to spend one-half

hour with a man - his last half hour on earth - doomed to die at 5:30 sharp.

"The sleepless hours of two nights – the two nights since I had learned the hour of his scheduled death - had preceded this slow journey toward Church Square. Obediently I observed every red light, trying to delay the inevitable, turned up Paul Kruger Street to Visagie, right to Potgieter, left under the railway overpass, past the awaiting-trial prison and into the Prisons Department grounds. Even the slow trip had gotten me there some ten minutes before five. Should I go on up? Yes. The prayers of innumerable saints who knew of mine, as well as his ordeal, began to be effective. Courage to face a most distasteful - and yet most humbling and rewarding experience flowed through my being. God for those righteous men whose effectual fervent prayers availeth much in that dark hour.

"Not only in me. He met me at the cell door with a smile on his face . . . He showed me the hand-written programme he desired to follow in the few minutes allotted us. First the song, 'We are Going Down the Valley.' Then, in more cheerful vein — showing, I thought, his faith in his own spiritual condition — 'In the Morning of Joy!' He wanted to read the 23rd Psalm, but the single dim light in the high ceiling did not shed enough light for him to see, so I read it for him. I led in a prayer, and then I asked if we could sing 'When Peace Like a River.' A smile

lit his face – he welcomed it. As usual, I started on the melody and he the bass — as we had done dozens of songs during the months I had been visiting him - but midway through the first stanza he switched over to the melody. I thought I understood, so I immediately started on the bass part. Through a strange chance the remembrance flitted through my mind of the occasion when my own father lay dying, having lost his right mind through his physical infirmities, and we had sung for a good hour the hymns of past vears - he and I switched back and forth from melody to bass, from bass to melody. But now I was in a death cell singing with one condemned . . . As his voice came forth . . . sweet and clear. I thought, 'He does believe that it is well with his soul!'

"That song finished, he himself led in prayer in which he thanked God for all that the Christians over the land had done for him and asked his final forgiveness for sin in his life. We then sang, 'Be With Me, Lord' to conclude the service. He said, 'John, I'm nervous, but I'm not afraid.' He had time to express his appreciation for what I had been able to do for him, drink a cup of coffee, and then 'they' were at the door . . . A shake of the hands and a final farewell on this side, a smile and a handshake for each of the warders, then his hands handcuffed behind him and the cloth placed on his face. I, six paces from that door, watched as they turned toward

it and began to open it. I turned away. My job was done. I could do no more. Outside the cell in the steel-grated concourse, I bowed my head for I knew that he was already dead — three seconds, I had been told, once the door in the wall was shut. Mercifully swift, at least.

"Stepping to the office, where, forty minutes before, I had 'signed in' and must now 'sign out' for the last time, I found an elderly African minister of a denomination who had come on just such an errand for one of his flock as I had. He asked, 'Did your man admit his guilt?' I said, 'Oh yes' . . . He said, 'My man still maintained his innocence. It is a very hard case.' Then I realized how easy 'my man' had made it for me by his faith and courage up until the very end . . .

"... 'my man' took upon himself the full responsibility. But he also told me, 'John, I have learned the lesson of love. Love for God and for fellow man. Had I learned that lesson a long time ago, I would not now find myself where I am'."

There have been those who have expressed serious doubts as to the sincerity of the man who so died. There was the couple who doubted that God could forgive the sin of murder. There were some who asked us, "What do you think has happened to this man?" Our only answer then and now is from the Bible, one of the best scriptures being II Timothy 4:1 which speaks of Christ Jesus

being the judge of the living and the dead, and 4:8 which speaks of God the *righteous* judge.

As for the living after the time of this tragic incident, we can remark that it was a time of tremendous spiritual growth for John, a time of drawing very near to the Lord for all of us who had any connection with the prisoner, a time to return thanks to God for His love and mercy which had kept others of us from slipping into lives of sin which could very well have led us down the same paths, had we been exposed to similar situations in our own lives.

UPS AND DOWNS

Every congregation will have a certain number of people who fall away from the faith, and even the occasional one who gets into serious trouble, either with the law or in personal relationships. Often a missionary would rather leave out the sad cases when reporting on his work. He would rather wipe them out from his own memory, and he would rather send only the good news to those who support him. Yet the stories are incomplete if the "failures," at least a few of them, are not recorded. If we dwell on failures, we may be accused of negative thinking, but we need to mention a few instances to illustrate the reasons why churches fail to grow.

Due to a chain of circumstances having to do with people moving from one city to another, we had several families move into the church in Pretoria. Some of them had become backsliders at other places and had come to us for a new beginning. Of these, some had never been what we ordinarily call strong members. One family had been in a Spiritualist movement, were with us for a while,

then returned to the Spiritualists. Several families who became members of the church of Christ retained very strong ties with the Afrikaans community and found it difficult to be with an "English church," their national ties being stronger than their faith. For a while they were with us, then returned to where they had been before.

There was a lady who had been a member of the Seventh-Day Adventists who became convinced that the Sabbath was not meant to be kept in New Testament times. She was baptized in cold water on a shivery winter night, and soon afterward, she brought several of her married children, of whom a few were also baptized. When we learned that one of the daughters was about to be divorced, John pleaded with the mother to use her influence to discourage it. When the lady asked why, he explained to her the Bible teaching on the subject. The upshot of the matter was that she herself had been divorced and remarried as had several of her children. She had even encouraged some of them in their divorce suits. In great haste, they all departed from the church without hearing any more in the matter.

Then there is the sad story of the two young brothers from a broken home. They were baptized as a result of teaching received at a youth camp. We tried to help them through many ups and downs, being alternately encouraged and discouraged by their attitudes and activities. To make a long story short, both of them left the church, one to live just an average sort of life, the other to become involved in a series of escapades ending in his imprisonment for bank robbery. I taught these boys in Sunday School, and it gives me no pleasure to report

their story. Where did we miss it? We can only pray that there will yet be a happy ending to the tale.

There are always some who drift in and out of various churches, trying them out but never finding satisfaction. Some of these came our way. "We have been looking everywhere for the right church, and now we think we have found it," they would say. Sometimes there was the genuine seeker after truth, but more often, these people proved to be disgruntled individuals who would never be happy anywhere, perhaps because, instead of seeking the truth and following it, they were seeking a church that taught what they liked to believe. Many long hours were spent with some of these folks to sort out the seekers from the drifters and discontent.

Before the end of 1964, however, John was able to write to his family that there had been an encouraging upturn in the work in Pretoria. Several backsliders had returned to the fold. Our spirits were boosted, too, by the plans for starting the Southern Africa Bible School in Benoni. Classes were to begin in early 1965. More about SABS in another chapter.

1965 was quickly approaching with plans for another Vacation Bible School, to be the last one we would work with in Pretoria. Kent was well established in David Lipscomb College, Don was ready for his last year of high school. That January, John and I made a trip to Vendaland where I had my first experience in teaching rural black women and children. The children's class was held under a large mango tree, and being the height of the mango season, the ripe fruit would occasionally fall, causing a rustle of leaves, and the children would look up to see

the building; Church Street was becoming more heavily traveled and noisy; and the old house was deteriorating so rapidly as to become a liability. All things considered, it was decided to sell that property and move to another part of the city. Property zoned for church buildings was difficult to obtain, but eventually a plot was secured in the new suburb of Ashleigh Gardens. A modest building was erected, and the members pitched in and did much of the finishing work themselves.

The least desirable feature of the Ashleigh Gardens building is its location, far out to one side of the city. Many members have to travel great distances to attend the services. At about the same time that the building was completed, the world oil crisis hit, petrol became scarce, and prices sky-rocketed. It became a test of the faith of some, and a strain on their pocketbooks, to travel several times a week to partake in church activities. If there had been a home for the preacher in the immediate area, or if there had been some members able to move into that suburb to create a local nucleus, the task might have been easier, but it has been next to impossible to reach out to the residents in the vicinity. The building was opened on March 20, 1971, ten years after the opening of the first one in Church Street.

Pretoria lost two of its old soldiers of the cross within two days of each other. Hank Pieterse, who had had one foot amputated before 1960, was further stricken with the circulatory disease. He was buried with full military honors at Voortrekkerhoogte on April 29, 1970. He was a sergeant in the permanent forces. On May 1, we laid to rest "Papa Bill" LeGassick. Underneath Papa

Bill's brusque and forthright manner was a loving and sincere man, living still in the devoted lives of his faithful grandchildren: Shirley van der Spuy, Gordon Uys, and Hettie Gerber and their children.

Bob and Shirley Cannon were loving, caring people whose fellowship we valued highly. Before they came to South Africa from the Los Angeles area, they had been friends with Pat and Shirley Boone. The Boone family's move away from the church of Christ to the charismatic movement is well known all over the western world. After the Cannons left South Africa in 1971, they followed in the Boones' footsteps and are no longer in our fellowship.

Two SABS students, Tony Sofianos and Johan Smulders, assisted in Pretoria for a while. When Tony dropped out of that work, Johan continued until his graduation at the end of 1972. Clive Biggs preached from July 1972 to July 1973, and Roy Lothian from January 1975 to March 1976. The men of the congregation did their best to fill the gaps between these dates. In April, 1976, Phil Theron began to carry the main burden of preaching, and in July of that year, John Hardin had the joy of helping to ordain three elders: Nic Dekker, Dennis Marran, and Fred Pretorius. After about a year, Nic was transferred to another city, Dennis resigned, and Fred had to step down in recognition of the Biblical principle of plurality of elders.

Among the many men who filled the pulpit from time to time were Izak Theron, Jerry Hogg, Fred Bergh, Vince Hunt, Eric Bressler, and Hendrik Botes, and also assisting when needed were Fred Pretorius, Andrew Venter, Danny Sullivan, Koos van Staden, and perhaps some others whom we have overlooked. Eric Bressler was at one time considered as a permanent man, but he found it necessary to move to Cape Town for the sake of his daughter who needed to attend a special school.

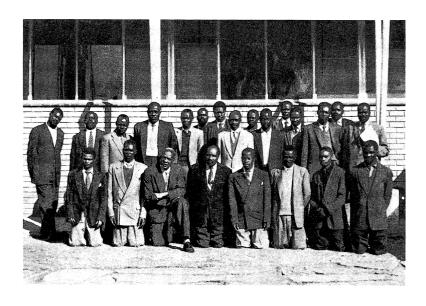
In October, 1981, Jerry D'Alton began to work with the Pretoria congregation on a part-time basis, and from the first of August, 1983, he became their regular man in the pulpit. The population of Pretoria is predominantly Afrikaans, so it is good to have fully bilingual preachers. Brother D'Alton is capable of preaching in either English or Afrikaans. As it was explained to me in a letter from Dinky Pretorius, there was a family from England that "just happened" to start visiting the services, so Jerry preached mostly in English for a while, and the man was baptized. Then an Afrikaans family "just happened" to start attending services, so Jerry's main preaching for a while was in Afrikaans. Most of the Pretoria members are able to understand sermons in either language, but it is an asset for a preacher to be able to explain the scriptures in whatever language is best understood.

Having lived and labored in Pretoria for five years, I am happy to hear and be able to report that Jerry D'Alton has been putting the members of the church to work. After all the ups and downs that Pretoria has experienced, perhaps they can take heart from the story in Nehemiah where the wall of Jerusalem was rebuilt against great odds "because the people had a mind to work" (Neh. 4:6).

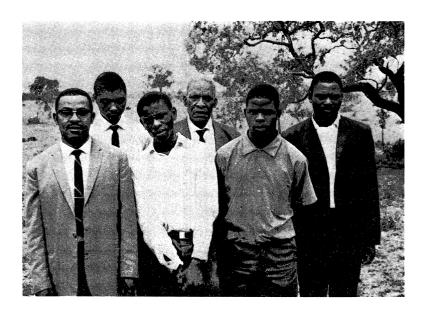


- 24. Formal opening of the 600-seat auditorium of the Benoni church, Arthur Engelbrecht cutting the ribbon while Al Horne looks on.
- 25. Congregation attending the opening service of the new Benoni building.





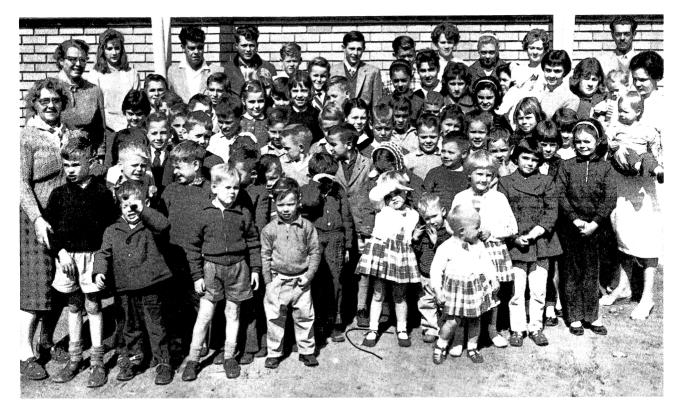
28. Preacher training for black church workers of the Reef area, short course, 1962. 29. A group of workers at an encampment for black teenagers. John Manape, preacher for the black church in Atteridgeville, Pretoria, is at center, rear. Bro. Manape began his full-time work in 1951, and died at about 100 years of age in 1984.





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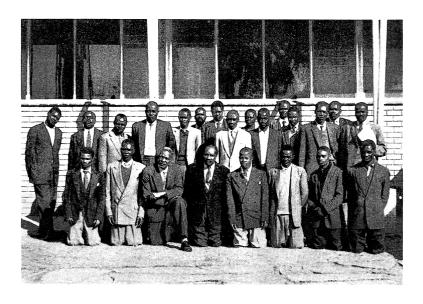




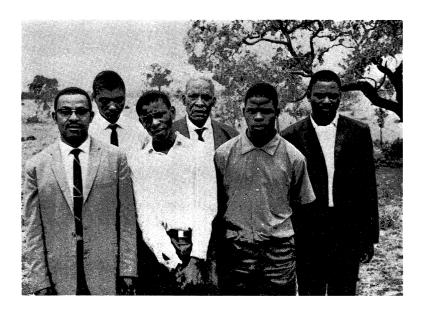
26. A Vacation Bible School group in Pretoria in 1963.



27. VBS teachers take a refreshment break, Pretoria, 1964.



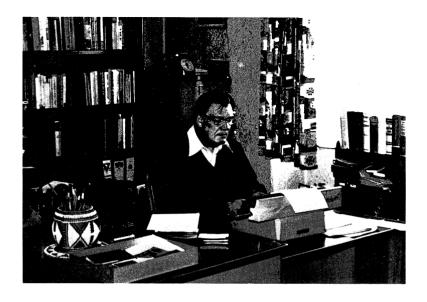
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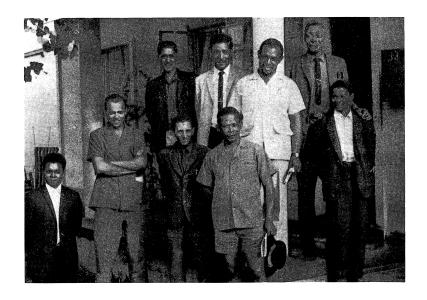
- 30. Joe Watson presents diplomas to SABS graduate Allan Kriger. Also shown are Colin Kauffman and Johan Smulders.
- 31. The Peugeot, purchased by the church at 29th and South Yale, Tulsa, on the way to a black area in northeastern Transvaal. This vehicle had 98,000 miles put on it in the Lord's work.





- 32. John Hardin in his office at 4 Whitehouse Ave., Farrarmere, Benoni. He spent many long hours typing and duplicating teaching material for all races.
- 33. A group of Reef colored Christians, relaxing after a Saturday afternoon Bible study, in Noordgesig.





- 34. Colored Christians on the Reef near Johannesburg.
- 35. Colored Christians after a leadership training class. Jerry Hogg at the far right.





- 36. The little group of colored Christians that meets in the garage-meeting hall on the property of Bro. Walter Paul, one of the earliest converts in the Johannesburg area.
- 37. A group of colored Christians in the home of one of the members, Westcol.





- 38. Leaders and preachers of several black churches in the Johannesburg area, meeting at Mzimhlope, 1968.
- 39. Sunday services in a school room, Daveyton, Benoni. Such school room scenes are typical of dozens of meeting places for black congregations all over South Africa.





- 40. Four black ladies in Daveyton, Benoni. I taught them how to teach Sunday school, and had the assistance of Simon Magagula, who interpreted for me.
- 41. A group of villagers gather to hear the preaching being done with the aid of a loud hailer.



The Anti Problem

It is regrettable that it is necessary to record the less pleasant aspects of a missionary work. It is sad that divi-"Divide and conquer" is a military strategy sions occur. that Satan uses with devastating results. Paul warned against it in I Corinthians 1:10 and in Romans 16:17. He instructed that those who cause division should be marked and avoided. For some years there had been members of the church who became known as "anti's," because they were "anti" certain practices that had been generally accepted in churches of Christ. Some believed that orphans should be cared for only in individual Christian homes not in orphans' homes. Others believed that because of church autonomy, no two congregations could pool their funds in order to send a lump sum to a missionary, but that each congregation must send directly to the recipient. There were those who believed it a sinful practice for a church to send money from its treasury to a Christian college, or in fact even to call a college "Christian." Then came the move to Galatians 6:10 which says to "do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." The "anti" position is that good done to those not of the household of faith cannot come in the form of money from the church treasury. It can only come directly from the purses and pockets of individual members.

One's stand on such subjects needs to be kept in the realm of opinion, and as long as it remains there, no division will occur. Division occurs when someone begins to press

one or more of such "issues," saying that someone else sins by believing and acting differently from himself. Pressure builds into the formation of little groups of people who hold to their opinions so strongly that they draw apart and label as "liberal" those who do not believe as they do. It was this sort of action that led to a splinter movement in the states in the 50's.

In South Africa, we had been so naive as to believe that the "anti" movement would not affect us. It was about 1960 that we began to feel disturbed about the problem. Carl McCullough had not preached the issues from the pulpit, but he had privately influenced several of the members, particularly Gavin duToit who attended Florida College (an "anti" institution), and returned to start an "anti" church in Brakpan.

In the early 1960's, Ray Votaw showed himself to be more strongly "anti" than before, and he was soon joined by Gene Tope who by then was in Krugersdorp. Ray and Gene drew away members from other congregations and many were becoming disturbed.

Among the South African people they influenced were Piet Joubert who established his own congregation in Durban and keeps very much to himself with that group; Roy Lothian, who later left the "anti" group, attended SABS, and preached for a while in Pretoria; Basil Cass, who worked with Gene Tope in Turffontein and in Krugersdorp; and others who to my knowledge, became so thoroughly confused that they have left the church altogether. Andy deKlerk of Pretoria attended Florida college and returned to South Africa with "anti" leanings which he did not press at first. He preached in

Port Elizabeth for a while, and during that time, we heard that "anti" brethren in America warned him that he would be sinning if he asked one of our "non-anti" brethren to hold a gospel meeting for that congregation. Andy deKlerk returned to Florida for further studies and became a fullfledged "anti." Leonard Gray and Charlie Tutor assisted Andy Jooste for many months, teaching the congregation what we believe to be the correct approach to the scriptures involved. When deKlerk was ready to return to Port Elizabeth, he was informed that he was not welcome to return to the Pickering Street congregation. He avowed that he would return whether or not he was wanted, and then started a new little group together with some of his personal followers. They built a building not far from the Pickering Street one, and for several years they continued to meet there. Eventually, their efforts played out, their building was sold, and many of the members returned to the old group in Pickering Street, while other discouraged ones simply drifted away.

The arrival of Joe Watson to work with the Pickering Street congregation in late 1965 was a tremendous unifying force for the Lord's church, and it was possible for a period of peace to reign within the membership there.

By early 1965, the movement on the Reef had so escalated that there were alarming symptoms of division in the very midst of several congregations. Something had to happen to prevent utter chaos. It became obvious that a public discussion needed to be held, with both sides having equal opportunity to put forward their beliefs.

James Judd, then of Rhodesia, had once espoused the "anti" beliefs but had studied himself out of them, so he

knew the issues well. Ray Votaw was the most "vocal" of the "anti" people, so it was decided that those two should be the speakers. In March, 1965, the discussion was held at the Benoni church building. At the beginning of the evening, the followers of Votaw and the followers of Judd gravitated to the two sides of the building according to whom they believed. Lowell Worthington reminded me recently that 70% or so were on Votaw's side of the building. During an interval when the audience stretched their legs and went outside, a move to the opposite side took place - when the audience returned to seats, there were more on the Judd side. Then brother Judd told a story about a boat being operated on the great Lake Nyasa. He had operated such a boat, bought with church money, so he asked the audience to suppose that he was in it when a wind storm arose, capsizing a boat nearby, spilling its passengers into the water. According to the "anti" interpretation of Gal. 6:10, he would have to go over to the struggling people and ask them if they were members of the church of Christ. If the answer was "no." he would have to say, "Sorry, can't help you," and let them drown. With that, others from the Votaw side of the auditorium arose and moved over to the Judd side, and according to brother Worthington, only a few remained with Votaw

Tex Williams then asked Votaw if he was going to continue to preach the "anti" doctrines. The answer was "Yes." Then he asked if Votaw was going to continue even if it meant dividing the church. The answer was still "Yes." It was time, then, to act according to Romans 16:17, mark those that caused division and avoid them.

Lowell Worthington also reported that at one time it was arranged that he and Ray Votaw would discuss the issues at one of the black congregations in Soweto — they had also been disturbed by Ray's teachings. The meeting began with the "anti" side of the issues being presented, but Lowell was not permitted by them ever to take the floor.

People who are moving into the work of the churches in various places in South Africa need to be aware of the "anti" problem. At the time of this writing, it still exists. We do not advocate ugly warfare and open wrangling. Constant awareness is necessary. It may even be said of our attitude that we need to "be sober, be watchful, for your adversary, the devil, goeth about, as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." False doctrine and division can cause us to become the "lion's" victims.

Among black churches, Paul Williams has done much to spread "anti-ism." One congregation in Vendaland has been totally drawn away through his teachings. A second one was nearly taken over, but our faithful black brethren persuaded them that it was not right. Some "anti" people, I'm not sure who, have told an untruth to the Venda-speaking congregation in Soweto, namely Tshiawelo, that there is no longer any division between the "anti's" and ourselves, and that it is all right for them all to be together. Would that this were so! Would that those in error had returned from their divisive ways!

Preacher Training Schools

SOUTHERN AFRICA BIBLE SCHOOL

A missionary's real goal is to work himself out of a job. This never really happens, but it is the ultimate aim. He is eager to see the day when local people will be capable of taking over the work of the church. In a new mission field, this goal may be far in the future, but he will realize that there may be three steps in the process. First, he and his fellow-missionaries will be doing all of the preaching and teaching. Second, as capable men are converted, the missionary may find it expedient to send some of them to existing colleges in the United States with the intent that they should return and minister to their own people. The third step is the provision of training schools in the mission field itself. It may take vears to reach step three. In most instances, it would be better if step two could be eliminated. In South Africa, it was almost 15 years from the time that Caskey, Miller, Echols, and Hardin first entered the country and started the work in Johannesburg until Southern Africa Bible School convened its first classes. It was Eldred Echols and Al Horne whom Eldred had converted in Port Elizabeth in late 1952 who now re-entered South Africa and opened up the doors for future preachers to be trained in Benoni. The two men had worked together in a preacher training school in Tanganyika so they had considerable experience behind them.

The beginning of SABS was a wonderful accomplish-

ment and cause for much thanksgiving. From the time that South African men began to go to America for training in the early 1950's, we had seen a number who never returned. Although statistics never tell the whole story, a quick look at a few figures reveals the following: before the opening of SABS, about 20 South African men went to various Christian colleges in America, of whom 7 are faithfully serving in their home country, or 35%. Out of 14 others who went to America after SABS had been established, about 43% returned. Of the 49 men who had graduated from SABS by 1982, there were, one year later, 41 serving either as full-time ministers, part-time ministers, Bible school teachers (Manzini and SABS), or good, useful, working members of congregations all over the country. Among the graduates are two who are elders and at least one deacon. (There would be more, but few congregations as yet have elders and deacons at all). One of the SABS graduates, originally a Texan, is now preaching in a large church in his home state; one is an Irishman who is preaching in Canada, one is a Portuguese who has returned to his homeland to preach; one is preaching full-time in Missouri: and one other who is out of fellowship is overseas.

About 23 men have attended SABS but have not finished all the courses. Thirty percent or so of that number, including my son, Neal, completed a good amount of the work while some others attended for shorter times. By the end of 1982, 40 female students had attended SABS, anywhere from half a year to nearly 3 years. None have actually finished all the courses, but two-year certificates have been earned by several. Although girls will not be preachers, many of them are or will be preachers' wives.

They are permitted to take any of the courses they wish, and the girls have taken a great variety of selections from the curriculum, even the Hebrew and Greek. In addition to the men's courses, there are courses for girls in the homemaking skills, and wives of students are required to take the courses in being better wives and mothers, particularly as pertains to wives of preachers.

As one would expect, SABS began small and was slow getting off the ground. Of necessity, it was limited to white students, except for one older black man who attended during 1982 and 1983. (The future may see more mixing of the races in the school. In the meanwhile, there are other provisions for non-white students, described later in this chapter).

A school such as SABS was new and different in Southern Africa. It could offer no degree. It could not promise its graduates any pulpits to fill after graduation, nor would it serve as an employment agency to place men in pulpits. It had little money and no property, no building. The first classes were held in a large class room of the Benoni church, some in the day, some at night. When this proved to be unsatisfactory, the classes were moved to the personal study of Eldred Echols. Classes were very small, the teaching almost on a personal basis.

In 1967, a small-holding of 6 acres with two old houses was purchased in Cloverdene, just outside of Benoni. Married students lived in the houses, with the living room of one being used for a class room. Other classes were held in a room which had once been servants' quarters; on a log under a chestnut tree; and on cold days, in a car warmed by the sun. So it was a great day in

October, 1971, when a building was completed with ample class room space, a library, offices and a kitchen. As this is being written, we have a report of 40 students in the present facility — a full house. If more students enroll, the building will have to be enlarged. What a wonderful problem to have!

SABS was first sponsored by the Garland Road church (now called Highland Oaks) in Dallas, then for a brief period by Richland Hills in Fort Worth. At the time of writing, the complete oversight of the school is carried by the eldership of the Memorial Church of Christ in Houston, Texas. They are also the principal financially supporting congregation with American individual Christians as well as congregations assisting in the program. On at least three occasions, elders from Memorial have visited the school.

Since 1973, Joe and Polly Watson, who worked at times in Port Elizabeth, Uganda, and Benoni, have traveled in the interest of SABS. They have numerous slides and a 16mm movie, one or both of which they have used at least 466 times in 10 years. In addition to showing the films and speaking about SABS for congregations who request it, they set up booths at most of the major lectureships and workshops across the southern states; part of the display in the booth is a continuous slide showing. Literature concerning SABS is handed out, and Joe and Polly are always ready to tell enquirers all about it. Joe says he would call his work "information sharing" rather than "fund-raising." He does not pressure anyone into giving large sums, but informs them of the work and tells them how they can help if they so wish. To keep SABS in the

public eye in America, he distributes a periodical called "Southern Africa Connection," with news, updates, and interesting highlights from month to month.

South African Christians contribute substantially to the support of SABS, both as individuals and as congregations. They do so freely because the entire curriculum is Bible or Bible-related. Most of this support is pledged at lectureship time each year.

As long as SABS has resources available, bursaries are given to those men who apply. Those who are needy and lack funds for school are first in line, and those who can support themselves are not eligible for assistance.

Full-time teachers through the years have been Al Horne, Eldred Echols, Des Steyn, Mel Sheasby, and Les Massey. Part-time men have been Jerry Hogg, Bill Bryan, John Reese, Jerry D'Alton, Manuel d'Oliveira, Craig Ross, Andre Landman, Sam Wishart, Ernie McDaniel, Arthur Engelbrecht, Robert Bothma, Jerry Hayes, Jim Petty, John Hardin, Bob Cannon, and Clive Biggs. Women who have taught on a part-time basis are Donna Horne, Lois Sheasby, Lisa Steyn, Bessie Hardin, Jane Echols, Beth Reese, Kay Petty, Kay Hayes, and Veronique Hirst.

The curriculum ranks high in academic quality, including Greek and Hebrew courses that extend through the entire three years. There are in-depth studies of all of the Bible and survey courses in Old and New Testaments. Other courses are Bible Geography, Personal Evangelism, the New Testament Church, Homiletics, Church History, Denominational Doctrines, The Preacher and His Work, Christian Evidences, Systematic Theology, Principles of

Teaching, Church Growth, Biblical Archaeology, Christian Communications, Hermeneutics, Pastoral Counseling, Writings, the Educational Program of the Church, and Youth Ministry. Third year students choose between Languages and Educational courses.

The work of SABS is not accredited by universities in South Africa, but it is possible for students to take courses from Unisa, by correspondence. Some students have done a certain amount of this at the same time as they are doing similar courses at SABS, while others have done the Unisa work at later dates. It is possible this way to obtain a Bachelor's degree.

In 1976, through the efforts of Al Horne, Abilene Christian University agreed to give credit to SABS graduates for most of the work completed there, making it possible for a diligent student to obtain a degree in 12 to 18 months. Some who have done so are Des Steyn, Mel Sheasby, and Peter Mostert. A general tightening up of certain rulings and some change in policy may make it more difficult for future prospective students entering ACU from SABS, but there will likely be good opportunities still available.

Following is a list of graduates of SABS through 1981: (those rendering faithful service in some capacity are so noted).

1969

Clive Biggs, George, C. P. Teacher Les Massey, Mesquite, Texas, Preacher Gordon Uys, Durban, Pulpit Minister Jim Byrne, Dublin, Ireland

1970

Dave Rodger, Boksburg, Preacher Izak Theron

1971

Kenny Hunt, Benoni, Deacon, High School Teacher (Colored work, Johannesburg area)

1972

Colin Kauffman, Pietermaritzburg, Assists preacher. (Formerly Port Elizabeth)

Allan Kriger, Manzini Bible School, Swaziland Bible School Teacher (Deceased, 1984)

1973

Vince Hunt, Benoni, Elder, SABS Office Manager

1974

Roy Lothian, Pretoria (Preached full-time for a while), Secular job

Greg Wood, Pinetown, Preacher. Formerly Windhoek, SWA

1975

Eddie Baartman Kimberley, Preacher Manuel D'Oliveira, Portuguese Bible Translator, (formerly at Manzini, Swaziland; Lisbon, Portugal) Bev Hirst, Benoni member, Secular work Eamonn Morgan, Canada, Preacher Basil van As, Alberton church. Secular work.

1976

Paul Brady, Pinetown, Assistant Preacher Robin Dennill, Turffontein member, Secular work Frank Malherbe, Turffontein Minister, Self-supporting Chris Savides, Butterworth Errol Williams, Mutari, Zimbabwe, Minister

1977

Chris Burke, Secular job, Zimbabwe Maurice Charlton, Missionary to Zululand, (Lives in Empangeni)

Nigel Hausberger, Assists Weltevreden Park Church Peter Mostert, Missionary to Blacks, (Lives in Benoni) Brian Simpson, Benoni

Marcelle van der Spuy, Missouri, U. S. Preacher

1978

Reg Branford, Durban, Personal Evangelism Keith Minaar, Benoni member Mel Sheasby, SABS Lecturer, Benoni Elder Kerr Sloan, George, Minister Des Steyn, SABS Lecturer

1979

Angus Gordon, East London Church, Secular work Dave Savides, Bellville, Minister Dick van Dyke, Swaziland Bible School Clive Watkins, Benoni member, Secular work Sam Wishart, Springs, Assists Minister, High School Teacher

1980

Eric Bresler, Cape Town member, Secular work Andrew Dumbriss, Pietermaritzburg, Preacher Andrew Landman, Benoni, Afrikaans Preacher, Parttime at SABS

Craig Ross, Benoni Youth work, Part-time Teacher at SABS

Andrew Williams, Uitenhage member, Secular work

1981

Alick Burger, East London, Secular work
Jeff Kenee, Uitenhage Assistant, Secular work
Colin McKay, Military Service period, Southwest
Africa
Johan Snyman, Goodwood, Minister

Dick Waldie, Manzini Bible School, Swaziland

In 1983, John Graham graduated from SABS and is presently preaching in East London. Patrick Kenee, Derrick Bam, and Rod Calder, also 1983 graduates, are working on degrees at ACU in Abilene, Texas.

This is not a directory. There will be changes and additions very soon, some of them before this book can be printed. The list serves to demonstrate what has been and is being accomplished at SABS. It can be seen that some graduates are not filling pulpits or otherwise engaged in full-time church work. At present, there are not enough "pulpits" to go around, but most of the graduates are involved in the work of the church wherever they are. Some are in places where the church today is small and weak but may some day become strong and require a full-time

minister. It is anticipated that former graduates will eventually fill such pulpits.

The publication, "Southern Africa Connection" for June, 1983, features a section which points up the extent of SABS as to length of time, growth, popularity, and stability. The opening statement is as follows: "Now that Southern Africa Bible School has been in operation for eighteen full years, a few father-son (or daughter) teams have entered the school." Note these: Gordon Uys and son Craig; Vince and Kenny Hunt; Maurice and Stephen Charlton; Mel and Paul Sheasby; Sam and Rozanne Wishart. The Horne's three daughters have all attended the school, and there are several families who have had at least two in SABS.

Accreditation of SABS has some distinct benefits in addition to scholastic advantages: it allows a student to receive military exemption until SABS training is complete, and it is hoped that in the future it could mean some tax relief.

There are numerous opportunities for SABS students to make practical application of their training and practice their skills as they go along. Students sometimes travel as a group to a city or area for the purpose of evangelistic outreach, to knock on doors, invite people to special services, and offer to teach home Bible studies or set up studies to be done by local personnel. Students are frequently used to assist in preaching and teaching programs wherever possible.

Study at SABS has become so popular with Christian girls that a girls' dormitory was set up in a large residence in 1982. Edythe Cowan from the Richland Hills

church in Ft. Worth served as the first dorm mother, followed by Rhona Menage. A great deal of concentrated Bible study is done by the girls, and there are some who have obtained their Mrs. degree — what better place for a Christian girl to find the ideal husband!

MANZINI BIBLE SCHOOL - SWAZILAND

With a combination of uncommon foresight, boundless zeal for the Lord's work, and a spirit of pioneer adventure, Eldred Echols has always been ready to make the next step. With the Tanganyika Bible School well under way, Eldred was thinking of what else should be undertaken. As early as 1960, he and Al Horne made a trip from Tanganyika to investigate the possibilities of opening up a training school for native preachers in Swaziland. It was an ideal time, for the borders between Swaziland and South Africa were completely open to people of all races so that blacks could travel back and forth without hindrance, and it was thought that South African blacks who wished to train as preachers could do just that.

The account that Eldred wrote of the trip is worthy of being quoted — it illustrates not only his and Al's spirit, but more importantly, the guidance of God in an unusual way:

"We left Tanganyika for Swaziland . . . with barely enough money to pay for food, lodging and gasoline for the trip. If any mishap occurred involving a major expediture, the trip would be ended then and there. However, the trip went off smoothly enough with only minor troubles. We were told in Rhodesia that the South African government

might require us to deposit a large sum of money on our car at the border, and we were somewhat apprehensive about that. We would just have to try to get through, as we had come too far to go back. As it happened, there was no problem at all. The young man at the customs window simply took down the particulars from the registration book and waved us on.

"We found the brethren in South Africa very enthusiastic about the possibilities of a school in Swaziland and willing to assist in any way possible. Thus encouraged, we talked with government officials in Mbabane, the capital of Swaziland, and investigated a number of possible sites for locating the Bible School. We eventually settled on a riverside location between the two largest towns of the country and took an option to buy the land, intending to move there as soon as replacements could be found for us in the Tanganyika work. We headed back for East Africa, well pleased with the way everything had worked out.

"When we arrived back at the South-Rhodesia customs post, the official asked for our receipt for the money we had deposited on the car. We looked blank. 'Don't tell me you didn't make a deposit!' he exclaimed in astonishment. 'We didn't,' we confessed. 'What customs officer let you through?' he demanded. 'A young man with blond hair,' we replied. 'Now that could be,' he nodded his head. 'That was his first day at this post and he probably didn't know that East African cars require a deposit.

You were just lucky you got that particular man. Any other officer would have charged you about 300 pounds (840 dollars).'

"We left South Africa with the deep conviction that the Lord had a special interest in a work being started in Swaziland. At this writing (it was then 1966), it does not yet appear what His plans are. Al Horne and I are now in South Africa, teaching in Bible training schools for both white and native preachers. Shortly after we had bought the property in Swaziland, the South African government lifted their restrictions against our operating a Bible School in this country. So future plans for Swaziland are still locked up in the heart of God . . ."

The period between the acquisition of the Swaziland property and the move of Hornes and Echols to South Africa was a waiting time for that project. In the interim, in conference with Tex Williams and John Hardin, it was decided that it would be better first to establish a training school for white men in South Africa proper. Then, within a short time, it would be possible to train a number of men who could move on to establish other works, including a school in Swaziland. If anyone thought this was a ploy to divert the capabilities of Echols and Horne from black to white emphasis, such suspicions have long since been dissipated. The plan has worked exactly as set forth.

The first man to go to Swaziland to do some building and begin to lay the groundwork for the Manzini Bible

School was Nic Dekker. Nic spent a year at SABS and then moved to Swaziland in late 1966. He was first joined by the Jesse Browns who had considerable experience in mission work in Rhodesia, and later by the Shorty Winfields, newly graduated from Sunset School of Preaching. Near the mission property were the Figuerido family whose son, Mickey was converted and attended college in the U. S., married an American girl, Ann, and returned to assist at the Manzini school. When Dekkers, Browns, and Winfields moved away, there was considerable turn-over in personnel. The Jim Byrnes, the Manuel d'Oliveiras, the Chris Savides', the Andrew Williams', the Andrew Dumbris', the Dick Waldies, the Dick van Dykes, and the Maurice Charltons, all from SABS, spent varying lengths of time in the program.

In mid-1983, Allan Kriger, another SABS graduate who spent many years in the Vendaland Bible School, moved to Swaziland. Of all the South African men who have been involved in the Manzini school, Allan had the most years of work with the black people, and it was hoped that his experience and his love of that work would stand him in good stead in Swaziland. Allan died in 1984.

The course of study is two years, with English and Seswati being used equally as media of instruction. In addition to white teachers, brother David Macubu and brother Samson Shandu have taught. Samson is still with the school. Students have come from South Africa, Botswana, Lesotho, Zambia, and Mozambique as well as from Swaziland. In 1983, one colored student, a Swaziland citizen, was enrolled — the others are black. About 50 have been through the school, and about half of these are

preaching. A new education block has just been completed with 4 classrooms, office, library, and fellowship area.

After Eldred Echols had spent some time in Swaziland in mid-1983, he had these comments to make: "Politics have not affected the work. There is no threat of communism, and rioting and rebellion are remote possibilities. Swazi traditions affect the work more than any modern trends."

NATAL SCHOOL OF PREACHING

In January, 1969, the Natal School of Preaching at Pietermaritzburg was opened to black and colored students. There have been students from Botswana and Lesotho as well as from many parts of South Africa, but most of the men have been from the Zulu and Xhosa nations. The founding faculty were Ian Fair, Tex Williams, and Delbert McCloud. Other missionaries who have taught are Jan Mauck, Don Perry, Jack Mitchell, Milton Wilson, and Bill Tyson. Non-European brethren who have taught are Samson Peters and Joseph Maisela. By the end of 1983 there were 207 who had completed the two-year course, with 38 enrolled for the beginning of 1984.

In addition to the two-year course, some short courses have been conducted, for there are a good many men who, for financial reasons, job commitments, and otherwise, are unable to attend a school for extended periods. Subjects taught at the Natal school are: Textual studies of each book in the Bible, Beginning Greek, Ministry, Evangelism, Missionary Methods, Sound Doctrine, and the Church of Christ. A large library has been completed.

Support of varying amounts has been provided for full-time students, the money coming from churches in the states and in South Africa. A condition of enrollment has been that upon completion of the course, a student is to return to his home area to preach or otherwise assist in the churches. During their stay at the school, students have ample opportunity to make weekend trips of an evangelistic nature, together with some of the teachers. This is regarded as an extension of the classroom and provides experience in mission work.

Ian Fair reports that a good many men from the Natal School of Preaching have done a fine work, and he especially mentions the names of Samson Peters, Joseph Maisela, Richard Maxhayi, Garner Kentane, and David Phelane. This is particularly commendable because there is no way in which graduates of the school can be assured of support for preaching in their home lands.

Jack Mitchell is engaged in publicity and fund-raising for the Natal School in much the same way as Joe Watson is for SABS. Approximately half the year is spent in traveling in the states and during the other half, Jack is in Pietermaritzburg, actively working with the school staff.

VENDALAND SCHOOL OF PREACHING

The report on the Vendaland school has been included with the chapter on that little nation, especially because the work of the school and the work of the church were so tied together in the Hardin experience with them.

OTHER TRAINING

Numerous short-term schools, and schools conducted

weekly over periods of many months have been conducted in nearly every part of South Africa by the preachers at the various congregations. These are too numerous and widely scattered to be described here.

Kansas City

If bidding farewell to South Africa after almost 16 years was traumatic, finding a place to settle within reasonable distance of John's mother, with a position suited to John's abilities and the family's needs was equally so. This was no furlough. We needed to see our loved ones from Texas and Oklahoma to Minnesota and Kentucky, but we needed to be settled by September if the boys were to have a good year at school. Making the change to American schools would be difficult enough, but if the children had to enter after the opening date, they would be handicapped.

John still felt his lack of a college degree, and having been overseas during most of his full-time ministry, he was unknown to the churches in the U. S. The positions he had filled at Waxahachie and Altus before we went to Africa — full-time song leader, cum youth worker, cum jack-of-all-trades — was no longer offered by congregations. He began to feel like a square peg trying to fit into a round hole. He loved his mother, but his heart was in Africa, and he was unhappy about job-seeking.

Summer was nearing its end, with still no position. We were visiting my folks in Minnesota when we received a telephone call from Mom Hardin, saying that she had word of a congregation in Kansas City, Kansas, that was needing a minister, so we cut our visit short by a day or two and headed south. At the Kensington Park church we found that the ladies' Bible class was in full swing. They had had

their study and had shared a pot-luck lunch and were about to begin on their project of making cancer pads for the hospital. If they had been wondering what to do with the left-overs of the lunch, they had no problem — we made short work of them for we had not eaten since early breakfast. Arrangements were made over the phone for John to meet with the elders, and our family was provided with motel rooms.

Before we had a chance to get used to the idea of living in Kansas City, we were there! The church had a house for us, but we had not one stick of furniture, so we spent several days acquiring what we needed, putting the boys into school, and gradually settling down. Dale and Gary were in primary school, Brian and Neal in Junior High, and Don was a senior in High School. Kent, of course, was at David Lipscomb College in Nashville.

We all had "reverse culture shock." The school systems and subjects were so different. Integration rather than apartheid required adjusted thinking. After all, the boys had lived most of their lives in Africa, and John and I had become as much South African as American.

In October, after we had had a chance to become well settled in our home and work, John's mother came to visit for about 2 weeks. She told me then that she did not feel well and that she was a little bit disgusted with the doctor who kept telling her, "Mrs. Hardin, you can't expect to feel well all the time when you are 83." Most of the time during her visit, she seemed her old self and we had a good time. It was apple season, so we bought 2 bushels of apples for canning. Mom sat in a rocker near the television and peeled apples while I worked in the

kitchen to can them. Mom attended the ladies classes with me and endeared herself to those who sat around the quilting frame, stitching for the needy. The ladies even persuaded her to postpone her trip home to Ponca City for a day so that she could quilt with them once more.

John had to take Mom to the bus early one morning for the journey home. That was the last time we saw her. We heard soon afterward that she had the flu and was having a hard time getting over it. She went to stay at the home of a friend who waited on her hand and foot, but she did not improve. Bess, John's sister, took their mother to her home in Ft. Worth where she was diagnosed as having leukemia. We had heard nothing to alarm us however, and enjoyed having Kent come and spend Christmas with us. On the evening of December 30, we were invited to the home of brother Lyman, one of our elders, to have dinner with them. Shortly before the meal, we received word that Mom was very bad and for John to hurry there. John and Kent ate their meal hastily and drove toward Dallas-Ft. Worth, but they were too late to see Mom before she passed away.

Mom was ready to "go home." She had been a widow nearly 12 years, had lost a son, she was ill, and she was not afraid. Long before this, she wrote a poem about death in which she said that it was like a soft door in an old wall — she could easily pass through. Another time she wrote that she was ready for the death angel to come and rock her gently to sleep in his arms. She'd been a good woman, self-educated to a great degree. Born in a log cabin in the remote hills of Kentucky, she had become a dignified and refined lady. She was a faithful Christian,

much loved by many. Although she could and would "speak her mind" if the need arose, she was sweet and patient, loving, helpful, and kind. To her goes much of the credit for the sort of man her son John became, Burial was to be in Ponca City, the weather was cold and windy, and Dale had a touch of pneumonia so he stayed with Lymans while the rest of us went to the funeral.

Back home in Kansas City before the reopening of school in January, the boys began to ask if we were not going to go back to South Africa. Without hesitation, we answered in the affirmative. One thing bothered us — the Kensington Park people had felt that our coming had been an answer to their prayers, and we wondered how they would feel if we were to leave them after such a short time. They were very understanding, and it was decided that we would remain until the school year ended in late May.

By the time Don graduated from high school, he had a good job in a large department store, had substituted for the departmental manager a time or two, and wanted to remain there. He was not interested in college at the time, but his employer liked him and had arranged for him to take some night classes in business school. The year was 1966 and the United States was deeply involved in Vietnam. When Don was about to be drafted into the army, he decided to join the Marine Corps instead, for in that he saw some chance that he could select the branch of activity in which he would spend four years of youth. This turned out to be a good choice for he learned avionces and has used his electronics skills to this day.

Before we left Kansas City, connections had been

made for us to be supported in Africa by the church at 29th and South Yale in Tulsa, Oklahoma. One of its elders was Marvin McKissick, brother of our friend Joe McKissick, and Ronnie Milton, their preacher, had been in John's teenage group in Altus, Oklahoma, in 1948-49. The plan, then, was for us to stay for three or four months in Tulsa so as to become well acquainted with the people of the congregation. This was a good plan, for that congregation supported us fully for the next 12 years. The same church also supported Arthur Lovett in Johannesburg and two black preachers in Southern Rhodesia.

Until this time, the work of our missionaries had been primarily with white people, the work among other races being only as time allowed. We felt that it was high time that someone concentrate on working with black and colored people. We needed a home base from which to work and where the boys could be in school and also have the benefit of a good local congregation with its Bible classes and young people's activities. Having enjoyed our first stay in Benoni in the 50's, we chose to go there.

People in the states, unaware of South African living conditions, asked us why we did not go and live "in the bush" as did missionaries in such countries as Zambia. Because of the policy of racial separation, we would not have been permitted to do so. We could have chosen to live in another town, perhaps closer to some of the tribal people, but there would have been no congregation of white people in any of the towns we considered. John foresaw the possibility that if we had gone to such a place, he would have felt compelled to start a white congregation, and once again his efforts would have been divided. Benoni was near

Johannesburg so that we could work with black and colored congregations that already existed but had no full-time preachers and at the same time be reasonably central to other areas that are considered to be "in the bush."

We had bought a 1965 Chevrolet, and since we had been out of South Africa for over a year, we were permitted to enter once again as immigrants and bring a car with us, customs free. Financially, this was the best arrangement for us, so for the last few weeks of our Tulsa stay, we drove borrowed cars while ours was shipped via freighter out of Galveston to Durban.

Goodbyes are always painful, and they seemed to come so often. The goodbye in Pretoria had hurt us in May, 1965. Another goodbye was for John's mother, and then there were people it was hard to leave in Kansas City in early June, 1966. Now it was goodbye to my mother, my brother, John's sister and brother, and our two oldest sons. Yet we eagerly anticipated our return to the land and the people we had learned to love.

Back to Benoni in '66

It was on the 30th of September, 1966, that we flew from the Tulsa airport to begin another period on the mission field. Neal had been asked by the Gotcher family to stay with them in Tulsa and attend the first semester of school with their son, Chip, and fly to South Africa in early January in time to start the new school year there. It was John and myself, and Brian, Dale and Gary who made this journey together. We flew via New York to Athens where we spent several days visiting our niece, Linda (Shoemaker) and her new husband, Jim Willis, an Air Force man stationed in Greece. We visited the church in Athens twice on that Sunday and John spoke to the English-speaking class about our work in South Africa.

The only other stop we made was for refueling at Entebbe, Uganda. This was before Idi Amin's regime and the incident of the dramatic release of prisoners by the Israelis. All we saw during our brief stop was a very ordinary small airport, and we were glad to be away from the humid heat. At Jan Smuts airport we were met by old friends, Claude Flynn from Johannesburg, and the entire staff and student body of the new little Southern Africa Bible School.

We had no plans for a place to stay, but there was no problem because the Hornes were to be on their furlough, leaving their home on the church property of Benoni available to us. Donna and the children had already gone, and Al was to leave within a few days. We moved in with our

suitcases and used the Hornes' furniture. Since we planned to buy a house, we had time to look around for one to fit our needs and our bank account.

We arrived in Benoni on a Wednesday, and that very evening, John was leading the singing. On Thursday, we were having tea with the Nic Dekkers when Gary fell out of a tree and cracked a wrist. On Friday I had to see the doctor because the cold I'd been fighting had gone to my chest. Later that same day I had such a violent asthma attack that the doctor had to come to the house and give me an injection. We were off to a great start!

Thankfully, John's beginning days were not of the same nature as mine and Gary's. On our first Saturday. he went to Mamelodi, near Pretoria, for a wedding of black Christians, and on our first Sunday he went with Nic Dekker for a service at Angelo Compound - black mine laborers mostly from Malawi. From Angelo, they went to a colored group at Stirtonville, and by midafternoon they were with the black congregation at Daveyton. The same night, we were in Pretoria, where John preached in the building we'd seen constructed in 1960, and we enjoyed a reunion with many of the people we had parted from so sadly about 17 months before. It was a strenuous Sunday, but as the years passed, there were few Sundays that were less busy for John. He loved it that way and made up for the long days by sleeping late on Monday mornings.

On our first Monday in Benoni, we had to get the boys started in their schools: Brian at Benoni High, and Dale and Gary at Tom Newby elementary where the older brothers had attended when we lived in Benoni the first

time. Once again, we had the problem created by the different opening dates of school years in America and South Africa. By early October, the South African school year was 3/4 over, so we had to experiment to see whether to put the boys back or ahead. We started by putting them ahead, and all three would have managed except that Gary had not learned cursive writing as had his new classmates, so he had to go back a year. With some help in Afrikaans spelling, Dale did well. We were especially proud of Brian's completion of all of Standard 8 (10th grade) in one quarter of a school year. In math, he set himself problems, then solved them, until he had mastered the principles.

These preliminaries behind us, we began to search for a house. It needed to be in a respectable neighborhood. priced within our budget, easily accessible to people of all races who would be calling at the study, and large enough to house four big boys plus possible guests. We searched for several weeks, viewing 30 or 35 houses, finding most of them too small or too costly. When we came to the stage of feeling desperate, an agent said, "I have just the house you want." When we saw its spacious rooms and enormous built-in storage, we were afraid to ask the price. The figure named was so low that John asked, "What's wrong with it?" A thorough inspection proved it to be and in a well-kept neighborhood. Surely, we thought, the Lord's hand is in this transaction, and we were convinced even more when the monthly payments came within a few cents of our housing allowance. Besides, we could move into it exactly one day before the Hornes were to return to their home.

Everything from our house in Kansas City had been

shipped in two large containers, so when a flat-bed truck rolled up in front of our house and movers carried our furniture up the walk, there were many curious watchers. Not everyone moved house that way!

Our return to South Africa in late 1966 marked the beginning of a new phase in our work, a phase entirely of our own choosing. All the while that John had worked chiefly with white churches, he was drawn toward the black and colored people and had assisted them as time permitted. He was keenly aware of their vast numbers and of the fact that there was no missionary devoting his full time to working with them.

In 1958, John had written from Benoni, "We are beginning to do some work among the natives." In 1966, we felt that we were walking blindly into a new situation, for we did not know what would develop, or how. We set up residence in Benoni, which is fairly centrally located, and when our presence and John's availability became known, there was soon more than enough to do. John, being older, with grey hair at the temples, soon became much respected as a man of wisdom, and was looked to as a source of help, advice, and teaching. It wasn't long until his appointment book was filled as much as six months in advance.

Temptation could have come John's way, to be considered by the blacks and coloreds as a special leader —a centralized "headquarters." But even when his tasks included becoming "liaison" between black churches and the government offices in Pretoria, he stressed to all concerned that he was not "the head of the church." When one black congregation asked John to be in charge of their

building funds, he refused, reminding them that he was not their "head" but that they should be in charge of their own affairs. He was willing to advise, teach and assist, but no more. And so, to a great extent, the work that John did after October, 1966, simply grew and developed as opportunities and needs arose.

Much of my source material for 1966 - 1978 comes from diaries kept by John. These were first used as appointment books, the pages then being filled in with each day's events. The books are worn and dirty from being carried on dusty or muddy bush trips, and some are water damaged from the rains that sometimes plagued the tent meetings.

John did not have to look around for things to do, for very soon his activities, at least for the first months, fell into several catagories. Although he had come to work mainly with black and colored people, he could not ignore the requests from some white congregations that needed assistance. Pretoria's attendance and morale were at an all-time low because the man who took John's place had not worked out well and had left in less than a year, so John began to preach there on alternate Sunday nights. The white church at Boksburg had no full-time man, and asked John to teach their mid-week Bible class, and the Benoni church asked him to teach the young people's class on Sunday evenings.

Within a 50-mile radius of Benoni, there were about 20 urban congregations of black and colored people. There were three full-time black preachers: Jackson Sogoni who had had two years at Southwest Christian College, and John Manape and Simon Magugula who were mostly self-educated in the Bible. Many of these congregations had

roots in the earlier work done when we first lived in Johannesburg in the early 50's. John trod carefully in his approach to working with these people. He made his presence known and indicated his willingness to be of assistance to any and all, but never pressed himself upon them and never tried to make their decisions for them. There were many who were happy to have a man like John to whom they could turn for spiritual help and who was willing to spend long hours with them, in services, Bible classes, and in personal relationships. Eventually, too, John was able to be of great help in obtaining church building sites, and he became well known in the government office in Pretoria where those matters were handled

John's typical Sunday began to look like this: preaching at the morning service for a black or colored congregation from 10 to 45 miles from our home, meeting with another group at 2:30 or 3 o'clock, hurrying back to Benoni to teach the young people's class at 5 p. m. and finally driving to Pretoria to preach for the evening service. Add to this the time and effort of driving from 100 to 125 miles or more in making this circuit. Often, such a Sunday ended only at around midnight, by the time we drove back to Benoni.

The vast majority of colored people of South Africa live in designated sections of urban areas, most of them employed in semi-skilled jobs. Cape Town has the greatest colored population, but there are many in the Reef area all around Johannesburg. There have been several missionaries who have worked specifically with the colored groups in Cape Town, but this is not true of the Johannesburg area.

These colored people had managed to continue in

their own work with only occasional help from the outside. Some of the leaders were men of intelligence, and some had a fair amount of education, even into high school, while others had only a few years in elementary school. As far as the Bible was concerned, they had had little opportunity for extensive instruction. Without the benefit of mature Christians to lead them, they had in some ways done very well, but at the same time they had some major problems with which they needed help.

In November, 1966, John had a meeting with leaders of the congregations at Riverlea, Stirtonville, WestCol, Noordgesig, and Grasmere, in which he asked them how he could best help them. They decided they were not ready for a preacher training school, nor would it be the answer to their problems to have church buildings, or even to have financial support for men of their own number to work full-time. It was finally decided that John would hold a leadership class on alternate Saturdays for as many as wished to attend. These classes were held regularly in Noordgesig, and soon after their beginning, there was also a class held in a home on Monday nights which was attended by about 30 men, women and children.

These classes were no automatic, instant cure for their troubles. Knowledge of the word of God is of little profit unless it penetrates to the heart and changes people from the inside. Some of the brethren were not living the sermons that they preached. Rumors ran rampant, and grew with each repetition. People took sides, rallying to this man or that instead of to the Lord. One is inclined to analyze and diagnose situations like this, but after all the analyzing and diagnosing is over, it all comes

down to one answer: one of Satan's most powerful weapons is the dividing of Christians, whether it be tiny factions within small congregations, or major denominational separations. Christians who are busy fussing about their differences are too busy to preach the gospel and save souls. They have lost sight of the love of God and His mercy that makes it possible to receive the forgiveness of sin.

Together with a few of the less volatile of the members. John worked for many months to try to restore peace and harmony among these brethren. A man of less patience than he would have given up, for just about the time a problem seemed to be overcome, another would The Saturday afternoon and Monday evening sessions were lengthened by those who remained after the studies to tell John their troubles. Some of them came to visit John in his study, and after we got a telephone installed, many hours of conversations took place by that means. One or two of our co-workers in whom John confided said, "Why don't you just give them up?" But that was not the answer. It is difficult to write about it even after all these years, for the agonizing that John underwent in his efforts to set things straight is still fresh in my memory. Just when do you "give them up?" Should one discontinue efforts that bear little fruit and spend the time in more fertile fields? There was even one Sunday when members of one of their congregations drove up to the meeting place of another and wanted to have things out then and there. When their conversation outside the meeting place deteriorated into a loud argument, and when John saw that his efforts to quiet them were ignored, he simply got into his car and drove home. Was this the time to "give them up?"

Just when it seemed that everything was improving, the man in whose house the Monday night classes had assembled became "upset" about something or other and refused to open his home any more. The class continued for some time at other venues and eventually changed form altogether: John would teach the men at one place while I had classes for the women at another.

Benoni is on the east side of Johannesburg while most of the colored congregations were on the west side. Before completion of the freeway which would one day take us over and around the congested traffic of the city, we needed a full hour to make the trip from our home. Often we drove into the blinding glare of the setting sun, which in the winter months, burned red until overcome by the smog of the city.

Names have not been mentioned in recalling these difficult times. Some of the people involved "straightened out," and others did not. Some did better for a time, then fell away again. There is no fairy-tale conclusion that all turned out well and they lived happily ever after. It is painful to relate it, but it's so much a part of the story of John's work in 1966 and especially 1967 that it must be included.

Why did John continue so patiently after so long? First of all, he loved these people and could not bear to think of losing them. Together with that love of the brethren, John was characterized by a trusting nature. He himself was so completely honest and forthright in his own life that he simply could not believe that another Christian

would be deceitful or dishonest. In secular relationships, people could cheat him and take advantage of him, but he said that he would rather trust people than to endure having a suspicious mind. At the same time, he was deeply hurt when people let him down, and the more so when it was Christians who did so.

One of the favorite activities of the colored people was to have what they called "combined meetings" for which they rented a large hall and sometimes had as many as 300 attending. Sometimes a few black brethren would be there too, as well as some of us white folks. They always made big plans for the combined services and sometimes served a dinner of curry and rice and other good things. One of these combined meetings was convened and served as the means of partially restoring good relationships between colored congregations.

For several years, the church at 29th and Yale in Tulsa had been supporting a South African man to work with colored as well as white people. Before we had left Tulsa, the elders asked John to visit him and see how things were going. Since there was no one directly overseeing his work, they wanted some information from John. The upshot of the matter was that he could see almost no evidence of any work at all being done. The Tulsa brethren sent John the reports the man had sent to them, and when he read them, he noticed that without exception, there was little accomplishment reported, only glowing words referring to the things that were planned for the future. After much careful checking and several personal visits with the man, John could only report back to Tulsa that thev were wasting their money. The support was discontinued and almost immediately, the man joined himself to a denomination that taught many things different from the Church of Christ.

In mid-January, John began a singing school for the Benoni congregation. Singing schools are never as well attended as gospel meetings, but there were quite a few with enough interest to make it worth while. One evening, when John was teaching the simple fundamentals of rhythm and time signatures, a man who knew practically nothing about music almost disrupted the class by his insistence that the time signature determined the speed of a song. 4/4 time, he insisted, was march time and nothing else. Just look at "Onward Christian Soldiers," he said. It was pointed out to him that "Nearer, My God, To Thee" was in 4/4 time, and John sang a few lines of it at the same pace as "Onward Christian Soldiers." Yet this person was One day soon after, in our home, he and unconvinced. John were still discussing time signatures and tempo, so I got out some of my classical piano music and showed several instances of 4/4 time where one may be marked "Lento" (slow) and another "Presto" (fast). I thought this to be conclusive proof, but if he was convinced, he never John continued to teach his music classes admitted it. that the mood of the song, the meaning of the words, determined the tempo. Although the occasional person would say that 3/4 time was waltz time, no one ever suggested that hymns written in 3/4 time should be sung as a waltz.

From the day we landed back in South Africa and I had my attack of bronchial asthma, I'd had a continuous struggle with this condition. The Benoni doctor was not familiar with the similar problem that had popped up

every so often during our 5 years in Pretoria, so with his consent, I returned to the doctor whom we had known. They had my records on file and soon I was back on some of the treatment that had helped me before. Attacks of bronchitis nearly always followed the onset of a cold, so it was a continuous battle at times, but otherwise my health was good. John was usually abounding with good health as long as his blood pressure could be kept down. He'd had a bad time of it in Kansas City until his medication was adjusted. Now, for a period of many years, his main complaint was the annual bout or two of flu that put him to bed for a day or two. His Venda friends named him, "The Old Man Who Never Gets Tired."

After a few months, John dropped out of the Pretoria and Boksburg white services except for occasional visits, and the Benoni young people's class was taken over by someone else, leaving more time for the work which we came to do with the other races. The boys and I were in the Benoni church much of the time, and I regularly taught the teenage girls at the mid-week Bible study. Some of the ladies approached me and asked me if I would resume the Bible class that we had started in 1957. we had left in 1959, there had been a week day ladies' class for a time, with Tex Williams teaching, but now they were eager to have a ladies only class again. We began holding regular classes with no more than 7 or 8 ladies in attendance. Donna Horne was the only lady besides myself who had the confidence to lead a prayer or give a devotional, so we felt that it should be one of our goals to encourage more of the ladies to volunteer and to learn to do these things. Margaret Tonkin was one of the first to

say, "I'll try," and eventually there were several who became capable in these ways. We never did force anyone to lead a prayer or a devotional if they felt too shy, for we did not want to have anyone stay away on that account.

Margaret became outstanding in my mind for her willingness to help in every sort of way. If it was something new and different, she would modestly say, "I'll try," and try she did, and always did a commendable job. Very likely her example led many others to try also.

The Benoni ladies class became near and dear to my heart. As time passed and the church grew in numbers, the class grew as well, until in 1978 when we returned to America, there were 28 to 30 present at most classes, with at least 7 ladies taking turns, not just in prayers and devotionals, but in teaching the entire hour. We always had a benevolent project on the go. We collected usable clothing, repaired it as needed, and distributed it to the needy. Most of the distribution was left up to black preachers and leaders who were well acquainted with their members and knew who needed the help. There were some new garments knitted and some blankets knitted or crocheted, and some piece-quilts made for similar distribution. We ladies loved one another and enjoyed the fellowship and conversation that went on with these sessions, and we always ended with tea. The sequel to this story, as this account is being written, is that by the end of 1982, the class had grown to almost 40 and was going strong.

The long Easter weekend in South Africa is a time that is put to many uses. Everything except essential services is closed up from the Thursday evening before Easter until Tuesday morning afterward. This is the best time for the white youth camps when Christian youth from all over converge upon a selected place for a 3-day camp, even traveling up to 1000 miles to do so. It is the time when many make the last trip of the season from inland to the seaside, for in the Southern Hemisphere, Easter falls in the autumn. It is also the time when many blacks from the cities make trips to their homelands, and hundreds of chartered buses are on the roads in addition to vans, trucks, and passenger cars, all loaded and overloaded with people and luggage. Garages are closed and mechanics are having their holidays, so travelers must carry their own spares and tool kits and know how to use them, or chance having problems along the way.

On our first Easter weekend since John began concentrated efforts with black people, he also "hit the road" but with a different purpose. Taking with him Simon Magugula of Benoni and brethren Manape, Malatje, and Ratau from Pretoria, he headed for Sekhukhuniland for a weekend of preaching. Jackson Sogoni was also to have made the trip, but as John wrote in a letter to some friends, "I don't know where I would have put him." Jackson was suffering from high blood pressure and was not well.

The brethren in Tulsa had promised us a car to use for this kind of work, but we were still having to drive our '65 Chevrolet. The Chev was a good car, but the roads and trails that must be traversed in bush work were not suited to it or to any ordinary passenger car which is built too low. We didn't need a Jeep or Land-rover, but really were in need of a car that gave more clearance underneath than a Chev.

John recorded in his diary that he traveled 881 miles

on this weekend trip. It was noon of that Friday before they left Pretoria, and late in the afternoon when they arrived at their destination, 7 or 8 miles out of Lydenburg. They went to the home of David Phalane who works with the church in that area and lives on land belonging to a white farmer. A little road cut through the farm, with a gate which had to be opened along the way. Soon after they began talking with David, the farmer drove up in his truck, jumped out, fists waving, face red with rage. "You left my gate open!" he roared. It took John considerable time to calm the man down, and prove the Bible to be true, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Among other things. John explained that he was a city man and had not realized the importance of closing a gate, whereupon the conversation ended with an invitation from the farmer to eat supper with him. John turned down the invitation because the black sisters had already prepared a meal. His actions were a living sermon to those who were watching.

On Friday night, John preached a lesson, then just before 11 o'clock, went to Lydenburg to the hotel. The brethren were to continue in an all-night service, but John was not up to that, knowing that Saturday was going to be a full day. At 10 a. m. on Saturday, he went back to the meeting place and found the black folks just washing and preparing breakfast. When he learned that they had either forgotten, or been unable to obtain communion bread for Sunday, he took Robert Moraba into town to try to obtain some Matzos. This is usually available in grocery stores in the cities where there are Jewish people, but Lydenburg is small, and only tea rooms were open on the holiday. As a last resort, brother Moraba went to a cafe where a

friend of his worked in the kitchen. He asked the friend to mix some flour and water and bake it on the grill. The result was as tough as shoe leather, but at least it was unleavened.

Saturday afternoon and evening were spent in Bible study, and the Sunday morning service was held at the same place. In the afternoon, Robert Moraba joined the five men who were already traveling in the Chev, and they headed for Driekop, across some terrible roads. A tire blew out and had to be changed, leaving no spare for any possible further trouble, and no chance of repair or replacement. After that, whenever they came to a really bad place in the road, the five passengers would get out and walk while John carefully eased the car over the rocks. After the service at Driekop, the car would not start. John, who was not a mechanic at all, thought surely they were going to be stuck there until at least Tuesday, and even then, it might be difficult to get a mechanic to come way out into the bundu, or to tow the Chev back to town. One of the black brethren who'd had some experience with cars crawled underneath and discovered that the fuel line had been pulled away from the fuel tank by a rock which they must have hit just as they parked the By great good fortune and a bit of ingenuity, the repair was made and they were on their way, so by 9 p.m. they were at Penge Mine where they met with a small group of Christians. There was no hotel there for John, but he made arrangements with a couple for private accommodations.

On Easter Monday, the men all traveled to Jane Furse Hospital where it was thought that there was a black man

wanting to be baptized, but the 150-mile round trip was for nothing, for the man was not there. Back at Penge Mine, they had several hours of Bible study and were to baptize three people, but the river was in flood and may have been dangerous, especially at night. Robert was to return and baptize the three in daylight. Some of the black men with John had to be back at work Tuesday morning, so they took Robert Moraba to his turn-off in the road, and headed back for Pretoria and Benoni. It was 5 a. m. Tuesday morning when John went to bed. A sleep until noon had John back in good condition, but the car needed two new tires and a shock absorber plus a permanent repair job on the fuel line connection.

AN ASSESSMENT October 1966 to June 1968

Excerpt from a letter to J. A. (Shorty) Winfield who was planning to come to South Africa.

over weekends, sometimes longer. In the past year and a half I have made two trips to Vendaland (300 miles NE), one to Sekhukhuniland (200 miles NE), four to the Draaikraal-Dlaulale area (160 miles NE), one to the Belfast-Elandshoogte area (200 miles E), one to the Marble Hall area (180 miles NE), and one to Pondoland (500 miles SE). For the next two or three months I have a trip scheduled for Vendaland, one to Sekhukhuniland (where at both places I will speak at chiefs' kraals), and one to Zululand (some 400 miles SE). This is besides my help with the 12 African churches on the Reef and the 4 around Pretoria,

and the 8 colored churches on the Reef.

"I guess you might call me a modern 'circuit rider.' And you might wonder how much good I can do, stretching my time and talents as I do. Believe it or not, I feel I am doing quite a bit of good, mostly in the realms of inspiring, encouraging, exhorting and teaching the groups as I meet with them from time to time. I can see growth in many places, both in numbers and in spirituality. I would be the first to admit that what we need is trained preachers among the various races and churches, but the laws of the country make it extremely difficult to do this without much more help than we have at the present. Our small force of workers is taxed almost to the breaking point. However, we have started the ball rolling for a preacher training school in Vendaland

"If you get the idea that I am enthused about my work, then you have assessed my feeling correctly. It is hard work, especially all the traveling, but a very rewarding work"

Lessons From the Ants

Africa has many varieties of ants, from the tiny black ones that invade the kitchen and hide in the sugar and carry it away, grain by grain, to the feared army ants that wreak havoc, eating every living thing in their paths. The writer of Proverbs refers twice to ants: in 6:6 where the wise man advised the sluggard to look to the ant and be wise, and in 30:35 where we are told that the ants are not strong, but in their wisdom they prepare their meat in the summer. When we make a further study of ants and see how they live in colonies, performing various tasks and existing and working for mutual benefit, we can truly "go to the ant" and learn more than one lesson: how they cooperate, how they stay busy, not wasting time, how great colonies can be built by virtue of vast numbers, each doing a little bit.

Similar to the ant in its habits but not biologically related, belonging to a different order, are the termites. Usually thought of as nothing but destructive pests, they serve a place in ecology of the tropics where earthworms do not exist, enriching the soil by consuming and recycling dead woody matter. These termites build huge nests sometimes towering as much as 20 feet in the air, sometimes resembling Gothic cathedrals, sometimes more like huge mounds. The first time I realized what enormous structures these can be was on a trip through Rhodesia when our road had actually been sliced through one of the mounds - it was higher than our car, its diameter greater than the length of the car. On one trip which took us as far as Tanganyika,

we stopped to photograph a number of termite heaps, our son Don taking pleasure in scaling to the tops and waving a salute from each. No, the termites don't bite — they hate sunlight and are out of sight.

In an article in National Geographic, April 1978, the writer tells about the experience he had of eating the fried, salted termites, then packaged in plastic bags and sold in the markets of east Africa. These are the bodies of the flying stage of the insect. At certain seasons, numerous sexed individuals of the termite world develop wings and swarm for the purpose of mating and starting new colonies. The wings soon drop off, and the awkward, crawling insects, about an inch long, are easy to catch. The author tells us that the fried termite tastes like "fried pork rind, peanuts, and potato chips rolled into one."

One day when John and I were traveling around Vendaland, visiting some of the church members, we drove into the yard of a family we had known for some time. Walking into the kraal, we saw that the young mother had a large flat metal dish from which her little children were hungrily scooping up handfuls of greasy little objects which we soon learned were fried "flying ants." We declined the invitation to have some, but may have been more likely to accept had we then known of the flavor described in the National Geographic. Now if we could just find a marketable use for the type of termite that invades houses, we could more quickly decrease its numbers.

If you are thinking that the persons eating the fried termites were primitive and poor, let me hasten to say that that particular family are better educated than average, and the man of the house owns a prosperous trading store, and a couple of trucks in his business. So their eating fried termites, caught in the wild, would be similar to an American eating the fish caught in a lake, or wild raspberries or blueberries found for free, and regarded as a great treat.

Once when John was driving his big truck to load up some benches for a meeting, he saw several individuals with long poles and baskets. He stopped the truck to ask if they wanted a ride, but they declined, saying that they were out looking for food. John was nonplussed: the poles were not for fishing - there was no water, no lines or hooks. He asked several people what kind of food they would be getting with poles and baskets, but they seemed to be embarrassed and would not answer. Finally, back at the place where our big tent was set up for the meeting, one of our preachers offered to show us the "food." He brought a small brown paper bag which was greasy, as if it had some fried food in it. It was little greenish beetles which had been prepared, as I recall, by putting them into boiling water. There must be quite a bit of fat in these insects to soak through the paper bag as it did. The poles had to be used to knock the beetles out of the trees.

We were reminded of an incident when we lived near the Indian Ocean at Port Elizabeth. Echols and we used to go out to the rocky shoreline where at low tide we could pick up shell fish called pericloves. Out of a shell the size of a fist, the only edible portion was the foot, about the size of a man's thumb, so we had to bring home a sizable sack of pericloves to make a meal. We would plunge them into hot water, pull out the little animal, cut away the "foot," and discard the rest. These edible parts were processed in the pressure cooker for a time, since they were a muscle and inclined to be tough. We would then dip the pieces in batter and deep-fry them. As we sat at the table feasting on pericloves, a black brother, Timothy Zimba came in. We offered him some, but he refused with a grimace and said, "You white people will eat anything!" Yes, and John the Baptist ate locusts.

In certain regions of northern South Africa and Rhodesia as well as other places, there is a mopani tree which features in two ways. Our first knowledge of it is that the center part of the trunk and main branches is extremely hard, so hard in fact that termites cannot eat it. It is much sought after for poles in the construction of huts, particularly for the roofing poles, and one of the poles is also used for the pounding of corn or other grains to make meal. At certain times of the year, there is a harvest of another kind among the mopani trees, when there is a great fat caterpillar that feeds upon the leaves. These "worms" are collected, treated (soft interior squeezed out), and dried. High in protein, as are the flying ants and the green beetles, mopani worms are a much sought-after food. In the city areas where there are no mopani trees and no direct source of supply of the dried worms, a small bag of them brought in from the country will fetch a handsome price.

John was always willing to try every new and strange food and tried often to get the Venda people to prepare him some mopani worms, but they always said they were sure he wouldn't like them. One Venda lady finally gave him a small package of the dry ones and she

wrote down a "recipe" so that I could prepare them. I put the package in my cupboard — rather far back — and every once in a while I would take it in my hand, turn it over, look at the recipe, and then decide, "Not today." That "today" never did arrive. And it never will, in my house.

Perhaps some day in the future, we will find sources of food where we do not now look for them. The idea of eating insects and worms is repugnant to many. But look how fat the robins get. Well, the robin is a bird, and worms are "for the birds."

SABS Lectureship

Just as SABS itself had a small beginning, so the first lectureships were very limited. The lectureship concept, well known in America, was new to South Africa. The first one or two had a comparative handful in attendance, consisting mainly of preachers and a few Benoni people. The first session of ladies was held in a small classroom with not more than 14 or 15 in attendance. My subject was "The Ladies' Bible Class," another nearly new concept in South Africa. The ladies showed great interest in the sample study books I had with me, and some groundwork was laid for spread of the idea to other congregations. The daytime lectures in the Benoni church auditorium were well prepared and well presented but not well attended. Night sessions drew fair local Benoni crowds.

Each year, the popularity of the lectureships grew, and after several years, the occasion became the high point of the year for Christians from Cape Town and Port Elizabeth in the south, all the way to Salisbury and Nhowe Mission to the north. In 1981, 60 Cape Town people chartered a bus to make the trip. A number of people use part of their annual vacation time to attend, and some families keep their children out of school, believing that the days at the lectureship are more beneficial than the same number of days in school. Usually the dates for the lectureships are scheduled to fall within the time of the school break between third and fourth terms for at

least two of the four provinces.

Families are encouraged to attend and when the number of children grew great enough that their activities caused discipline problems, we began to provide special activities for them. At first these were mainly of an entertainment nature, such as cartoon movies, but later we added Bible puppet productions. When we moved into the facilities of the large new Benoni building and had numerous rooms available, Peter Mostert, then a SABS student, hit upon the idea of structured Bible study for two or three hours each day, in addition to the puppets and movies. Peter contacted Bible School teachers all over the Republic, asking if they would be willing to teach one hour during the week, what age group they preferred, and which of the adult lectures they would least object to missing so as to be available. He then made up a schedule of classes and asked each teacher to bring her best or favorite lesson. In most cases, this "potluck" of lessons worked out, but one class had four lessons about David and Goliath, so the next year, a special course of study was prescribed with greater success.

Accommodation for out-of-town visitors posed a problem from the very outset. Benoni boasted only two small hotels, one of which later closed down. So, most lectureship guests are put up in the homes of Benoni members. South Africans are a hospitable people in many ways, but the idea of keeping perfect strangers in their homes was so new that it took some teaching and convincing to make them willing to give it a try. Before the first lecture-ship, we called a meeting of the ladies and had a thorough discussion of the matter, from how best to organize the households to make the bathroom facilities trouble-free

for extra people, to foods that could be prepared ahead of time and/or fixed quickly so that hostesses would not have to miss the lectures. We exchanged quick-to-fix recipes and discussed simple menus, pointing out the need for emphasis to be on the spiritual food of the week.

In many cases, the Benoni families found that they made fast friends with their guests. Some requested having the same people to stay with them year after year, while others enjoyed having different people each time. A few of the guests failed to fit into the homes where they were placed, but such was to be expected — all are human. Once, we put out a little semi-humorous brochure on how to be the most sought-after lectureship guest, in which we made some needed hints about being tidy, punctual, considerate of the host and hostess, etc. One or two recipients of the brochure were offended, but likely it was a case of the "shoe fitting." When the list of out-of-town guests passed the 200 mark, Benoni homes were taxed to the limit, some families housing as many as 18 guests.

The SABS lectureships have always ended with a banquet and a program of entertainment. Usually, the food is catered so that the Benoni ladies who have been busy all week can have a chance to relax. The banquet has grown into a special occasion for all ages including young people from churches all over the country. With lectureships and youth camps, acquaintances have spread nation-wide, and deep friendships have been formed, the closing moments of banquet night being marked with poignant good-byes.

Just as the closing of the banquet night means

farewells until the next year, so the opening day of the new lectureship is a day of happy reunions, embraces, and handshaking. There is no doubt whatever that the lectureships have been the greatest unifying influence among the churches of Christ in Southern Africa.

Most of the SABS lectureships have had at least one overseas speaker other than missionaries already in South Africa to feature on the program. This is a good extra attraction, although the number of very capable local speakers increases year by year. Many of the visiting speakers are from congregations supporting missionaries or works in southern Africa. Overseas speakers include:

1970 - Sherman Cannon

1972 - Frank Pack

1973 - Harvey and Celia Pruitt, Jimmy Jividen

1974 - Lindsay Garmon, Darrell Rickard

1975 - Bill Hatcher

1976 - Harvey Porter, Roger Johnson, Leonard and Marguerite Gray, Wade Phelps, James Carley, and Donna Steward

1977 – Virgil Poe

1978 - Joe McKissick, John Bannister

1979 - Perry Cotham, Joe Watson, J. T. Stanfill

1980 - John Maples, Jr.

1981 - Tom and Doris Cunningham, Ken Dye

1982 - Ben Zickefoose, Jack and Ann Exum, and John Cannon

1983 - Tex and Mary Jane Williams, Charles
Prince

Each of the lectureships has a specific theme, and much planning goes into the programs. SABS staff meetings begin early in the year, and the director begins many months ahead of time to write letters to speakers and to coordinate all of the events. Compared to lectureships at Abilene Christian University and other large institutions in the U. S. where attendances are as high as 5000, the SABS lectureships are small, but for South Africa in its present stage of development, they are a big event.

John was the director of the first 12 lectureships, and he kept records of them all. In his report on the 7th lectureship in 1973, he recorded the high nighttime attendance of 410, with day time lectures showing 110 men and 108 ladies. The 410 figure was, up to that time, the largest audience of white people in the church of Christ in South Africa. Later audiences regularly fill Benoni's new 620-seat auditorium to overflowing.

The 1975 lectureship brought one significant event into our personal lives, bringing back memories of our arrival in Africa in 1949. "Auntie Gladys" Claassen, one of the first ladies we met upon our arrival in Bulawayo 26 years before, came to the lectureship — her first. It was also her first plane trip. No longer young in years, her sharp mind was undaunted by the passage of time. She stayed in our home, and we had time to reminisce. (Auntie Gladys' daughter, Lois and son-in-law Mel Sheasby attended SABS. Mel and Lois then earned Masters Degrees from ACU and are, at this time, on the

permanent teaching staff at SABS. Her other daughter, Rhona Menage, has been serving as house mother for the girls' dormitory at SABS). One of our many South African stories had made full circle.

In attendance at the 1974 lectureship was Rorey Massey of Bulawayo. Rorey intended to attend SABS beginning in 1975. At the close of one of the evening sessions at the Laer-skool hall in Northmead, most of the crowd had dispersed, but a few remained, lingering in friendly conversation. Among them, fortunately, was Dr. Des Stumpf of Cape Town. Someone came on the run to say that Rorey was having a heart attack by the gate at the bottom of the drive. Dr. Des raced to the scene and did all he could, but to no avail. Rorey had suffered an attack of a sort that no doctor could have saved him, even if he had been present at the very instant of onset.

At the close of the 1974 lectureship, John was supposed to have taken overseas guests on a tour of Vendaland and Kruger Park, but he began to experience some strange feelings in the region of his heart. It was not a pain, he said, but a "crawly" feeling, and he was very tired. Jerry Hogg did the honors for the visitors while John rested and saw a specialist. An electrocardiogram showed slight coronary blockage, and the blood pressure reading was slightly elevated, but the doctor thought a change of medication, careful eating, and daily exercise would be sufficient treatment. There had certainly been stress to help bring on the problem, if indeed stress is to be blamed. Not to be defeated by a symptom or two, John was on his way to Maun, Botswana in just a few weeks.

By 1977, the new Benoni building was ready for use

by the lectureship. The old building had become a fellowship hall, the old cry room having been expanded and furnished as a small kitchen. For the first time since the early meetings when our numbers were small, there was ample space for everything. The ladies' sessions had become so popular that they were given the auditorium while the men used the fellowship hall, and classrooms were used for smaller groups, for children's classes, and for an attended nursery for babies.

The 1978 lectureship, SABS's 12th, was John's last as director. We returned to the states shortly afterward. We had made plans to return for lectureship '81 and had obtained new passports and visas, but John was "called home" before that time. South Africa had been our earthly home for many years, and I felt the need to make the journey to see old friends, even without John. This I did, and found the visit to be therapeutic. Most of the white people I wanted to see were at the lectureship, and I was able to make visits to a number of black areas, particularly Vendaland, Daveyton and Thokhosa.

The earlier lectureships involving the white churches had an occasional non-white visitor. As years passed, a few more came from time to time, especially after the new Benoni church building was available for the large evening sessions. It was even noted by the more tradition-bound folk that there was no segregation in the seating but that all races were seated together. The first black person to address the lectureship was Simon Magagula when he gave his report on the Daveyton congregation in 1978. Sleeping accommodations and restroom facilities for separate racial groups could continue to be a

problem as long as the laws of the land so regulate and old traditions hold on.

A giant step for the brotherhood of Christians in South Africa was made at lectureship '83 when a busload of 70 people, some of them colored, made the thousand mile journey from Cape Town. Peter Manuel, a colored minister from Cape Town was one of the principal speakers, and some colored people were accommodated in the homes of white Benoni members. Such is not against any law.

Brother Manuel is reported to have said he wished he could be referred to simply as "brother Manuel" without any reference to the fact that he is colored. Many white brethren agree in principle, but old habits and procedures die hard, and no offense is intended. The future looks great for lectureships and for the spread of fellowship across racial lines and in every direction.

Beauty

Jessie Lee Caskey was in my kitchen, giving me a home permanent. Betty, my housemaid, watched with interest and began to giggle. "You white people want your hair to be curly and we black people try to make ours straight."

Betty was right. There are as many ideas about beauty as there are people: from the sophisticated lady with her elegant coiffure to the primitive one with her hair plastered with mud and fat; from the flawless matte complexion of the European lady to the oiled, scar-marked face of the African belle; from the modern city lady with her eye makeup, lipstick and blushers to the lady in the bush, painted with her red ochre — all trying to improve upon Mother Nature.

Many black women merely keep their closely kinked hair cut short and covered with scarves or berets, but the younger generation in South African cities today are changing that long-standing custom. Some let their hair grow longer and rake it out into an "Afro," some have their hair straightened and imitate the hair-do's of white women, while very young girls often have cornrows of very tightly braided strands that are laid down, row upon row. Today's special makeup for the dark-skinned lady has reached the city shops.

In rural areas, the old-fashioned efforts at beauty can still be seen, some of the painting of faces and bodies having relationship to some ceremony in the life of the individual. Xhosa boys, during their initiation, are painted white all over. Sometimes one may see people with faces painted white, yellow, or orange, creating a mask-like appearance.

Women's hair may be plastered with red mud, or a combination of mud and grease, and perhaps decorated Sometimes heads are completely shaved. with beads whether for cleanliness or convenience. Ndebele women may shave a wide strip across the top of the head, from ear to ear, to facilitate the wearing of beaded ornaments. A Swazi man may plaster his hair with a mixture of soap and bleach, allowing it to dry into a cap-like shape, to remain that way for some days, after which he will wash it out and find his hair to be reddish and straight. A Swazi girl may have her hair stiffened with mud, pushed into cap-like shapes, dried, and painted with colorful designs. One of the most unusual hair styles was worn by a man in the eastern Transvaal. His head was shaved except for a small patch over the center of his forehead. That hair had grown three or four inches long and was twisted to a point. When he came out of the water after his immersion, he posed for a picture with a large shimmering drop of water about to fall from the tip of that twist of hair.

Black women who have carried loads on their heads since girlhood have developed a smooth, gliding stride. White women would do well if they could walk as beautifully. Accustomed to walking many miles at a time, they move easily, and walking barefoot, their stride is natural, not crippled by stylish shoes or high heels that throw the entire body out of line.

The wearing of beads has always been popular in the

Before traders arrived with their colorful black tribes. glass beads, the people laboriously fashioned them by hand, one at a time, from sea shells or the shells of ostrich eggs, and from colorful seeds. Once a ready supply of beads became available at trading stores, the making of all sorts of beaded ornaments became easy, and beadwork soon became a popular souvenir item among white visitors. Beads became the symbol of a black woman's wealth. On special occasions, the Ndebele women, for instance, will load themselves down with enormous bead-wrapped circles of straw, from smaller bracelets and anklets to large circles worn all up and down the arms and legs, and even larger circles around neck and waist. In addition, the more affluent among them will have a sort of apron of solid beadwork, and perhaps assorted strips of beadwork fastened to their skirts.

The colors of the beads have come to have meanings, and a girl may tell a story to those who can "read" her beads. To the Zulu, white is for purity and true love, red for intense love, blue for loneliness, green for extreme loneliness or pining, yellow for jealousy, pink for poverty, and black for anger, hurt, or jealousy. A group of white boys went from Benoni to Swaziland where they assisted in the construction of a church building. They were intrigued by the various pieces of beadwork: bracelets, necklaces, and strips of woven beads to pin onto a garment as an ornament, so they bought some of them and put them on. A group of Swazi girls passed by, and when they began to giggle and point, the boys wondered why. The girls refused to tell, but later the boys learned that one of them was wearing a bracelet that announced him to be a

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virgin. It reminded me of the lady who laboriously copied some Chinese letters and embroidered them on a blouse, only to find out that she had copied a laundry list. Beads or words, it pays to know what they mean.

Zulu men and women sometimes have large slits in their earlobes into which they can insert wooden discs some two inches in diameter and 3/4 of an inch thick. With the discs removed, the earlobes hang down and swing back and forth with the person's movements, but with the painted discs in place like large earrings, they are picturesque.

Once when I had been teaching a class of Christian women in Vendaland, one of the ladies had a question. Her people wanted her to have her baby girl marked with scars on her face and abdomen, and she wanted to know if a Christian mother could do this. My first thought was that if it was merely a custom and thought to be marks of beauty which would make the girl more desirable she grew up, there could be no harm in it. The ladies explained, however, that the problem was not as simple as that. It was custom, to be sure, but it had a significance to the Venda people that would be contrary to Christian teaching. In that case I had to advise the mother to do her best to keep the family from having the baby marked. This may have been difficult advice to follow because aunts and other older relatives would have more to say in the matter than the young mother.

Sights, Sounds, and Smells

On one of our furloughs, I was asked to speak to a ladies class in Ponca City. John had already shown slides and talked about our work, and I wanted to present a new angle on our life in Africa, so I called my talk "The Sights, Sounds, and Smells of Africa." In writing about it now, my thoughts go from city to kraal, from mountains to plains, from areas of the affluent to the shantytowns and slums.

You have already read about the city of Johannesburg with its wintry smog and the smell of the coal smoke, and you have read about the dry, brown countryside we saw from our train windows on the way to Bulawayo. Riding through the open country in South Africa today is not like a scene from "Wild Country" on American TV. It is not like a movie of a safari into the game country of old, that is, not unless your journey takes you to a game reserve like Kruger National Park. What you do see in the rural areas around Johannesburg is miles and miles of rolling hills, much of it grass-covered, some of it stony. Before the spring rains bring new green, the brownness is broken only by large areas of blackened ground, the result of fires started mostly by the "Mr. Nobody's" who like to see it burn, or who believe it is good for the land. Some of the fires are in fact deliberately set so as to produce the earliest green shoots for grazing, but too many fires run wild, burning through the tall blue-gum trees. damaging them just a little bit more each winter.

Some of the land is good for farming, and where there are fertile areas, white farmers have planted large fields. Mealies (corn) is the main crop in many places, but you'll see big fields of sunflowers, another golden resource. And you'll see fields of kaffir corn, tobacco, small grains, and the market gardens with all the vegetables for the people in the cities.

If you go east of Johannesburg toward Kruger Park, you will see citrus groves, and sometimes, along the fences and around farm houses there are poinsettias growing roof high, and bougainvilleas of every hue, some climbing into the tallest tree-tops. In October there are the jakaranda trees in bloom, masses of lavender-blue flowers unlike any other.

If you go north of Johannesburg to Pretoria, when the jakarandas are in bloom, you may feel as I did, that you have left earth and gone to fairyland. Imagine walking along streets that are lined with jakarandas, the leaves yet unopened, the tall trees covered in jakaranda blue. Some of the blossoms have fallen to the ground, partly covering the green grass, the sun filtering softly through the branches. If you were on earth you would be walking on green grass under green trees, so surely this must be fairyland. Fairyland, that is, until heavy rain falls, beating the blossoms into the ground where they begin to rot, giving off a bitter, unpleasant smell. Fallen blossoms can make the streets dangerously slippery, but children love to walk on them because they burst with a popping noise.

Much of the northern Transvaal is bushveld. Flattopped acacia trees, never very large, and a variety of other thorny bushes are scattered across vast regions of grassy land, mile after mile. Mostly untilled and unproductive, some of the veld is slashed through with dongas where the torrential seasonal rains continue washing away the soil. Such erosion is a depressing sight that lends to the impression that Africa is an old, worndown continent. In places there are miniature forests of the naboom, or candelabra euphorbia which resemble some forms of cacti but belong to the spurge family and have a biting, milky juice on the inside. They are actually related to poinsettias but do not resemble them. In the extreme northern part of the Transvaal, and across the river in Zimbabwe, are the unique baobabs with their gigantic, fat trunks and their grotesque, scrawny branches. According to legend, God was angry with his rebellious creation, and planted the baobab upside down.

One can no more describe South Africa as being all the same than an American can say that all of the United States is the same. There are humid areas near the coast, semi-desert areas, mountains, plains, semi-tropics and temperate zone, each with its own flora and fauna. In the Natal Province there are sugar cane and banana plantations, while the Free State and northern Cape Province have vast sheep farms. In Venda and across the northeastern Transvaal are forests of pine and bluegum or eucalyptus, not indigenous, but set out in plantations, each with its own hue and its own perfume, accented by the smoke rising from the smoldering sawdust heaps by the sawmills.

White South Africans are lovers of flower gardens. The homes of the wealthy are surrounded by large grounds, kept immaculate by black gardeners, lawns

manicured, flower beds like pictures in *Better Homes and Gardens*. Even in smoggy Johannesburg, there are blossoms for every season of the year: Iceland poppies and stocks in winter, ranunculus and anemones and other flowering bulbs in spring, roses in early summer and again in autumn, and literally hundreds of varieties of flowers all summer long. Not only the rich have beautiful lawns and gardens. Many of the small homes are spotlessly kept, and many a zealous home gardener, assisted occasionally by a black gardener hired by the day, can be seen among the flower beds and fruit trees.

For a long time we were puzzled by the fact that the black people seemed to have little interest in planting flowers around their little homes. Sometimes they didn't even notice the flowers — we saw a line of people waiting for treatment at a clinic trampling right across a flower bed because it made a shortcut. After living close to them and working with them, we decided that the reason is that when you are poor, you are interested in planting that which will produce food, not beauty. Some urban blacks now do plant lawn, shrubs, and flowers, and at least one location has had home beautification contests to encourage more of this.

In the cities there are many parks and gardens, such as the wide-spread rose gardens in Emmarentia, Johannesburg, and the famous beds of flowers that spread, terrace below terrace, down the hill from the Union Buildings in Pretoria, to the great lawns that expand all the way to Church Street. People travel from far and wide to visit these gardens, to walk across the lawns, to sit and relax, and breathe deeply of the clean air of early summer when the rains have come, the coal fires have been extinguished,

and the sky on clear days is the bluest of anywhere in the world.

The rainy season in the Transvaal brings spectacular thunder and lightning storms that cause one to wince as the crashing and flashing seem to be everywhere at once. Rain usually blows up quickly and often falls too hard so that much of it rushes away, not having time to soak in. Often the harsh crackle of thunder is accompanied by the roar of hail and perhaps the breaking of windows and the destruction of property. As quickly as the storm arises, it blows itself out, and that brilliant blue sky, all washed and innocent, looks down once again. Once one of those hail storms came crashing down onto the corrugated metal roof of the old church building in Benoni just as Les Massey's sermon came to the part about the plagues in Egypt – the flies, the lice, the hail! The sermon came to a halt, for no one could be heard above the terrible racket of hail on a metal roof, and we waited several minutes for it to subside.

There are some distinctive sights, sounds, and smells about the home in South Africa. Once the Leonard Gray family had just returned after a furlough and they came to visit us for a couple of days in Benoni. They had walked into our house, put their suitcases down, and looked around. Marguerite took a deep breath and said, "Well, this smells like Bessie's house." For an instant, I thought she meant there was something unpleasant but quickly realized that it was the combination of the floor polish, the Sunlight soap, the particular air freshner in the bathrooms — the smell of most white South African homes, not just mine. With the later advent of carpeting, less floor

polish is used, and Sunlight soap has given away to detergents, but in the 50's, this was yet to come.

Often the South African home is filled with the odors of cooking which is distinctive: the curries, the leg of lamb laced with garlic, the mealie pap and boerewors, the large variety of fresh vegetables for dinner times. Fruit salads will contain lots of paw paw (papaya). In season, oranges appear in their orange-colored net sacks or pockets; the children play ball with them until they are soft, then punch a hole and suck out the juice.

Not all of the cooking smells are pleasant to everyone's nostrils. Often the black servants would rather have
their own types of food, so my "girl" would cook her own
dinner, sometimes on a little Primus in her own room, and
sometimes in my kitchen. One girl preferred a sour mealie
pap prepared from a fermented "starter." I disliked the
smell and sometimes asked her to take it to her room to
cook it. Only one thing was worse and that happened
only once because I put my foot down and said "never
again." The girl had used her meat allowance for the day
to purchase some tripe. She failed to clean it properly
and the stench was unforgettable, permeating every corner
of the house.

A touchy subject is the smell of people. It is accepted as fact that different races smell differently. They are apt to say of each other, "They stink." However, to them, we stink. Some blacks have said that white people smell like sheep. I suppose that a freshly bathed person of any race is acceptable to the noses of other races.

Any person doing hard labor is bound to perspire, and we always tried to make allowance for that fact, but we

had a few who worked for us who needed to be told that they must bathe daily and wear cleaner clothes. Telling a servant in so many words that he or she smelled bad was one of the hardest things I ever had to do, and I always softened the task for myself as well as the offending servant by handing over a supply of soap, with the reminder that there was plenty of warm water available for bathing and washing. I've often thought that the air surrounding the white pioneers who toiled across hot, arid regions, not able to bathe for days at the time, must have been pretty rank.

There are other smells that come to mind: the old-fashioned butcher shop where the butcher cuts the meat and lets it hang in the open. The distant drift of wood smoke coming from the cooking fires of black people in their huts. The smell of a newly-laid dung floor in a kraal. The more pleasant smell of a fully dry dung floor in a hut. The sweet perfume of a yesterday-today-and-tomorrow shrub filling the cool night air. The fainter perfume of our lemon tree in bloom. The ink used in the Gestetner duplicating machine. The acrid stench of fumes from the anthracite heater when the door was opened to add fuel. Some good, some bad.

Of all the impressions upon our senses, the sounds of Africa are as memorable as any. In the cities is the usual sound of traffic, though extra noisy because of the shifting of gears of small European cars. When we first went to Johannesburg, there were the old-fashioned trams with their peculiar whine and clatter. Electric busses with hissing brakes replaced the trams — double-deckers going into the northern suburbs, while double-deckers using

petrol served the southern suburbs.

The ground under much of Johannesburg is honeycombed with tunnels and shafts. When the gold ore has been removed, these eventually collapse, sometimes gradually, sometimes suddenly. Often there are "booms" more felt by the ear drums than heard, but sometimes severe enough to rattle doors and windows. A newcomer to the area will always sit up and take notice, but the old-timers just shrug shoulders and go about their business.

There were different sounds associated with the black people. They converse loudly, even when walking down the street side by side. Uninhibited, they call to one another way down the street — one of those things "just not done" by "dignified" white folks. They seem to have been created with more powerful voices than most white people, and according to their customs, they must use those voices. It is considered by some to be bad manners to speak softly!

Just as the speaking voices of the blacks are powerful, so are their singing voices. The women's voices are sometimes shrill and penetrating until a bit of training helps them to be more moderate. How they do love to sing! Harmonizing comes naturally to most and there are few "tin ears" among them. Only among the Xhosa people did we hear a style of singing that was so different that it tended to sound unmelodious to our ears, but when they sang their hymns, they praised God as well as any.

John once attended the funeral of a baby. The procession had gone to the cemetery, and as the men lowered the little casket and began to fill the grave, the women began to sing. This time they sang softly and sweetly. As

John described it, the women were all around him where he stood, and the singing was so beautiful that he almost felt as if he were in heaven, surrounded by a choir of angels.

The city blacks thoroughly enjoyed their holidays and had some customs that were very different from ours. On Boxing Day, the 26th of December, young men and women sometimes exchanged clothes and walked arm in arm along the streets, calling out "Happy, happy!" (pronounced ha-peeeeeeee). Anyone who had worked for us in any capacity during the year, be it garbage collectors. delivery boys, gardeners, mail men - all expected their "Christmas box." A knock would come at the door and several young black men would be holding out their hands, saying, "Christmas box, Meddem," and I would have my supply of two-shilling pieces for those numerous trash collectors - far more numerous than we had ever observed working on the trucks. I suspected that at least half of the recipients of the money were "trash boys" only on the 26th of December, but at Christmas time, who worries? They needed a bit of cash anyway.

On our trips into the "bush," we heard the most interesting sounds of all. Many times we would hear drums beating all night long, though we were never certain just what the occasion was. Sometimes it had to do with initiation ceremonies for groups of young boys or girls which we were never permitted to witness. Most of the time, it was likely to be some energetic dancers playing the night away, but sometimes it was connected with a religious group, conducting their all-night "services."

Women in remote areas are very much in the

background. They are wives, mothers, field laborers, and water carriers, but when there is anything going on publicly, it is the men who are in the foreground. At a big ceremony to induct a new chief, we noticed that the only active part taken by women, other than that of cooking huge pots of food, was their peculiar ululations, a wailing sound marked by a quick side-ways movement of the tip of the tongue against the upper lip. We often heard this sound at other times as well.

At the induction of a new headman at a village in Vendaland, we heard the Venda "band." The leader had the horn of a kudu upon which he blew his one note while each of the band members had some sort of gadget which could also produce but one note. Pieces of ordinary garden hose, the cylindrical portions of bicycle pumps, and other things which I cannot remember, made up the instruments. As we were assembling in an open grassy area, the headmanto-be was escorted to his proper place, carrying a walking stick, holding his head abnormally high, and practicing looking haughty and important. The band arrived then with a heavy stomping of feet and rustling of the tall dry grass as they ran, single file into the open area. A pattern of tones was repeated over and over as each man blew his one note in turn. The "instruments" were not tuned to the "do, re, mi" that is familiar to our ears, but they enjoyed it and continued to play it again and again as they ran and danced. What a pity that I can't play a recording of it for you.

Many of these things will disappear with the march of civilization. Maybe that is for the good. I don't know. It is too bad in a way that old tribal activities will gradually disappear. Today there are many groups of black musicians in the cities, playing and singing their own type of jazz. There are also groups of gospel singers, and there are choirs capable of singing great songs. We once attended the annual presentation of Handel's "Messiah" by a black choir, given in Johannesburg's city hall.

Among the many sounds of Africa, I can close my eyes now and hear the voices of the different black preachers. Samuel Ramagwede in Vendaland is very soft-spoken, vet he speaks with the authority that comes from good Bible knowledge and years of experience. There was a brother Tshivhase who used to interpret in a booming, well-rounded voice. Brethren David Macubu and Jackson Sogoni get so carried away with enthusiasm that they speak louder and louder until you think they will shake heaven and earth. Simon Magagula speaks in a moderate, well-modulated voice with the distinct pronunciation that is part of his meticulousness in all that Old brother Manape, way into his 80's, his he does. voice now having a quaver, still is ready to proclaim the gospel, speaking words of wisdom in old age.

Servants

From about the early 1970's, servants began to become a gradually disappearing class, and by the 80's, so many other work opportunities began to open up to black women as well as men that there has been a big exodus from the back-yard servants' quarters to factory jobs, department stores, grocery stores, offices, and other places. Not many years ago, a black girl could become a teacher or a nurse, but otherwise her only choice was to serve in the home of a white family, or perhaps be the "tea girl" at a place of business. Now, if she qualifies, she can work in a bank or some such situation.

Before the opening up of the job market, a black girl who needed to earn money was given little choice. There were usually so many seeking work as servants that they had to be satisfied with the low rates of pay that they were offered. Some servants therefore worked for a pittance and many were shoddily treated while expected to work twelve or fourteen hours a day. A great many black servants were given fair and kind treatment by their white employers, and some became beloved household members, serving faithfully and dependably for a lifetime. Some servants were lazy, unreliable, and dishonest, never keeping any one job for more than a few weeks at a time, while others could be trusted in every way.

During our first twenty years in South Africa, I found it almost imperative to have a girl to help me in the house. With our expanding family there was much laundry

to be done while my tiny washing machine with its handoperated wringer was put to hard use. The clothes had to be rinsed by hand and wrung out by hand and carried to the wash line. There was no permanent-press material so there were stacks of ironing. There were few carpets on the floors which required much polishing and rubbing, perhaps on hands and knees. There were verandas with red-polished cement floors and sometimes red-polished walks from house to street. Without a servant to help me, I would have been worn out and unable to become involved in church work.

A full-time servant always lived in servants' quarters at the back of the white man's property. The quality of these quarters varied greatly, from neat, nicely furnished, comfortable little rooms with adequate bathroom facilities to shabby little cubbyholes and only a wash tub or bucket for bathing.

A girl's day usually began an hour or more before the white folks were awake. She would use her back door key to let herself in. The first thing she did was make tea or coffee to serve to the white people in their bedrooms, and while they were slowly waking, she would polish the children's shoes, tidy up the living room, and set the breakfast table. If she was responsible to help with cooking, she would perhaps have put on a pot of porridge to simmer at the same time as she made the tea. After breakfast and the dish washing chores, the girl would clean, make beds, and do the laundry. Perhaps at 10:30 or 11 o'clock she would eat her own breakfast — most preferred to wait that long. After the lunch at noonday, there were dishes to wash and the ironing to be done,

after which the girl may have a couple of hours to rest and chat with friends. Then there were vegetables to prepare for dinner and the meal to be served, dishes washed and kitchen cleaned. Sometimes the girl assisted in bathing one's small children, and on a winter night, she may be required to build up a fire in the fireplace. Only then was she free to retire to her own room. It was not an easy life. Times off were usually Thursday and Sunday afternoons. For all of this, in 1950, a girl would receive from twelve to twenty or twenty-five dollars a month plus her uniforms, room, food and miscellaneous items such as soaps, non-prescription medicines, etc.

There are still some servants like those just described, but they are much fewer in number and receive many times as much money for their work. Many white housewives are now doing all or most of their own housework — carpeting is replacing polish, and labor-saving appliances are becoming popular while easy-care fabrics have come into their own.

There were some South African housewives who became lazy by having someone do all the work for them, but others who used their time to knit and sew garments for all the family and thus contribute to their welfare. It is easy to become so dependent on a servant that it seems burdensome to have to do her work on her day off.

South African children growing up in households with servants often did not learn to do things for themselves, so we saw to it that our boys polished their own shoes and made their own beds (usually). On the girl's day off, they took turns washing and drying the dishes. As for the gardening which was so often done by a "garden boy,"

we often assigned the mowing, clipping, and weeding jobs to our sons who grumbled that their friends didn't have to do any of those things.

During our family's last twelve years in South Africa, we joined in the general move away from full-time servants. In fact, we had to. So many of the young women, and a few of the older women, were going into other types of employment that there were few reliable girls remaining who would still do housework. We had various ones coming in by the day, once, twice, or three times a week to work from four to six hours. The daily pay, by 1978, amounted to nearly as much as a week's wages in 1950.

Bringing a rural black girl to work in the city created some unusual problems, and a considerable training period was necessary. Such a girl had never had running water in a house, and she had no idea what the sink drain could handle, so she was apt to pour in pot-scrapings, food scraps, and bits of peelings and then wonder why the sink became blocked. She had perhaps always washed her eating utensils in cold water and could not understand the need for hot water, soap, and rinsing of dishes. She had lived in a hut with a mud-and-dung floor, so she did not see lint under the bed as dirt. She had never used any sort of appliance and had a hard time learning how much stress one of them could survive. This was true of "garden boys" as well, and they would break lawn mowers and tools by expecting them to do impossible tasks.

Many of the black servants got themselves into trouble because they helped themselves to the employers' possessions. They were themselves poor and thought the

white people so rich that it would be quite all right to steal from them. It was not uncommon for a girl to take food, not only for herself but for a boy friend or other friends or relatives who might be visiting her. She might be keeping an unauthorized person in the room every night — a boy friend who would slip away before daylight to go to his own job.

Even the city black girls had different standards of living and of behavior. One of the girls who worked for me by the day was also employed at times by the Echols, Hoggs, and Hornes, and we all had some stories to share. This girl could work harder and faster than any other we had ever seen, and when she was done, the whole house would be spotless and gleaming. But! It got that tidy look when she opened a desk drawer and scooped everything from the desk top into it, or stowed the gadgets from a kitchen counter in whatever drawer or shelf was convenient. John had to lay down the law that his desk was to remain untouched, and the children would always complain, "She's been here again." Once Eldred Echols searched everywhere for some very important papers and never found them when he needed them. It was some days later when the family was going somewhere that the papers were found in the baby's diaper bag. One day I went into my kitchen to find the girl with scouring powder and a brush cleaning what she considered to be a dirty little statuette. It was an antiqued bust of the famous "David" by Michelangelo which we had bought in Florence, Italy, a treasured memento that had been made to look as old as its original. Today, my David has one white eye in his antiqued face, so if you come into my living room and find him turned to one side, that is the reason, and it reminds me of that girl every time \boldsymbol{I} do the dusting.

Trips and Travels, Furloughs and Moves

"THIS IS OUR FATHER'S WORLD"

Part of the reason why missionary work has an aura of glamor about it is that many trips are necessary, and missionaries sometimes get to visit the more interesting parts of the world. Years ago, when steamship was the mode of travel, there were sometimes tales to tell about the voyages themselves. We had no hair-raising experiences such as the Phil Leibrandt family had when severe storms nearly sank the little freighter they were on, the ship eventually limping into port where they were greeted by newsmen and TV cameramen. We did experience a near-collision in the Delaware River, and once we awoke to find our ship's engines silent, their repair requiring several hours. The only time we had extremely rough weather was on a North Atlantic crossing on the Queen Mary in February – a poor choice of sailing time. That tremendous ship rode the crests and plunged into the valleys for 4 days and nights. She was unable to make the scheduled landing at Cherbourg and had to go directly to Southampton. John was violently ill, and I found I much preferred to lie down. All of our sons except Neal missed some of the meals. In fact, the dining rooms were so empty on that crossing that the shipping company must have enjoyed a big reduction in its food bill.

We made two trips up the east coast of Africa on an Italian ship named "Africa." We so enjoyed the first one in 1959 that we did it again in 1965. The churches that

supported us paid our fares as of the most direct route, and we discovered that it cost no more to travel on Italian ships on the round-about route. We paid for all the side trips and extras ourselves, using saved-up vacation times for this purpose.

On our east coast voyages, the ship stopped at Beira, Dar es Salaam, Mombasa, Mogadishu, Aden, Port Suez, Port Said, and then to Brindisi and Venice in Italy. At all ports except Mogadishu, we could go ashore, and at Port Suez we took a tour bus to Cairo where the day was spent seeing many of the famous sights while the ship made the slow trip through the canal. Then at Port Said, we reboarded our ship. One cannot see all of Cairo in a day, but the tour was arranged to take us to the pyramids, Sphynx, mosques, the Museum of Antiquities. We had a "dragoman" to take us everywhere and explain things to us — coincidentally, we had the same man both times.

On our first such trip, we had six sons with us, the youngest still in diapers. In addition, Paul Hobby, on his way from Namwianga, Northern Rhodesia, to the U. S. to go to college, was traveling with us. Looking back at this trip from a distance of some 24 years, I am floored at the very thought of what we undertook to do, but the older boys who remember the trip all say that they are glad we gave them the opportunity to see some of Europe.

On the 1959 trip, we landed at Venice where we stayed for a couple of days in the famous Rialto Hotel near the bridge of the same name. Being nearly spring, it was very cool, and several of the boys caught colds, but we got to see many of the famous highlights of Venice

and even rode in a gondola, though the garbage-strewn canals were not the romantic places we had expected.

Funny incident number one in Venice was our attempt to buy disposable diapers from a pharmacia where no English was understood. After much gesturing and head-shaking, John eventually found what we needed right in front of us on the shelves. Funny incident number two was when we crossed the concourse of the Venice railway station and a musical and romantic janitor, observing our entourage of 7 youngsters, leaned his broom against a bench, cradled an imaginary infant in his arms, and sang us a lullaby! I was reminded of the Italian sailor who was painting the bulkheads of our ship, lustily singing opera.

From the time of our departure from Durban, Dale, age 3, had carried an imaginary portable record player. He would put on an imaginary record, move the arm into place, and with a fat forefinger, trace the circular movement of a record. On the train from Venice to Zurich, we were cautioned not to sit on the record player, and Dale "held" it carefully on his lap.

Going through the spectacular Alps, we were frequently enjoying the scenery, only to plunge suddenly into the darkness of a tunnel and come out again to a new scene. One of the tunnels is a masterpiece of engineering — we entered it high up and were in total darkness for 20 minutes, sensing only that we were constantly turning, turning, always in the same direction while hearing the tortuous action of the brakes as the iron wheels held to the tracks. Actually, we were spiralling downward all the time, and left the tunnel much lower down than the point of entry. Some of our boys were sure that it was night, and were not

convinced that we were in a tunnel until we emerged at last into broad daylight.

At Zurich, three of the boys had really bad colds, and if it had not been for the Jack McKinney family who kept them, together with their children who also had colds, we could have seen little of Switzerland. The highlight of that country for me was the bus tour which took us to Lake Lucerne. It is beyond any doubt the most beautiful place I have ever seen. We were unable to view distant scenes because of some fog, and for this our guide apologized, "I'm sorry you've missed the scene, but you have seen the mist."

In Paris it was the Hindsleys who helped us to have a wonderful time and we saw the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, the flea market, and many of the usual sights that tourists visit. In Haarlem and Amsterdam, the Richardson family looked after us, and we were able to see the famous windmills and the Keukenhof Gardens with their tulips and other spring flowers. In Brussels, the Hilton Terrys looked after us and showed us the more interesting sights. In all of these places except Venice, we visited with missionaries and attended one or more services of the church, hearing sermons in German, French, and Dutch. The Dutch sermon came nearest to being understood by me — my Afrikaans lessons came through. I think it was brother Goodheer's first sermon in Dutch, so he probably spoke slowly.

Our visit to Frankfurt came at one of its lower points in the church work. One family was busy getting ready to move back to America, and the Bible school had closed for the holidays. We were invited to stay in the

dormitory quarters and use the kitchen in the basement. Shopping for groceries, I had to point at what I wanted, so our menu was limited. Walking downstairs with a sack in each arm, I failed to notice that one step was considerably narrower than the rest, so I tumbled headlong, scraping all the skin off one shin. In the kitchen, while using the circular bread slicer to cut some hard German bread, I cut a deep gash in a finger. Looking everywhere for a paper towel or something to staunch the flow of blood, I found nothing, so I stuck the finger into my mouth and ran up three flights of stairs for something with which to make a bandage.

One day we left the two little boys with sister Johnson at the dormitory in Frankfurt and went for a boat trip up the famous Rhine to see the castles and the Lorelei. We bought tickets to ride as far as Cologne and were assured that the price we paid included a return trip by train. By the time we had our tickets, we had no time to cash a traveler's check, but we had our lunch of German sausage and brown bread with us, and thought we could manage without cash until our return. Before we boarded, we were told that we had to pay a surcharge of so many francs each. We looked at one another and began to dig in our pockets and eventually came up with enough coins to make it. The day was drizzly and chilly, but it was impressive to see the castles, and we were interested in the way the vineyards were planted on terraces right down to the river. Everything in Europe seems ancient. Its history goes back so many centuries - not like the newer United States or South Africa. We wondered what life must have been like when those castles we were seeing were occupied by rich noblemen.

We ate our salty sausage and rather dry bread, and when we looked for a drink of water, we found there was none on the boat. We were expected to buy bottled drinks, but there we were with no money. When we arrived at Cologne, we walked full speed through the mist to the railway station, only to see our train pulling out. We had a long wait for the next train; there were no seats in the station, and there was no place where we could cash a traveler's check. Neither was there a water fountain. Finally, in desperation, I asked a ticket agent if there might be drinking water somewhere. Taking a key from a nail, he unlocked a door and beckoned for me and the two younger boys, Brian and Neal, to follow him. The three of us had a drink and carried back two glassfuls to be divided among the other four.

At last we were on our train, but when the conductor came to check our tickets, he shook his head and began to speak to us in German. When we told him we spoke only English, he made an effort to oblige, but all he could say was, "You must express some francs each ticket." Express francs? He must have meant that this was an express train and cost more to ride than the one we had missed. John showed him our traveler's checks, but he shook his head. We told him we would get the extra money for him when we got to Frankfurt, so when we arrived at the station, we headed for the bank. Before we had gone more than a few steps, the conductor and a policeman stopped us. The policeman said, "Kom, kom, kom," and followed us every step of the way to the bank, standing over us until the check was cashed and the correct money in his hands. His manner and even the cap he

wore made us feel as if we were in the hands of the Gestapo.

On our second trip via the east coast and through the Suez, we had our five youngest sons, from Don at 17 down to Gary at 7. We disembarked at Brindisi and immediately boarded the train to Rome. There we stayed at the YMCA family quarters, a reasonably priced accommodation, pronounced "Eem-ka" by the Italians. On the day that we were to visit the Vatican, Dale and Gary had a fever, so I stayed with them at "Eem-ka" and missed seeing the Pope at his window. Otherwise, we were all able to walk about a great deal, seeing museums, the Catacombs, the Colisseum, and other places. At the Colisseum, Gary was concerned that we might see the bones of Christians who were eaten by the lions many centuries ago, and he was quite relieved to find no such gruesome remains.

From Rome we went to Florence where we had accommodations in the dormitory facility for students of the Bible school. The richness of the museums in Florence must be seen to be believed. I have never been an art student — I only got "C's" in art in school — but I learned to appreciate some of the great works of Michelangelo and others of his time. John and the boys climbed to the top of the cathedral tower while I rested and looked for a long time at Michelangelo's "Pieta."

From Florence, we took the train to Trieste where we stayed for a day before sailing for America on the Christoforo Columbo. The hotel in Trieste had just been redone and looked very clean and comfortable. We went to our rooms where one of the boys perched on the foot of a bed, only to have it collapse. We decided to lock our cases inside a cupboard while we did some sight-seeing,

only to be unable to unlock it afterward, and had to call for help. Later, when we left our room, the door knob came off in John's hand. Thinking we might be asked to leave the hotel for tearing it up, we spoke to the person at the desk and received the greatest of apologies and were offered the use of other rooms.

In Trieste, we visited an old cathedral which has in it a baptistry which was once used for immersion of adults. Yes, the Catholic church once practiced immersion, and it was only after many centuries that infant sprinkling was substituted for it.

We'd had the loveliest of experiences on the Italian ship "Africa," so we expected something as good on the "Christoforo Columbo." All was well on the first day at sea. There were only a few passengers in tourist class. But after that, we made stops at several ports where we picked up Greek and Italian emigrants who were going to Canada. Many of them were uncouth and unclean, and all of them were loud, so we were not comfortable until we got to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where they disembarked, and we had a peaceful voyage from there to New York.

One night on the Columbo, there had been a movie in the dining room. Afterward, Dale and Gary, aged 9 and 7, were sent to the cabin to go to bed while the rest of us stayed for a cup of coffee. Less than half an hour later, John and I went to the cabin but could not get in. The boys had locked the door, so we knocked. No answer. We pounded. We called. Afraid of waking other passengers, we called for a steward. He pounded and called. Nothing. The steward called the chief steward who pounded and called in vain. The chief steward called

the ship's carpenter who called and pounded, and eventually had to remove a panel in the lower part of the door and reach up to remove the key which was securely turned sideways. All we had needed was an expert burglar, but when we needed one, there was none around. Dale and Gary had slept soundly through all the racket.

Passenger liners' stewards try to please the passengers, and we had many pleasant experiences with them. The nursemaids in charge of the children's playrooms on the Queen Mary and the Africa were excellent. The dining room steward on the Africa made us feel good when he said we could have our family at the second setting of dinner where children were not usually allowed — he had observed that our boys knew how to sit properly and handle themselves well at meal times. To this end, we had twice taken them to a hotel dining room in Benoni, acquainting them with the numerous courses and the many pieces of silverware. We had not wanted one of them calling out, "Hey, mom, why have I got three spoons? I only need one."

We always traveled tourist class so never did expect the same service the first class travelers received. However, the Queen Mary must have been short of dining room stewards on one of our crossings, for we strongly suspected that the one who waited on us one day had been borrowed from service in the crew's quarters. Serving English style, the waiter must carefully dish food from platters and bowls onto the diners' plates. This one awkwardly but carefully served John and the boys, and by the time he came to me, he must have been tired of all the bother, so he tipped the platter and scraped the remaining food into a pile on my plate, much as one would scrape leftovers into a dog's dish.

This un-British treatment astonished us, and we looked forward to further amusement on the next day. The errant steward, however, must have been observed by the chief dining steward and demoted to some other portion of the ship, for we saw no more of him.

On our return trip to South Africa in 1966, we stopped for several days in Athens and visited our niece, Linda, who had married Jim Willis, a service man stationed in Greece. While there, we visited the Acropolis, old Corinth where Paul had preached, Mars Hill, and other famous places.

In 1971, we flew via South African Airways to Rio and stayed with the Walter Lamm family whom we had met when they lived in Durban. In Rio we visited many of the usual tourist highlights and then flew via Varig to Miami. Varig, the Brazilian airline had a good reputation, but we doubted it somewhat when we took off in a thunderstorm.

In 1978, when John and I were making our permanent return to the states, we traveled via the Bible lands, spending several days in Jordan and several in Israel.

All of these trips would not have been possible if we were not missionaries in transit, for we could never have afforded the fares, so we considered them all as wonderful bonuses.

Not all of our enjoyable trips occurred enroute at furlough times. We saw more of southern Africa than most South Africans. Some of this was accomplished by means of the necessary travel in our work, and in our moves to different places, but some was in the form of some very wonderful vacations. Some of us were in Kruger Park as

many as nine times and never wearied of watching the wild animals. We had one vacation at Amanzimtoti on the beach south of Durban, and another in East London, visiting with the Ivan Uys'. We camped in Rhodesia, traveled all the way to Tanganyika, and sometimes took shorter trips to interesting places nearer our home. Once we were invited to Welkom where John and Brian van der Spuy played a lot of golf, probably discussing church work all the while.

Travels and vacations make wonderful memories to tuck away in the back of the mind and bring out from time to time to relive and enjoy. Our experiences as missionaries gave us many such happy memories.

One year, during the Christmas holidays, we had been in Johannesburg. We had spent the 23rd with the McKissick family, and our children had their gifts around the tree. Because we were to have a youth camp starting soon after Christmas, we had to drive to Port Elizabeth on the 24th and 25th. As usual, John wanted to drive through the Transkei, so we headed in that direction, arriving at Umzimkulu late in the afternoon of the 24th of December. Umzimkulu is a tiny, picturesque little town, consisting of a store, post office, filling station, and a few houses besides the hotel. We had stayed there several times before and found it peaceful and comfortable, with good food. Imagine our delight to arrive and find that the hotel had been completely redecorated and furnished with new beds.

Just as it was getting dark, the power went off, so candles were brought to each of the rooms, and soon we went to eat our Christmas eve supper, served by candle light. The following morning, we ate our breakfast at the

hotel, purchased a tin of "Old Fashioned English Butter Drops," filled up with petrol, and headed south. We knew that things closed up tight on Christmas day in South Africa, but never dreamed that for a whole day we would travel and find not one place where we could get a meal or buy so much as a cracker. We remembered a certain little place run in conjunction with a filling station in Umtata where they had delicious hot beef pies, but even that was closed. The children were famished but survived on butter drops until we reached the Votaw home in East London at about 4:00 in the afternoon. Votaws didn't have food in the house for seven hungry travelers, but luckily they knew a Chinese shopkeeper who was willing to open up and sell us some bread and cheese and canned food. That welcome meal saw us through until we drove the last 200 miles and arrived at home in Port Elizabeth. The moral of the story is, don't travel on Christmas day in South Africa without packing a supply of your own food in the car.

Venda

Venda today is a little independent nation, one of the several tiny satellites created by South Africa and referred to as "Bantustans." During most of the time that we lived in Africa, it was still just one of the "homelands" and was called "Vendaland." It is a tiny nation, tucked up in the northeastern part of South Africa. It borders the Limpopo River and Zimbabwe to the north, and its eastern boundary is not far from Mozambique. Its people speak a language that is not like the other tribal tongues of South Africa. Lutheran missionaries went to the Venda area over 100 years ago but have long since left their churches in the hands of black leaders. There are some members of the Dutch Reformed Church. A good bit of work has been done in the past by the Salvation Army mission, and there are some other efforts by other denominations, particularly the Zionists, but the population groups are still largely "unchurched." How confusing it must be to people living in remote areas to have missionaries of different faiths coming in and teaching different doctrines! How embarrassing to have some perceptive individual observe, "If you have the truth, why weren't some of your people here long ago?"

Much of Vendaland is mountainous, and small as it is, the climate and rainfall differ from one part to another, the eastern portion receiving the rains that blow in from Mozambique, while the western portion remains drier because of the mountains which stop the clouds. There are

some fertile valleys, and there are portions that benefit from small irrigation schemes, but much of the land is unfit for cultivation. Most of Venda's people live in their traditional "kraals" or groups of huts and have a small parcel of ground which they cultivate to raise mealies and vegetables. Some raise peanuts, bananas, mangoes, pawpaws, and avocados, if their ground is suitable. In recent years, tea has become a cash crop, and there are longestablished planted forests, but these are of benefit to the general population as means of employment, those crops being owned by large firms. Most people of Venda have chickens and goats, but not everyone has cattle. A great many of the people depend on support from members of the family who go to the cities to work and send home money without which they would suffer greatly.

To go to Venda from our home in Benoni, we had to travel through Pretoria and continue north and slightly east through Warmbaths, Potgietersrus and Pietersburg to Louis Trichardt, about 300 miles. From there it is another hour's drive eastward to tiny Sibasa, capital of Venda. On the first of July, 1967, Brian, Neal, John, and I went to Venda for a 9-day trip. It was school holidays, the month between second and third quarters of the school year.

There were several goals on this trip: a good visit with Venda's only full-time preacher, Philemon Mamafha, a visit with the brethren we knew in the Tshidimbini area; and a visit at some places we had not seen before, especially to meet the Christians in each of them. The church in Marshall, Texas, had been assisting in the support of brother Mamafha and wanted first-hand information about

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his progress. I kept a diary during this trip and recorded some things in detail. Life in remote rural areas such as this was full of novelty to me, for in 1967, I had not yet spent a great deal of time in such places.

It was mid-afternoon on Saturday when we arrived in Tshidimbini to make definite plans for the 9-day stay. That accomplished, we went into Sibasa to get settled at the boarding house which was to accommodate us for the entire time. Sibasa had no hotel then, but it was usually possible to get rooms and meals with old Mrs. Viljoen. Mr. Viljoen had been a game ranger before his retirement, and had many interesting tales to tell.

We spent Sunday through Wednesday teaching classes in the mornings and afternoons. Our audiences consisted of a number of school teachers who were also having their holidays, members of the Tshidimbini congregation, some visitors from other congregations, and a number of local I taught women and children while John held classes for men and older boys. Brother Samuel Ramagwede had built a little meeting house near his own kraal, on part of the land allotted to him as a teacher. The men had the use of the building while the rest of us had to manage outside - pleasant enough except for the chilly wind which not only made us fasten our coats but also blew away the flannelboard teaching aids I was trying to use. Without them, I was handicapped for I had designed my lessons around their use, but we managed. I had some very good ladies to interpret for me. In one class with the women, I tried to point out that part of a Christian wife's duty is to make the best use of the family's income, spending carefully, and keeping clothing in good repair. As an illustration, I said that I had seen people whose garments were not much use because the buttons were missing and someone was too lazy or too ignorant to replace them. My interpreter seemed embarrassed, and the ladies in the class giggled. Turning to see what was happening, I saw that the interpreter's dress buttons were off. It was my turn to be embarrassed, but by the next day, the buttons had been quietly replaced.

Wednesday evening when we returned to the boarding house, all was in darkness. Although there is no electricity provided throughout Venda, the town of Sibasa was supplied with power from a small dam, and now there had been a power failure. If we'd been depending on a wood stove and old-fashioned lamps, our supper would have been ready, but instead, the food stood halfcooked on a cold electric stove, and our bath water chilled in the electric water heater. Mrs. Viljoen was apologetic and assured us that she had something cooking on a fire outside but it would not be ready until after eight o'clock. We never did tell her that at noon each day at Tshidimbini, we ate a good meal prepared by the ladies there, and sat in the Ramagwede's comfortable little dining rondavel while listening to the noonday news on a battery radio. By the time we sat down for suppers at the boarding house, we were not very hungry.

Until supper was ready that Wednesday, we sat and wrote by candle light. Candles are all that many of our black brethren ever have to light their homes — the more affluent may have an oil lamp or a lantern. One can really do quite a bit by candle light, and it was good for us to do without electricity for a little while. Looking back over

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the activities of the four days, we counted 24 hours that had been used in classes.

The people always sat on backless benches, as much as four hours at a stretch. I decided that they had developed a set of back muscles that I had neglected — my back is ready to collapse after half an hour without a back rest. The women often sat on the ground, backs bolt upright, feet straight out in front of them, toes pointing skyward. I tried that too, but found that I don't have muscles for that either. The women often prefer sitting on the ground so they can tend their babies and small children.

In John's classes, particularly, he found that many questions were asked, and most of them revealed that the questioners were intelligent and thoughtful. One has to have a certain amount of Bible knowledge before being able to ask questions of the sort that were heard during those sessions.

In my classes, I had very few questions, perhaps because Venda women are shy, having always had to live in subservience to their husbands to the point of not being allowed to think for themselves. However, I decided to put my own question-asking technique, which I thought I had perfected, to use in bringing out some answers from the children. I had been teaching that God is a God of love. I wanted them to see God as a loving Father whom we can love in return. To this end, I asked what I thought was a leading question, "Why do you obey your father when he tells you to do something?" I expected the pat answer, "Because I love him and want to please him," but received instead a frank, "Because he'll beat me if I don't." The black people who live in their tribal lands have great respect

for older persons. Chiefs, headmen, and heads of families are men of authority, and the younger people must bow to their desires. The grey hair on an older person's head will cause him to be treated with deference and his wisdom will be respected, much more so than among my people where youth is almost idolized. Had I, then, been misled by the "pat" answer a white child may have given to my question — "I obey my father because I love him and want to please him?" Both answers are correct, the black child's being the first reason, the response of love and desire to please increasing with maturity and growth, especially in Christ. A teacher does learn more than the students.

NEW PLACES

On Thursday we drove a good many miles over rough roads. In the morning we visited the homes of some of the members of the church, driving most of the way over places where they must walk, mile after weary It is lovely country, unscarred by billboards or junkyards. Footpaths follow the lines of least resistance across the fields, with little streams that can be crossed on stepping stones. On the way to the home of one old lady, our Venda friend paused, picked up a stone, worn smooth from much handling, and tapped several times on a rock which had been hollowed out from much tapping. When we asked the reason for this strange behavior, the reply was, "I don't really know. It is something that the people of this place have always done whenever they pass this way." Some preacher could make a good point for a sermon on religious traditions by using Venda 447

the story of the tapping stone.

To reach the home of Samuel Ramagwede's aged mother, we had to walk a long way. It was not the time for a meeting of the church, but we sat on the benches in the little thatched hut where about 20 Christians were meeting each week. Some of those folks walked several miles to meet here because Mrs. Ramagwede was unable to walk to some other place for services.

Next we visited a little village that had a small congregation, but at that time on a Thursday, we found only four members with whom to have a little service. As we entered the hut of the Christian lady, I had noticed an interesting geometric design painted around the door, and on the wall inside, just opposite the door where it would catch one's eye upon entering, was a stylized mural of a tree, obviously showing considerable talent in the artist. I thought it a pity that the lady's painting had been applied to a crumbly mud wall instead of a more lasting surface, but at the same time, it struck me that a person whose life consisted mainly of carrying water, hoeing the fields, and bearing children, possessed sensitivity and talent with which to beautify her surroundings. In another time and circumstances, such a person might have had her work hung in some museum.

Eldred Echols once said to me that the reason he spent time and money improving the flower gardens by a rented house was that he wished to leave a place in a better condition than when he found it. This is a good philosophy of life: Eldred applies it in well-known situations, the little Venda lady in her remote and humble village. There is so much untapped talent in the world, and so many heathens would become Christians if they only had the chance.

We were taken, then, to see the gardens in the irrigation scheme, an impressive outlay, though not large. If such schemes could be built for all the Africans in areas such as this, hunger and poverty would become miseries of the past. Here, fruits and vegetables grew abundantly, and our Christian friends gave us a stalk of bananas, two large pawpaws, and some sugar cane.

In the afternoon, we rode out on the opposite side of Sibasa and came to Phiphidi. The road took us up the side of the mountain from which we could look across miles of rolling land, and just below us was the Phiphidi dam which provides Sibasa's power and water supply. At Phiphidi we had a Bible study with seven women who had come to meet us. They had some excellent questions to ask, and when they had been answered, the ladies asked us to remain in our chairs. Soon several women came to us on their knees, bearing trays of big sweet potatoes and a carved wooden spoon and whisk for beating the lumps out of porridge. We learned later that in the old tradition, Venda women must kneel before someone to whom they wish to show respect: a wife even kneels when she speaks to her husband, or a sister in Christ kneels when she speaks to one of the brethren.

There is an old song, "So Peaceful in the Country." It was peaceful for us during our stay in Vendaland. The silences of the open countryside seemed to burst upon us. Each evening at the boarding house, the whole world seemed asleep by eight o'clock. Brian's transistor radio in the next room, though turned very low, seemed to intrude. Each night at about eight, a sound could be heard, a strange sound to us, and as it continued for hours, we

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tried to guess what it might be. It sounded like "Clink, clink!" and reminded us of the distant sound of a hammer striking a steel chisel. We decided to call it the "chisel-throated night clinker" until we found out later in the week that the strange voice belonged to a fruit bat that lived in Mrs. Viljoen's mango tree, his radar beeps being sounded out in his search for food.

On Saturday night I wrote in my diary at 9:15 that Neal had been asleep since 7:00, that Brian was reading his "umpteenth" book, that John was sawing his winter's supply of cordwood, and that the landlady always went to bed with her little Maltese "Kitty Kat" right after supper. "This," I wrote, "is no place for an exciting Saturday night." We had read the daily papers which always arrive a day late in Sibasa, we'd had no phone calls — there was only one line for all of the town — and we'd had no mail, and yet the world was going right along without us. I loved it!

We spent Friday at Tshikombani, the home of Samson Matshivha who was doing a good job of teaching his people the things he had begun to learn when he lived in Pretoria. Christians in Johannesburg had assisted them financially and they themselves had constructed an adequate building of corrugated iron with room to seat 70. The subject that afternoon was eldership — the most requested subject in Vendaland at that time, though none of the congregations were ready to have elders, or rather, there were no men then qualified to become elders.

It is customary at the end of a lesson by a visitor such as John for one or more of the men of the congregation to make little speeches, sometimes in praise of the speaker or of the things he had spoken. One such man expressed deep regret that he could not qualify scripturally to be an elder, but he explained that he began as early as 1916 to look for the way to heaven. He had recently come into the Lord's church, and now he said he wanted to be sure to learn everything correctly so that he would not lose the way again.

WALKING IN THE BOOK

On Saturday, we had a long, dusty, bumpy ride plus a short walk over a very rough area, taking us to Mavhunga. We were greeted by Lazarus, son of old headman Mavhunga. Several of the men who had been present on the preceding day were there plus some others, and once more, John taught on the eldership. Again, an old man stood up to express his words of thanks to the visitor. He said that John had patiently answered his many questions and that he now understood, and he could see that "Hardini" (as many black people pronounce our name) had just been "walking in the book."

In Saturday afternoon's lesson, John was trying to motivate the people to give of their slight means, just as generously as they possibly could, for this is the means by which the gospel can be spread — money to support the preacher. It is hard for folks like the rural Vendas to visualize large numbers, and in fact, tribal languages do not have words to express millions and billions. So, when John wanted to talk about the numbers of unsaved people in the world, he told the people to think of all the rocks and stones in Vendaland. "That is how many people in the world need the gospel, and that is why we all

need to give to the church for the preaching of the gospel."

After a brief Sunday morning service at Tshidimbini, we drove to the kraal of acting Chief Mbilu. Members of a Zionist group and a number of Lutherans had also been invited, and together with the 60 members of the church who arrived in a large truck, we had about 150 gathered in the open courtyard. It had been a pleasant winter day in this sub-tropical land, but as we gathered for the service, a damp, chilly wind came in from Mozambique and unfriendly clouds hid the warm sun. I shivered throughout the service despite my sweater and coat, noticing all the while that some of our very thinly clad black friends seemed not to notice the chill at all.

The Zionists are an all-black religious sect with strong political leanings who follow the dictates of a leader who places strong demands on his people, particularly financially. He tells them how much to give, and even if it drains their resources, they give it, not seeming to object to the fact that he enjoys such luxuries as several fine cars and many wives. As far as I know, this was the only time John had opportunity to preach to any of them, for they do not mix with the likes of us white folks. After the service, there were once again those who made short speeches. A leader of a Zionist congregation said this, in essence, "I have never heard this before, but this is all from the Bible. And this man has given us everything, starting from the ground and going all the way up." What he said was true -John knew he might never again have the opportunity to tell these folks the Bible plan of salvation, so he had indeed given them "everything."

After the service in Mbilu's kraal, we made a quick

trip to the stony mountain kraal of the chief who had died a year before when he crashed his brand new Mercedes Benz at a sharp bend in the road. Now the kraal was nearly deserted, there being as yet no replacement for the chief. One of the chief's widows showed us around the grounds and invited us to sit in the main living hut and listen to the battery-operated hi-fi record player. Along a trail to other buildings, we plucked some coffee beans, although coffee is not really a crop there. Alongside the path, the mountain rises straight up, the solid grey rock of it making the natural defense a chief would have needed in the early days of tribal wars.

We needed Monday afternoon for our trip home to Benoni, so we used the morning for last-minute rounds of visits and goodbyes. First we went to the home of Philemon Mamafha. Turning off the main road, we were able to drive along a trail for the first four miles, then had to walk nearly a mile to the neat little two-roomed rectangular house with a corrugated iron roof. In it he had his dining room and bedroom. Another storage hut and a cooking hut were of the traditional round design. After having tea and cake, we went back to Tshidimbini where we all walked about half a mile to see the plot of ground that the government had allotted for a church building. Back at Tshidimbini we had a final farewell service including the singing of "Mudzimu a vhe na nwi hafhu." "God be with you 'til we meet again." Everyone walked with us to the car where the women gave me some embroidered cloths they had made, and a large stalk of bananas and two chickens. Our earthly lives were so different, these women in their kraals in Venda, and I in my

house in Benoni, but we spoke together of "next time we meet," and tears welled up in our eyes. If ever we had decided to work full time with black people in "the bush," Vendaland would have been my choice.

Upon our return home, John was able to write an encouraging letter to the church in Marshall, Texas. He explained that Philemon found his youth to be a handicap, because the older people were not prepared to listen to a new message from a young man, but he was handling this well. There was growth and maturity to be seen in Philemon, and he was spending much time in study, so John recommended that his support be continued. The church in Pretoria had given Philemon a bicycle to help him get around, but in mountainous country, one is pushing as much as riding such a vehicle.

Included in the letter to the Marshall church was John's account of the time the congregation from Tshidimbini had taken a bus to visit the church at Tshikombani, a distance of 29 miles. Heavy rains had made it impossible for the bus to make the return trip, so those brethren walked all the way home. We'd driven those 29 miles, and many of them are far from level!

A LOOK BACK - THE BEGINNING

The Vendaland story goes back to 1954, 13 years before the visit just described. In December of that year, brethren Joe McKissick, Arthur Lovett, John Hardin, Kent Hardin (9 years old), and two black brethren whose names are not available, made the long trip from Johannesburg to Sibasa and beyond, with the express purpose of reaching a government farming scheme called Dzimauli.

The black brethren were to remain and preach to their people the gospel that they had learned in Johannesburg. Torrential rains had fallen, and coming to a low-water bridge which was flooded, the men left the car and proceeded on foot. When it became obvious that the journey was yet far, the white brothers left the black brothers to continue alone, and later learned that it was well into the next day before the two walkers had reached their destination.

Soon after arriving at Dzimauli, the Venda brethren baptized 7, and later a congregation of some 22 members was established near a Salvation Army school and hospital some miles away.

One of the first people contacted at this time was Samuel Ramagwede, one of the teachers at the Salvation Army school. Brother Ramagwede recorded for me the story of his conversation and early experiences. Some of what he wrote follows:

"Personally I came to know (about) Jesus through the Salvation Army . . . I served from 1947 to 1956.

"In 1954 during the month of December, I was transplanting some tubers from the banana stem when someone called me. When I went, I found two fellows standing at the gate to my home. The two were David and Amos Muthali. When the friends left for David Nyamanda's home, Muthali gave me some 'Christian Advocates' which he said I should read when I retired to my hut.

"I was shocked when I read an article written

by brother Don Gardener, in which he talked about water baptism. They made me feel that there was something lacking in me . . . In the same Christian Advocate, there was an address for Bible correspondence. So after reading through the Christian Advocate, I wrote a letter to East London, Cape. The Bible lessons were then sent to me . . . it was stated that I could send my correspondence lessons to Turffontein, Johannesburg. Before the lessons were completed, a letter was written, in which the fellows in Johannesburg were asked to come to Sibasa and serve baptism on me.

"Instead of coming, a man from Dzimauli, the late brother Simon Phidza was sent to me. Brother Simon explained to me what it meant to be a Christian, and that to be a Christian, I should believe, should confess, and that I should be buried with Jesus in water for the remission of sins.

"From there we went to the river and that was the 31 07 1955. There at Mbwedi, I was buried with the Lord Jesus in baptism for the remission of my sins. From that day till 18 March 1956 I never told anybody except my wife that I was baptized, for fear that the Army may expel me from duty. In 1956 a note was written and sent to the officer of the Army, telling him that I was then a member of the Church of Christ. "The Army was then not at peace with me. However, I started with the Sunday school for the

children of the members of the Church of Christ . . . it was well attended and a start with the Bible study with the teenagers was also instituted."

Brother Ramagwede does not go into detail as to his relationship with the Salvation Army. What occurred was that he began to share his new-found faith with other teachers at that school, and when a number of them were baptized, his teaching position was placed in jeopardy. Just when he thought he was about to lose his job, the South African government took over all mission schools everywhere in the country, and brother Ramagwede was kept on the staff.

The little congregation at Tshidimbini, lacking a building site, constructed a building of treated poles, planks, and iron roofing on a corner of the plot that had been allotted to the Ramagwede family for their personal use. During Easter and Christmas holidays, and at other times as well, brethren from the Johannesburg and Pretoria areas traveled to Tshidimbini to encourage and teach those Venda brethren. Among them were the late Stephen Mokoka, Amos Muthali, Petrus Mphaphuli, John Hardin, Gene Tope, and others.

Because of these visits by city people, threats were made that Ramagwede would be arrested. This was because of communist activity and other subversive threats against the police and the government. Brethren Phidza and Ramagwede went to Johannesburg to appeal to the white brethren to help them to be recognized as coworkers in the Master's field. Brother Joe McKissick wrote the following testimonial to that end:

"To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that Simon Phidza and Samuel Ramagwede are known to me and to the Church of Christ in South Africa. We have complete faith in their work and integrity. They are conscientious worshipers of God and have no desire to disturb and create divisions in religion or government, but simply are worshiping according to their conscience as they believe the Bible to teach. As the church is against communism, so are they. The church believes that it is our duty to obey the laws of the land, and so do these brethren teach. Wheresoever that it is permissible for them to worship, we are behind them, even though we cannot be with them in person."

Signed Joe McKissick Evangelist for the Church of Christ (European)

To continue brother Ramagwede's wording:

"Brother J. T. Hardin by then made regular visits to Tshidimbini. The first visit that he made was the one he came with brother Sogoni and Tope. It was a historical period in my life. I had never accommodated white brethren in my home. I was somewhat embarrassed. What to eat then? Simple porridge with a chicken was served to the visitors. Where to sleep then? A hut in which there were two beds

accommodated the visitors. 'Don't worry, the hut is well ventilated,' said brother Hardin."
(John's version of this experience was that the hut was spotlessly clean, including the white bed linens. It was cleaner than some hotels where he had stayed. Later, when the government official learned that two white men had spent the night in the kraal of a black family, he severely reprimanded them. "You will not flaunt the laws of our land!" the official stated brusquely. Always, from then on, white brethren stayed at the boarding house for whites in Sibasa. Later, when we had our tent and trailer, it was possible, with permission, to set up camps nearby the black people we were visiting).

Brother Ramagwede continues:

"The small group of faithful Christians were nourished with the proper stuff of spiritual food. Brother Hardin contributed much to the growth of the Lord's church at Tshidimbini. Some brethren who came at Tshidimbini for worship were encouraged to start meetings at their homes or places.

"At Tshidimbini we had a good number of teachers, that is, school teachers. We had brother B. T. Tshivhase and his wife and the two are school teachers; brother Netshivambe, brother F. Tshivhase and his wife; brother J. Razwiedani, brother B. R. Manyatshe, only to mention a few. Those brethren served as interpreters when John was delivering the message from the book." (Ramagwede is also an excellent interpreter, though soft-spoken).

Brother Ramagwede is very humble in his reporting of the history of the church in Vendaland. In actual fact, he could well be called one of the founding fathers and pillars of the church in that little country. He translated hymns into the Venda language, making it possible for us to publish several editions of a songbook. With each edition over a period of years, there were newly-translated hymns to be added to the book. He also translated numerous tracts into their language, working with us diligently to make certain of their accuracy, giving us the means with which to spread the gospel through the printed word. He was always "there," helping with plans, organizing, taking the lead among his people. It was with his help that our tent meeting work got off to a good start, (the subject of another chapter), and he played a part in obtaining a separate site where the solid, permanent building of the Tshidimbini church now stands. He was later transferred to Damani School in another area, and immediately went to work with the church there.

There were a number of times when we Hardins considered moving away from Benoni to a place nearer Vendaland, the small town of Louis Trichardt being the nearest. The larger town of Pietersburg would have been more suitable for our children's education, but it would still be 70 to 100 miles from the people we wanted to work with. The main reason for not making the move was that we would have then been too far from the black and colored groups with whom we spent much time in the city areas around Johannesburg and Pretoria. If only there had been several men to help in all of these places!

A BIBLE SCHOOL FOR VENDALAND

On July 15, 1967, John and brother Echols held a meeting with black brethren from numerous areas: Dube, Qwa Thema, Daveyton, Atteridgeville, Mamelodi, Mofolo, Meadowlands, Tshiawelo, Diep Kloof, Mzimhlope, and Tokhoza. When asked what they needed most to help them in the churches, their unanimous reply was, "Train our own men to be preachers."

Training black preachers in South Africa presents several problems: there are many different languages used by black people. South Africa is a vast area, and people are poor. Jackson Sogoni reported that there was already a site available in the Transkei, but at that time there were very few members from which to draw prospective students.

Of the 32 men present at that meeting, 17 were from Vendaland, some of them presently living in the city areas, particularly Soweto. Three of those men were members of the chief's council, a body which exists to assist all Venda-speaking people living in the urban area. Present also was Alpheus Lithudza who was supported by the church in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, to preach at Meadowlands, Soweto, a congregation consisting mainly of Venda people. Looking to Vendaland itself, it was observed that among the members there were at least 12 school teachers who formed a nucleus of leaders and potential leaders of the church. It all added up to a strong case for having a preacher training school in Vendaland.

The Venda language is so different from other tribal languages that it tends to isolate the tribe, causing men of

other tribes to hesitate in going to Vendaland for schooling. This could have been overcome by the fact that the teaching would have to be done in English since no missionaries had mastered the Venda language. Even more important is the fact that the books needed in the studies would be in English. For Venda-speaking (or other languages) men to learn English would be far less monumental a task than to translate volumes of Christian literature into tribal languages.

After the meeting with the brethren, we began to work seriously toward the establishment of a Bible training school. On August 7, that year, John wrote the first of many letters to the Bantu authorities, and in December we were visited by brethren Ramagwede, Lithudza, and Matshila when the matter was discussed at some length.

When no satisfaction was forthcoming from correspondence with Bantu authorities, and after a year of writing and waiting, it was in August 1968 that Eldred Echols and John, together with Alpheus Lithudza, traveled to Sibasa to confer personally with the officer in the Bantu Affairs department. They were hoping for a site to be granted, and particularly asked whether it would be possible for a white teacher to live on a portion of such a site. They received no satisfaction whatever from this request.

On the Sunday of that weekend, a service was held in the kraal of Paramount Chief Mphephu. As was the custom, a gift of money was presented to the chief and formal introductions were made. A number of Christians from the church at Tshiawelo in Soweto had traveled by bus to Vendaland for this occasion. Johathan Budeli, a member at Tshikombani, and Petrus Mphaphuli of Soweto

were men of influence in the area. After the sermons by Hardin and Echols, Chief Mphephu spoke briefly and encouraged the preaching of the gospel in every village and kraal in Vendaland, including his own.

That same afternoon, brethren Budeli, Tshivhase, and Mphaphuli accompanied John and Eldred to Headman Legege's village to see a possible site for the Bible school. Legege was not at home, but another man who was there informed our people that the headman had turned down a request from the Dutch Reformed mission so that we could have it. This gave us hope. The fields in Vendaland appeared to be "white unto harvest" and we were impatient to get a Bible school started immediately.

There is an old saying that "The mills of the gods grind slowly." We might add, "And so do the offices of the government." Nothing was forthcoming from the mid-68 correspondence with the Bantu authorities, and the hoped-for promise from Legege's area was equally disappointing. In the meanwhile, training schools had been opened in Swaziland and in Natal, but the establishment of one in Vendaland still seemed to be advisable. In 1971, when Izak Theron, a third-year student at Southern Africa Bible School, expressed interest in establishing a school for Venda brethren, John asked the church in Tulsa, which was supporting us, to support Izak in his final months of studies with the likelihood of their continuing to support him as a full-time teacher.

Surveys were made of the Louis Trichardt area, and eventually, toward the end of 1971, brother Theron found a house on a lovely wooded hill east of the town.

He moved some of his possessions to that house, had some meetings with the prospective students, ordered books that would be needed, and seemingly was on the way. The students could have had classes on the farm property, but plans apparently were not completed. Brother and sister Theron went away then, for a vacation. Somewhere in that interim, there was a change of heart and all the plans fell through. We kept hoping to work things out, but by May of 1972, brother Izak himself stated that he felt he was unsuited to the Vendaland work. Izak is a man of tremendous capability and we were sorely disappointed in this loss, and the Venda brethren were even more disappointed than we.

One of the Tulsa elders, Bill Bequette, and his wife, were visiting us at the time of this termination of Izak's Vendaland association, and thankfully, they had the opportunity of visiting Vendaland with us, seeing first-hand the need for a training school. The Tulsa brethren stayed with the school through many years to come, in spite of this set-back, and in spite of numerous other barriers that arose as time went on.

By August of 1972, a plan for Vendaland Bible School began to take practical shape. It was going to be impossible for a white family to live within the boundaries of Vendaland. The only workable alternative would be to send a white man to live in or near Louis Trichardt, either with daily trips into the homeland to teach the classes or with the students moving into the Louis Trichardt location where the white teacher could go and hold the school. It was this last plan that was put into effect in early 1973.

Allan Kriger went with John and Jerry Hogg for an

extended meeting in Vendaland, and decided that he would very much like to move to the area and teach in the school. Many attempts were made to buy property east of Louis Trichardt, nearer to the border of Vendaland, but Allan had to settle for buying a large house in town. He hoped to be able to use a large enclosed veranda as a class room and even installed blackboards and desks with that in mind. However, the town authorities were opposed to the plan, even though the black students were to have slept at the black location. The next step was to put the blackboards and desks into one of the rooms of the little house that had been rented in the location for the accommodation of the students.

The first five men to go through the three-year course had already been preaching, though without the benefit of formal training. They needed to be with their congregations on the weekends, so the school was to have concentrated teaching from Tuesday through Thursday with the student preachers making the long weekend trips back and forth by bus. The students were already being supported to preach, but extra funds were needed for transportation, books and supplies, and food while at school.

The church at 29th and South Yale in Tulsa took on Allan Kriger's support, and Allan was able to raise some funds from white South African churches.

Venda Bible School's first students were:

- 1. Philemon Mamafha had preached several years, supported by Marshall, Texas.
- 2. Samson Matshivha, forced by changing laws to

leave Saulsville, Pretoria, and return to his homeland. Preaching at Tshikombani. Supported by Turffontein.

- 3. Philemon Makhado, assisting at Tshidimbini and other places. Had worked for Afrikaans-speaking white men and was more proficient in Afrikaans than English. Supported by Kansas City, Kansas.
- 4. John Nengwenani, living in Johannesburg but wanting to return to homeland. Baptized by John Hardin in 1955. Supported by Kansas City, Kansas.
- Samson Ramulumisi, converted by Alpheus Lithudza in Meadowlands, Soweto. Fluent in many languages of the black tribes as well as English and Afrikaans. Supported by Mondeor, Johannesburg.

Formal opening of the Vendaland Bible School, with speeches and ceremony, was held on 27 February 1973. Present in addition to the five students were Alpheus Lithudza from Soweto, the Joe Watsons, the Jerry Hoggs, the John Hardins and the Allan Krigers. Small though the school was to be, in comparison with other schools, this was the culmination of years of hope, prayers, effort, and frustration.

A month after the opening, Eldred Echols had a 3-day seminar at the school, and John held a week's church music classes. Other seminars were conducted, but brother

Kriger carried 99% of the load of teaching and administration.

Since John Hardin had been with the Venda work almost from its beginning, and had known those brethren longer than anyone else among us, Allan looked to him frequently for help and advice. The two developed such a close relationship that Allan called John "Big Daddy."

When the three-year course for the first five students came to an end, it was time to reassess the whole setup. In December 1975, 40 black men met with John and Allan. Since plans were now being formulated for the building of a permanent facility on a site allotted by the authorities within Vendaland, it was necessary to place the school under the control of the black brethren with the white brethren acting only as advisors. There were a few at the meeting who actually opposed the school, but most were in favor while some abstained from expressing an opinion.

The real task ahead, then, was to obtain first of all, moral support, and then the even more elusive financial means for building, maintenance, and student support. The Venda people were poor, it is true. But the problem seemed to be even more deep-seated than poverty — it was a matter of attitude, an attitude which we heard expressed on occasions other than this. Stated briefly, it seems that there was a feeling that preaching the gospel is the preacher's concern and should be financed by him. Not all Venda brethren took this position, but enough to cause a disappointing commitment to a project which sorely needed the full cooperation of all the brethren. Financial problems plagued the school throughout the remaining years of its existence. Perhaps all of us were

"spoiled" by the fact that those first five students had full support so that it was unnecessary to call upon Venda churches to contribute.

Only three Venda men graduated from other classes at the Bible school although there were a number who finished one or two years of the three-year course. Money was the "stumbling block," if one would call it that. The amount that could be offered to a student as support while studying was miniscule — not enough to support the man himself, to say nothing of his family. The American reader may ask why the black relatives and/or congregations didn't get together the funds for the education of a worthy student. The answers are really simple: poverty, and the inability to understand this concept of Christian education in an area still relatively untaught. (Looking back with the advantage of hindsight — it could have been God's way of turning the Venda work back to the way they knew in that land — to the way that suited their culture).

In 1976, a school site had finally been allotted, with the first requirement of the authorities being complete fencing. With measurements of 750 by 150 yards, this meant a lot of expensive materials. One weekend, John and Peter Mostert took our truck to Louis Trichardt to haul the poles to the site. Outside of Sibasa, the tarmac road ends. It was a rainy day, the surface of the dirt road slimy-slick. At a bend in the road, the truck simply slid sideways into the soft shoulder and refused to budge. Lucas Tshivhase happened to come along with a four-wheel drive vehicle and pulled the truck back onto the road, but he also bore the news that the road became much worse a little further on. So the poles were off-loaded and stacked at a

nearby trading store until a later date when Allan could finish the job.

Allan Kriger's whole heart was in the Vendaland Bible School, and so was his wife, Evelyn's. Evelyn even raised chickens one year to make money to support a student. Allan worked very hard, both physically and mentally, for the school and the students. Only one small building was actually constructed. It had three little rooms: one for students' sleeping, one for Allan to sleep over rather than travel the great distance to Louis Trichardt every night, and one for classes. Allan traveled many thousands of miles back and forth from his home to the school, over terribly rough roads, and wore out at least three cars. Often he felt discouraged, but he would not give up. He found a worthwhile work that he could do along with his Bible School teaching trips. At Tshisimani is a government teacher training school which encourages the study of the Bible in the evenings. For a long time, Allan stopped at Tshisimani on Tuesday and Thursday nights, teaching as many as 70 students in a Bible class, and by the middle of 1976 he had baptized 20 of them. There one could see hope for the future in that the teachers, once graduated from the training school, would take the gospel with them to many parts of Vendaland.

In June 1977, Vendaland Bible School held a lectureship on the school property with attendances at night as high as 250. Among the outside visitors who assisted were Simon Magagula from Daveyton and Daniel Malatje from Atteridgeville. The most memorable lecture was by John Nengwenani who spoke on what it means for a Venda person to become a Christian. Such a one must turn, he

said, not only from the sins of which he must repent before baptism, but from the strong traditions and customs of the people: the marriage customs, the circumcision rites, the honor to ancestors, the various practices and superstitions that we white people would never have dreamed of. Not only must the Venda Christian leave whatever practices are contrary to the Bible, he must live daily amid the pressures of his relatives and associates who do not subscribe to his new beliefs. This lecture helped us to understand much about the black people that we had never understood before.

The original five graduates had never received certificates to show for their accomplishments, and this public gathering was the ideal occasion for such recognition. Philemon Makhado had worked very hard but had been unable to complete the courses because of his difficulty with the English language. (He is nevertheless, even without that certificate of completion, still working hard for the Lord). The honor was given me to hand out the scrolls to each of the four graduates and shake their hands, one by one. It was a chilly winter evening. The big tent was pitched on a grassy place, and there I stood, wool socks keeping my feet warm, grass more than ankle deep, tears of joy and fulfillment blurring my vision.

During this lectureship, and again during the tent meeting at Lwomondo immediately following, the talent of one of the students shone out for all to enjoy. Herbert Mushoma has exceptional musical talent, and in another time and place, he might have become a famous composer or performer. Without any training except for a few brief lessons in note reading, he could take our English hymn

book and sing any of the four parts of any song. Everywhere Herbert went, he organized singing groups, and his chorus at Lwomondo were invited to sing at other places. Once when Herbert accompanied Allan to a SABS lectureship at Benoni, the white brethren were impressed with his knowledge of music. They would ask him if he could sing some unfamiliar song. He would study it for a few moments, sing softly to himself, and then say, "Yes, this is how this one goes," and then lead them in singing it. Herbert believed that there is no better way to preach the gospel or entice people to come and listen than through the medium of singing.

Herbert was able to finish only two years at the Bible School. The three who finished before the school had to be closed down were Obrien Malindi, Abel Khbana, and Solomon Mashohla. The total of 7 who completed all the courses and graduated sounds like a small result for a big effort, but we are reminded of the parable of the mustard seed. Only the future will tell the complete story, and God is the judge.

On the very day of writing this portion of the book, I had occasion to use a paragraph of a letter from Allan Kriger in my ladies' Bible class in Abilene. We had been studying the influence of Christ and His teachings on women of Judaism and women of paganism, and were preparing to study about Jesus' teachings contrasted with communism and modernism. I had previously told the class about the way the African women kept silence — how they took a "back seat," being more followers than leaders, the Venda women even kneeling in obeisance to anyone deemed "superior." Something had happened to bring

about at least a partial change in the women of one Venda congregation. Allan tells in his letter about a certain "anti" preacher arriving uninvited at a certain church. The leader of the congregation, probably afraid to "speak his piece" to a white man and ask him not to return, said nothing when the white preacher announced that he was going to preach there every Sunday for several months. (Before going any further, it is necessary to explain that J. M. is a black "anti" who has raised a lot of controversy, and B. T. is a black man who has tried to push the rightness of polygamy. The white preacher is B.) So to quote from Allan's letter: "The women of that congregation arose as one person and told B. what they thought about his idea . . . They said, 'First it is J. M. who comes here to preach, then it is B. T., then it is some cast-off. Now you too are trying to bring in your cast-off doctrine to us, well, we want you to know now that we don't want you or any other like you. What do you people think this congregation is? Do you think it is a place for all outcasts to come who cannot preach elsewhere'?"

On the day in 1982 that I heard that the Vendaland Bible School was closing down, I felt very sad. I sat down and wrote my feelings. In part, I wrote, "... It's known only to God. Maybe it's even in His plan that it is better this way. Maybe something else will open up that I can't see now. Some years ago, when the trouble in the Rhodesias caused the closing down of many of the places where our missionaries had carried on successful works, I was similarly distressed. I asked the elderly brother and sister Short who had worked there since 1921 if it caused them to be deeply grieved. In their wisdom and experience, they

said that they had sown the seed, they had labored as they could, and only God would know the real outcome. They left it in His hands.

"On a popular T. V. show, a priest and a doctor in a military medical unit behind the fighting lines were wearily looking back over a hard day's work. The priest said that doctors could at least see quite soon whether or not their efforts had been successful, but he himself could never be sure that any of his efforts were a success. After thinking for a moment, the doctor said, 'A professor in medical school once said to us, "God heals the patient and the doctor collects the fee".'

"That's how it is. And then I remembered hearing about the 'unsuccessful' gospel meeting in which only one little girl was baptized, but she grew up to become the mother of a whole family of gospel preachers."

Vendaland Bible School closed its doors, but that was far from the end of the church in that land. A directory of black churches that John printed in 1978 listed 26 congregations in Vendaland.

An excerpt from the bulletin of the 29th and Yale congregation in Tulsa, Oklahoma follows:

VENDALAND, South Africa

The gospel once entrusted into the hands of dedicated people, continues to bring forth fruit. Our late brother John Hardin before his departure from South Africa left some of his personal funds with various native preachers to continue their work in that country. We receive a monthly memo from a brother Philemon Makhado, Vhufuli, Vendaland, South Africa. He reported on six

churches in Vendaland that had a total of 21 baptisms during September. A note at the close of his report says, "John Hardin, his work is still going on. We are still preaching and baptizing more people."

A monthly report from Philemon Makhado, who struggles with the English language, is quoted exactly as he wrote it and indicates how the work can grow even after missionaries have moved away.

"PREACHING AND VISITING REPORT"

- 11-6-83 Mavambe church time 9 A. M.People 31 Green Farm ChurchPeople 39 Baptist (baptized) 4 at GreenMamafha and Mabedlhe Baptist 3At Altein Church
- 11-13-83 Green Church people 41Mamafha and MabedlheBaptist 6 at Mininginisi Church
- 11-20-83 Mavambe Church people 30
 Green Church people 45
 Mamafha and Mabedlhe house to house at Altein
- 11-27-83 Green church people 39
 Mamafha and Mabedlhe
 Baptist 2 at Mininginisi

Signed P. Makhado"



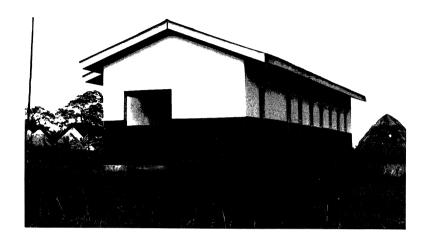
- 42. Part of the Venda band, each player blowing his one note in a piece of pipe or horn.
- 43. Brother Samson Matshivha makes a point in discussion with brethren.





- 44. A large volume of Venda song books and tracts being delivered to Samuel Ramagwede. Some of the printed material was done on the off-set press by Jerry Hogg, and some on our hand-operated duplicating machine.
- 45. Sister Ramagwede supplements the family income by making clay pots.





46. The church building at Phiphidi, Venda, where John Nengwenani preaches.
47. Corrugated iron church building at Tshikombani, Venda. Johannesburg Christians assisted with some of the funds.





- 48. A poor Venda man often seen by the road.
- 49. All aboard a group of Christians prepare to go to the kraal of the acting chief for a Sunday afternoon service.





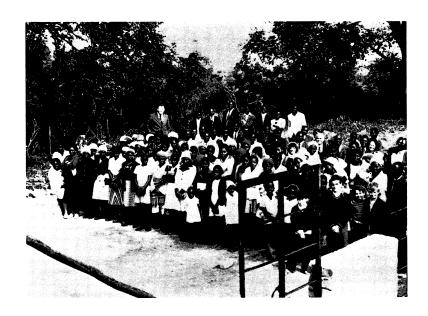
50. The first students at the Venda School of Preaching. Philemon Makhado, Samson Ramulumisi, Allan Kriger (teacher), Samson Matshivha, John Nengwenani, and Philemon Mamafha.

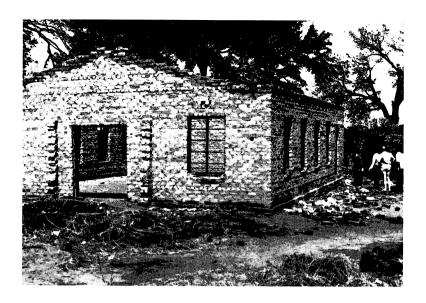
51. Other students of the Vendaland school.





- 52. John Hardin teaches the Venda Bible students to read shaped notes. Herbert Mashumo, nearest the blackboard, became very proficient.
- 53. The Venda congregation at Tshidimbini stands on the floor of what will soon be their new church building.





- 54. The Tshidimbini church building under construction.
- 55. The completed Tshidimbini building.





- 56. The first "bush" meeting with the big tent was held at Tshidimbini.
- 57. Benoni and Johannesburg personnel who taught classes at the Tshidimbini meeting, 1970: John Dunkin, Jerry Hogg, Lester and Wanda Duncan, John and Bessie Hardin, Clive Biggs, and Gordon Uys.





- 58. Bread is brought from town each day of the tent meeting.
- 59. How the cooking is done for a crowd.





- 60. John Hardin and Simon Magagula ready to start out on one of many preaching trips.
- 61. Lena Ntombeni, largely instrumental in getting the Draaikraal work started, stands by the little building erected there.



Rural Black Work

Students of geography have been declaring for years that the continent of Africa is drying up. The desert is taking over. Famine is real. Drought has always been one of the most feared of nature's phenomena in many parts of the world. In South Africa, even in the best of years, we have the absolutely dry winters. We expect them in the high veld, for that is the normal pattern. Then in late August, when the fruit trees burst into bloom, the wondering begins — what sort of season will we have this year? When will the rains come? Will they come at all? Sometimes a foretaste is given — an appetizer — in the form of early September showers. The clouds go away again and the days grow warm. It is dry. Weeks pass and October comes. Farmers anxiously scan the sky. The wind blows and the dust gets into one's nostrils.

It's a wearying thing, the dust. It makes one restless and uneasy. Some years, the months come and go with no relief, then the tantalizing clouds appear with little more than promise, delivering tiny showers and disappearing again. But in the good years — oh, the wonderful smell of the bountiful showers that cleanse the dusty old world and restore hope to its people! Gone is that burning longing from the hearts that have been fearing yet another year of drought.

I have a memory that haunts me, photographed in my mind as clearly as it would be if recorded by a camera. I do not remember the year. It could have been any year at all, but was probably in the early 70's. We had driven many miles over a dusty, rutted road that had taken us over a mountain, through a government-owned eucalyptus forest, past hillsides dotted with clusters of thatched huts. All along the road were the usual black folk, most of them on foot: young boys with goats; young girls with water buckets, bundles of firewood, or other loads on their heads; mothers with babies on their backs, some of them working in fields or gardens; all of them eking out a bare existence from a worn-out land reluctant to give up any more of its bounty. Our destination that day was a large village where we were about to begin a series of evangelistic meetings.

As we stopped the car, I noticed a scruffy hen, scratching and clucking busily, teaching her lone chick how to make a living from the barren land. There was a thick layer of fine dust everywhere in this central area of the village, and I wondered how any creature could survive. As I stepped out of the car, a shadow passed swiftly over me, and in less than the twinkling of an eye, the chick was gone. I turned in time to see the tiny victim carried aloft in the talons of a hawk and then I looked at the desolate mother, clucking and searching in vain for her babe.

Somehow, this mental photograph has become to me a symbol of rural Africa. So much of its population has so little, yet clings tenaciously to life, love, home, family, tribe; hoping, ever hoping, for something better — sometimes having the promise for the future as seen in that little chick, only to have it snatched away again by the hawk of misfortune.

DRAAIKRAAL

In 1958, during the first period of time that the Hardins lived in Benoni, a servant named Lena Ntombeni worked for "Auntie Kate" Anderson, who taught her the gospel. Lena was so filled with joy that she wanted to share her knowledge with her people, so she took a leave of absence to go to the community of Draaikraal, 160 miles northeast of Benoni. In November of 1958, Jackson Sogoni was sent to the area for the first of many visits for the purpose of teaching the people, most of whom were farm workers, very poor and uneducated. Lena's grandmother was one of the first converts, and before many months had passed, there was a congregation of about 22.

Mr. Papenfus, a white farmer for whom some of the members worked, assisted the little group who erected a wood and mud structure as a meeting place. On the day of the opening of the little thatched building, there were about 100 present, and it seemed as if all was well for the future of the church in Draaikraal. Brother Sogoni visited them from time to time, and they were also assisted by Jacob Mahlangu of Mpudulle, but there were never the means for sending a preacher to work there on a full-time basis. Only one man among the local members could read, so growth in Bible knowledge was slow among these hardworking laborers.

Early in the 1960's, a seeming blow was struck to the Draaikraal church. The government policy of allocation of the black population to particular areas caused many of the Draaikraal people to be moved in Dlaulale and to Mtsibiri near Nebo some distance to the west. A small group thus fragmented could have utterly disappeared,

but in 1983, brother Sogoni reported the existence of six congregations which sprang from Draaikraal: Witport, Rosenkaal, Dlaulale, Mtsibiri, Nebo, and Vlackfontein. It is impossible to predict the future of any congregation, but unless preachers can be sent to aid these little groups, no one can feel good about them. They need to have a teacher who will teach them to read. The field is white unto harvest but the laborers are pitifully few.

John Hardin assisted the Draaikraal work (including the congregations that had sprung from there) as much as he was able. In May of 1977 the big tent was taken to the area for the purpose of holding a gospel campaign, but the weather turned bitterly cold and meetings were held in a larger-than-average hut belonging to Doek Ntombeni. John still had to sleep in his canvas-sided caravan, managing to keep warm by wearing longies, flannel p. j.'s, a sweater, and two pairs of socks. Inside the sleeping bag was a footwarming hot-water bottle, and over the sleeping bag was a very heavy quilt.

Each night of the campaign, John picked up people from a 24-mile circuit and brought them to the services, returning them once again to their pick-up points afterward. As many as 79 or 80 sometimes crowded into the hut to hear the gospel. In addition to Jackson Sogoni, the meetings were assisted by John and Jacob Mhlangu. On the closing Sunday morning, the entire group walked a mile to the river where 11 souls were baptized into Christ. John wrote, "Upon our return to the kraal, we engaged in the Lord's Supper in an atmosphere of happy Christian fellowship, and one felt that God was truly near."

In an article John wrote about Draaikraal, he

included some impressions: "Ndebeles sing, traditionally, with many slurs and quavers, and I find it almost impossible to harmonize with them. At Draaikraal, brother Koos Buda, the only one with a hymn book (because he is the only one who can read), sings the melody. He sings a phrase and all the men and women come in with their kind of harmony. All Ndebele songs are sung this way.

".... these Africans, as well as those in other parts of the country, seem to have a 'singing switch' which is activated as soon as they board a vehicle. One night the first pick-up produced only 3 persons, but they started singing. As they were joined by others, we finally had the full 40 at it."

At the last service, a special collection was taken to help defray the cost of the petrol John had used. Tears came to John's eyes, he said, as he saw person after person walk to the table and place their money — "poorly paid farm workers, all, but they donated R23. My heart was truly touched."

Draaikraal's story is partly the story of Lena Ntombeni. There is more to Lena's story. She was present at Daveyton on the occasion when four women of that congregation demonstrated the teaching of Sunday school classes with visual aids. It was the first time in our experience that black women had not only mastered the use of the flannelboard but had demonstrated its use to people from several congregations. Lena, along with a good many others of her race, had always considered it wrong for women to be teachers, even of children, but now she was convinced that it was right and proper. She went, then, to Auntie Kate and begged from her all the visual aids that

she had accumulated when she had been a teacher. These she packed into her suitcase, took leave of absence once again from the Anderson household, and went home to Draaikraal to teach the children of the community.

Lena could not remain in her homeland — she needed the money she could earn as a maid — but "she did what she could." What if the same could be said of everyone in the church?

The story of the church in Vendaland has been recorded in some detail. Much of it would be repeated with different names and different places if all the reports were available and complete. "All of the tribal groups are represented on the Reef," wrote John in one report. "The churches in the various rural African areas started when men in the cities were converted and returned with the gospel to their homelands. Later, white preachers visited some of the places and helped confirm the faith of the new converts. My work carries me out into these various areas and sometimes hundreds of miles will be driven in a weekend of preaching."

This was John's special work as he saw it and expressed it in early 1970. It was not a "job" set up by any board, committee, or other group of people, but represented a growing need which he felt able to fill. More than any particular training, it would require mainly his own dedication to the black people, many long hours of driving, weekends away from home, and just plain hard work. Of necessity, due to the vast areas involved, John's work became centered mostly in the Transvaal Province, but that alone is too great for one man to cover in any way except with an occasional visit.

The apostle John said of his writings about Jesus that all the books would not be able to contain all the works that were done. Neither would this simple volume be able to report all the things that have been done everywhere in the churches in South Africa. Many interesting stories will be left out, either because I am not acquainted with them and have no record of them, or because there just isn't room for them all.

For a long time, before we moved away from South Africa in 1978, John tried to collect information about black churches all over the country. He had put out several editions of a directory of white churches and wanted to publish an accurate listing of black and colored congregations. Because we believe in the autonomy of congregations and have no central headquarters, there is no official listing, and he had to rely on various people to send the necessary information. This was slow in coming and was never all received. Exact mailing addresses were difficult to obtain in some instances, and some of the brethren were, it seemed, reluctant to participate in an effort to make a listing -I'm not sure why. We did hear of one white brother, no longer in the country, who discouraged the black congregations in his area from sending information. fearful that such a list could one day fall into the hands of possible conquering communists who would use it to track down and persecute the churches.

The 1978 listing showed 12 black churches in the Cape Province, most of them in the eastern part. At that time, only the Kwazakele church (Port Elizabeth, working with Bentley Nofemela) had a building, and the Mdantsane church (East London, working with Reffie Kotsana) had a

building site.

Forty-two congregations were listed in the Natal Province, for which a very great amount of credit goes to the work done by the Natal School of Preaching — staff, students, and graduates. A revised list by the time of this writing would, of course, show new congregations and perhaps some that no longer exist, but in the main, there would still be a very strong showing. In addition to the 42 in Natal are 25 churches listed in the Transkei, many of which owe their existence to the school of preaching. Before the school's existence, however, Jackson Sogoni and others had worked in the Transkei, particularly in Jackson's home area around Mount Frere, at Lusikisiki, Tabankulu, and Flagstaff.

Lesotho and Swaziland are separate little countries—land-locked islands surrounded by South Africa. The Swaziland black work is reported briefly in the chapter on preacher training schools. There are a number of congregations going about their business in their own quiet way, God giving the increase.

Lesotho, mountainous home of the Basotho people, had for a long time only one small work by one man, George Raseleso, whom John first met in Atteridgeville. I believe he was converted there. Upon his return to his homeland, he started the church at Teyateyaneng, popularly called "T. Y." Since then, a number of American missionaries have been working in Lesotho. Brother Raseleso's son has more recently attended the School of Preaching. John and Jerry conducted a tent meeting in T. Y. in 1974.

Botswana, bordering South Africa on the west, is

large in area but sparsely populated. In 1974, two Sunset School of Preaching graduates, Dean Troyer and Mike Tanaro, went to Gaborones, and were replaced for a while afterward by Ed Scott, followed by the Milton Caraways and the Bill Smiths. Eldred Echols, pioneer in so many other places, is once again pioneering work in the far reaches of Botswana, together with SABS students and others. A team from Abilene Christian University plan to go beyond Maun in 1984 or 1985. It is my sincere hope that Eldred will one day write a book about all of his areas of work which would include many trips to Botswana.

The black nation of Venda, now one of the newly independent areas, was until recently a part of the Transvaal Province. In 1978, there were 26 Venda congregations listed. The Venda work appears in a separate chapter.

The main rural portions of the Transvaal Province showed a total of 25 congregations with the names of preachers (or leaders) and places as follows:

Seshego
Apel
Dennilton
Derby
Draaikraal
Ekhathazweni
Ga-Matsepe
Ga-Mmamabolo
Ga-Phaahla
Ga-Podile
Jane Furse Hospital

Frans Maibelo
Jack Thobenjane
David Phelane
Moses Hlope
Duke Ntombeni
Jan S. Mahlangu
David Phelane
Isaiah Mehlape
Cornelius Phahla
Robert Moraba
Ephraim Mello

Jackson Tyingila Kemp Siding Solomon Khoza Leslie Alfred Selable Mafate Andries Mabuza Mbola Jacob Mahlangu Mpudulle **Naboomkoppies** Philip Knosi Namakgale Philemon Phasha Joseph Sibiva Ncotshano Piet Retief Location Paulus Knosi

(2 Groups) Pongola

Ernest Ngcobo Jeffrey Ramakgopa Ramakgopa Temba Johannes Nkuna David Phelane Vleesboom

John Hardin probably visited each of these congregations at least once and some of them many times. Often he was the only white man to make these trips, but sometimes he was accompanied by some of his fellow-missionaries, especially Jerry Hogg. Always there had to be a black interpreter such as Jackson Sogoni, John Manape, or Simon Magagula.

SEKHUKHUNILAND

For many years, the Atteridgeville congregation, just outside of the city of Pretoria, could claim the distinction of being the most active, progressive church among the black people. They grew in numbers and in knowledge and were known for their faithfulness and their works. From among them went brother Robert Moraba to go to his homeland and establish the church there, and he went with not only the blessing of Atteridgeville but with their support - a unique situation in that few black churches had as yet seen the need of preacher support.

For a number of years, brother Moraba carried on through numerous handicaps, building up his home congregation and reaching out to areas beyond his immediate community: Steelpoort, Naboomkoppies, Mafate, Mbola, Apel, Penge Mine. Transportation had to be by bus or on Then the Grand Central church in Vienna, West Virginia, which had been of help in other South African efforts, sent money for a vehicle for Robert. John Hardin. Lester Duncan, and Jerry Hogg worked together to obtain a VW pickup which they delivered to brother Moraba, specifying that it was for the church and not be be used in any sort of business or as a taxi. The benefits of the transaction were uncertain - there were severe criticisms and complaints - the vehicle gave a great deal of trouble to an inexperienced car owner and in a comparatively short time had to be given up. God alone knows whether or not the church grew as a result of the car's existence, but John and his co-workers placed more emphasis on giving spiritual rather than material help to the places they visited.

Brother Moraba's work and influence cannot be measured by us except in the above list of the churches he has worked with in his part of the country. His work covers many years, and if the facts were known to me, there would be a book-full about which to write. In addition to his work among the churches, he has done well in seeing that his children have been educated, and when one son received a degree, the family celebrated with feasting and a service of thanksgiving to which he invited a number of white as

well as black brethren.

RAMAKGOPA'S STORY

For several years after we settled in our home in Benoni in 1967, we had frequent visits by an older black man named Jeffrey Ramakgopa. Jeffrey was a truck driver who had worked for a Johannesburg firm for many years. His employer recognized him to be an honest man, a reliable truck driver, and a desirable employee. Jeffrey had worked and saved, worked and saved, out of a salary that could never have been quite sufficient. He sent money home to his wife and family who lived at Ramakgopa's Village, out of Pietersburg. They managed to build a good house by laboring on it for several years, and Jeffrey had bought a truck. At last, at about 70 years of age, Jeffrey retired and came to tell us goodbye. His life-long desire was about to be fulfilled – he could go back home, support himself by driving his own truck, and preach to his people. This had been his subject of conversation every time he visited us. Tragedy struck soon afterward when his wife died, but he was home, and he could preach to his people. This is perhaps another story that has been repeated countless times in as many variations – men going home to tell their people the story of Jesus.

For other incidents concerning rural black churches, the chapter about the Big Tent has some information, for most of the rural areas were served at one time or another by that means.

The Big Tent

It is impossible to separate the work of the "Big Tent," as it became known, from the stories of various groups and places, but its magnitude warrants a chapter of its own.

The year was 1970. For a long time, we had been wondering what means could be used to hold meetings for large numbers of people in areas where there are no buildings available other than public school class rooms seating less than 100 people. John, Jerry Hogg, and Lester Duncan began making plans for evangelistic campaigns in two areas of Vendaland, and in the process they investigated a certain tent that was offered to them for such use. When they found it to be quite small and in rather poor condition they set out upon what became a long search for a bigger and better one with a reasonable price tag. Eventually they were able to purchase a 30 x 70 foot tent for R1000, or what was then about \$1300. In addition to the tent, we needed a vehicle to transport it, a public address system, a power plant and lights, a portable platform, and a portable baptistry, adding up to a sizable investment. With such a sum considered for two short campaigns, the next logical step in thinking was - "Why not keep the tent and use it all over the country?"

In order to borrow money for part of this equipment, we took a lien on our Benoni house. Our supporting church in Tulsa contributed \$1500, Jerry Hogg raised some money, and some funds came from other sources. A used school

bus was the first vehicle purchased for transporting the tent. Most of the seats were removed, and at the front, a cupboard and small table were built in, making it a camper. When the tent was unloaded from the rear, there was room for two or three folding camp beds.

Lester Duncan had a good bit of experience as a mechanic — a good thing, because the old bus gave lots of trouble, and after enough of that, we bought a Toyota Dyna 2000 truck, also secondhand. The Toyota could carry the load but lacked power, and its springs were particularly non-existent so that our old bones were well shaken on the rough roads. In 1974, during our furlough to the states, John raised funds for a larger truck, and this time we were able to purchase a new vehicle which could carry the entire load of tent and supplies and still give us a comfortable ride.

The tent saw a tremendous amount of service during its first 7 or 8 years, but its canvas sides gradually deteriorated, replacement was expensive, and gradually it seemed as if it was one of those things that had served a good purpose but whose days were about ended. It has had little use since the end of the decade and by this time may be entirely out of service.

In order to gain some experience in handling the tent, as well as to assist some group nearer Benoni, we held a week's meeting at Eldorado Park, a colored area near Johannesburg. During the week, the weather turned bitterly cold and rainy, so attendance was poor, but on Sunday, the sun appeared and there was an audience of 195 with one lady being baptized. It was a good test of the equipment, especially of the lighting plant. The

technique of raising and lowering the tent took a while to master, a minimum of 6 men being needed for the job when the 70 foot length was used.

FIRST BIG TENT CAMPAIGN

Preparation for the first Vendaland campaigns was tremendous. In addition to all the trips across Johannesburg to obtain the tent and equipment, we put out several thousand advertising brochures, 450 copies of the Venda hymn book, and 1000 copies of each of four tracts. John estimated some 30,000 turns of the hand-operated duplicating machine. Folding and inserting the pages of these publications was done by hand, by members of the Hardin family assisted by the young people of the Benoni church.

During the campaigns, we white people had to stay at the Sibasa boarding house, not far from Tshidimbini, but a long drive each day to Nzhelele. Assisting in these meetings were John and Ruth Dunkin, Lester and Wanda Duncan, Gordon Uys, Izak Theron, Clive Biggs, Eldred Echols, Simon Magagula, Alpheus Lithudza, Jerry Hogg, John and myself. It was winter, and several developed flu and laryngitis, but by helping each other, we got through the weeks. At both places, we held classes during the day, women teaching children, and men teaching adult groups. Ruth Dunkin's children's classes were outstanding, with the children eagerly learning memory verses, turning up early to work on them. In the afternoons, I taught women's classes while some of the men held classes for new converts and others distributed leaflets and preached to small groups in the villages. Florence Manyatshe and Miriam Razwiedani, both studying to become teachers, interpreted for the

childrens' and ladies' classes and also assisted us by washing the baptistry garments. Women carried water from a distant river to fill the portable baptistry.

Attendance during the first week of meetings, at Tshidimbini, averaged 210 each night. The crowds were orderly, the children well behaved. The church had been in existence here for several years. The tent itself was a big attraction in an area that has no electricity, no excitement, no entertainment except what the local people make for themselves. When it was brilliantly lit with numerous bulbs inside and a floodlight outside, the tent could be seen for miles. At Tshidimbini we were far off the main road, in a comparatively sparsely populated area.

At Nzhelele, there were only a few members of the church in a more densely populated region. Children appeared in swarms, most of them unaccompanied by adults, and at the evening sessions, they caused considerable disturbance. Sometimes there were 600 to 800 people in attendance, mostly sitting on the ground, so when children had to make frequent exits, many were disturbed. A few teenagers acted "smart" and deliberately made frequent trips in and out, so after the middle of the week, the adults were seated at the front of the tent, the children at the rear with several teachers assigned to keep order among them. We were in a dilemma. We didn't want to forbid the children to attend, but at the same time, we wondered why they came if they didn't intend to listen.

Evening services were scheduled for 7:00 p.m., and for half an hour before, taped hymns were played over the public address system, and people were invited to come and hear the gospel. Film strips of the book of Acts, and

the Jule Miller (black edition) film strips were shown. After the sermons each evening, question and answer sessions sometimes continued until 10 or 11 o'clock.

Eighteen were baptized at Tshidimbini and 49 at Nzhelele. At Nzhelele, we had some opposition from members of the Lutheran and Zionist groups. Some threatened to burn down our big tent while others threw stones at our members as they rode in the back of a big truck after the services. One good-sized rock hit our car as well. Never would we say that those churches condoned what their members did or threatened to do — we can only believe that they were, in their ignorance, behaving as children. At Tshidimbini we were told that the Salvation Army group, in an effort to keep their people from attending our tent meetings, showed films every night that week.

Our sons, Dale and Gary, were with us during the week at Nzhelele and became good friends of Patrick Magadumisi who was baptized at that time. Our boys were commended by the black brethren because they played with the black children — Gary, age 12, taught several Venda boys how to stand on their heads!

The Venda traditions of hospitality, and the fact that visitors were fed during the Tshidimbini meetings, caused us a problem when we set up meetings at later dates. According to Venda custom, it is unheard of to have visitors come and not offer them food, and so for this first tent effort, we assisted them with funds for the purchase of supplies. This took a huge bite out of our budget, and we soon realized that the number of meetings we could hold with the available funds would be cut by about 50% if we

were to feed all visitors. Many lengthy discussions were held between black and white brethren, and it looked as if there were to be hard feelings as a result. Eventually it had to be made quite clear that the tent existed to bring spiritual food to the people, our reasoning concerning physical food being that the people would eat if they were at home, so they should be asked to bring their food with them if they traveled some distance to come to the tent meetings.

Funding of tent meeting work was a big task. Some assistance kept coming from friends in the states while John and Jerry put much of their personal church contribution directly into the effort, the total work of tent and printing being set aside and given the title of "Evangelism Unlimited." That name was a takeoff on the South African practice of businesses being "So-and-So Ltd." All funds were kept in a separate bank account. SABS bought part interest in the tent so that it could be used for lectureships.

Space does not permit the telling of all of the interesting events connected with the tent during its years of service. There were some of the efforts that were highly successful, others only moderately so, and a few that were downright disappointing. Some went without problems of bad weather or malfunctioning equipment while others were plagued with one or both. Wind was the tent's greatest enemy, a close second being the misuse of it by children who swung on the ropes or pushed against the sides. Nearly every time the tent was brought back to Benoni after being used in the "bush," portions of it had to be taken for repair. Until a better way of tying down the side posts was worked out, the wind would whip them loose and even bend them. Ropes soon wore out and broke. The firm

that took care of all of this was at Roodepoort, on the opposite side of Johannesburg from Benoni, a 76 mile round trip, so many hundreds of miles were driven in that task alone. Probably as many trips were made in keeping the first power plant in a state of repair.

HLUTI AND PIETERMARITZBURG

In August, 1970, the tent was taken to Hluti in Swaziland. Jerry Hogg and Lester Duncan started the meeting while John remained in Benoni for a few days to do some print work on the duplicating machine, joining them later in the week. At the same time, the white church in Pietermaritzburg were sponsoring a teachers' workshop. Almost on the spur of the moment, and unknown to our husbands who were out of reach by telephone, Wanda Duncan, Ann Hogg, and I decided to go to that workshop. Immediately after the Sunday morning service in Benoni, we loaded our baggage into the Duncan's small station wagon, ready to head out. Wanda had arranged for the care of her older children, I had put Brian and Neal in charge of Dale and Gary, and little Kelly Duncan and Ricky Hogg were with us. Before we left our driveway, Brian, looking very concerned, asked us if we really thought we were going to be all right. We assured him that we should reach our destination before dark and drove away.

About 150 miles down the road, we saw the heat indicator on the dash board move over into the red area but made it to a nearby filling station where we filled the radiator. The attendant could see no leak, so we resumed the journey, eager to arrive in time for the Sunday evening service. We kept an eye on the heat indicator, and for a

long time all was well. When again we saw that red warning, our hearts sank. Towns were few and far between, and we were nowhere near a filling station or even a farm place with a well. We stopped and let the engine cool and then emptied the children's drinking water bottle into the radiator, hoping to limp along to a place where we could get The car refused to start, even with Ann and me pushing with all our might. Ricky, seeing his mother out in the road, promptly lowered his window and climbed out to be near her. A truck driver taking a load of produce to the Durban market came along and tried for a long time to get us started, but to no avail. Then a car stopped and the driver offered to fetch his neighbor who was a mechanic to come back and assist us, but before they returned, the winter sun was setting and we knew we could never make it to Pietermaritzburg that night. some danger of being accosted by unfriendly travelers who might take advantage of women and children, and with the chill of winter night descending on us, we were not happy. At last the two men returned to work on the car, but they had not thought to bring a container of water. Eventually the car started and made the trip of some 10 or 15 miles into Ladysmith, where, just inside the city limits, it gave one last gasp and died. The engine had "seized up."

The "good Samaritan" who had come to our aid by fetching his mechanic neighbor, was a school principal named van Rensburg. He and his wife insisted that we all go to their home, refusing to hear our suggestion that we find a hotel. They prepared a delicious supper for us, made beds for all, and helped us get a phone call through to Tex Williams in Pietermaritzburg. They pushed the

broken car into their back yard until it could be fixed, and gave us a good breakfast in the morning. Tex drove up to fetch us in time for the Monday workshop sessions and also took us back to Benoni a couple of days later. The workshop was a great success, and I had a chance to demonstrate some of the teaching aids I had worked up specifically for black children.

Lester Duncan received word of his car's situation via a call to the Swazi police who found him at the tent site and passed the message to him. The details of what passed between Lester and Wanda for her taking the car on a trip without having it checked over, we never knew, but Lester was not pleased with the cost of repairing his car.

NABOOMKOPPIES

The November 1970 tent meeting was a near disaster. Probably if this had been the first tent meeting ever attempted, it may well have also been the last. It was at Naboomkoppies, in a Sotho area near Lydenburg and Burgersfort. A preliminary trip had been made in order to have everything in order. John, Jerry, Lester, Nic Dekker, and John Manape made the trip with all the equipment, leaving Benoni at 4:00 a. m. on a Sunday. All went well at first: the tent went up, the power plant was in order, and the daytime service was held with some 400 people present. Sunday night, the power plant failed, the film strips that had been advertised had to be cancelled, and the speakers had the light of only one or two lanterns. By Monday night, Nic and Lester had the power plant repaired, but the lights failed for a while because of a short in the wiring. Seven hundred people were present, but John's diary entry

reads, "Crowd very noisy all through the service. Something has to be done."

On Tuesday, the men traveled to Voortrekker Baths for a bath and a swim and felt ready to meet whatever came. But at 6:00 p. m. "a terrific wind and dust storm hit for about 20 minutes, which tore down one side of the big tent, and almost blew the small tent away — JTH being in the small tent. Then a heavy rain came. Enough wind was blowing after we somewhat repaired the tent that we cancelled the meeting. Our nice bath went for nought."

Again on Wednesday, they went for a swim, but had a flat tire on the way. Later, there was a tractor accident in which 2 boys were hurt, so Jerry took them to the hospital. That night the power plant was in good shape, but John had one comment in his diary — "INSECTS!!!"

Thursday at the tent site was routine, but John took time out to go to town and send a cablegram to our son Don and his bride, Dian, who were to be married that Sunday, in Cleveland, Oklahoma.

One desired event was missing from the meeting — there were no baptisms. That fact, together with memories of the problems that had plagued them, caused the men to return to Benoni with faces somewhat downcast.

VENDALAND AGAIN

Whenever the tent was taken to Vendaland, there was no shortage of men to help, for the five preacher-students were always there. One such occasion was the meeting at Gondeni, near Phiphidi in February 1972. The tent was erected on a Saturday, and except for some trouble in getting the lighting system to work, all went well. But

early on Sunday morning, it started to rain, and that was the beginning of a week of trouble. Izak Theron was along, and the two men slept (?) in what they called the "space age" tent, a rather classy-looking affair with a built-in ground sheet which they expected to protect them from It turned out, however, to be a water-catcher, for rain blew in through the door and collected rather than draining away. Rain fell every evening with such regularity that before the end of the week, they worked out a system whereby only one went to the big tent to preach while the other remained in the small tent, mopping and repairing, mopping and repairing. Books, film equipment, and sermon notes had to be stored in the truck cab. Several times, when they awoke in the morning, they looked out to see portions of the big tent drooping dismally, pegs out of the rain-soaked ground, ropes sagging uselessly.

Despite the rains, attendance ranged from 300 to 500. Once again, noisy children caused some disruption, but early in the week, they were disciplined by being sent away and not allowed to see the films — a measure only partly successful. One must commend the numbers of people, few of whom owned raincoats or umbrellas, who walked long distances to sit in wet clothes for two to three hours, listening to sermons, watching film strips, and partaking in question and answer sessions. Eleven were baptized that week. There were ten very young boys who went forward together at the invitation, giggling and squirming; the Venda preachers determined by talking to them that they had no idea of the purpose of baptism but thought it would be fun to get into the water in the

portable baptistry, so naturally, they were not immersed.

When the tent was taken down late in the afternoon of the second Sunday, Izak and John returned to Benoni, arriving at 5:00 a. m. Monday, fully appreciative of dry beds. The tents and all of the equipment were very damp, but John's enthusiasm for tent meetings was not dampened one whit.

Because the rainy season is also the warm time of the year, that is when the tent saw the most use. Frequently it was a big job to return home and spread all of the large sections of canvas to dry thoroughly so they would not rot or mildew in storage.

COLORED MEETINGS

Just two weeks after the memorable Gondeni rains, the tent was erected in the Germiston colored location where Abram Jackson was the leader of the church's activities. Here it was possible to hook the lighting system to the electricity supply, and the tent was on firm ground, being mainly a well-packed ash dump. Doug Taylor and Eammon Morgan, SABS students, were active in assisting, and colored people from several communities joined in the effort. On the Sunday, a "combined meeting" was held, with 500 in attendance, and a dinner served at the Turton Hall. Services during the week drew about 200 each night, and two were baptized, one of them a lady who said she was over 100 years old. On the closing day of the meetings, steady rain fell, and when the tent was taken down, it was of necessity let down onto the ash dump, now a gritty, clinging mess. Many hours of hard work went into hosing down and scrubbing the canvas before it could be dried and stored.

A second colored meeting was held soon afterward, this time in Westcol (Western Colored Townships). A number of SABS students were involved in it, and since the colored people prefer the Afrikaans language, sermons were preached in that tongue by Malan Gerber and Neville Schulz, with Al Horne, Johan Smulders, Allan Kriger, and John speaking in English at other services.

MADONSI

Two days after the completion of the Westcol meetings, the tent was once again on the far side of Vendaland, at Madonsi, on the edge of Shangaan territory, where there was a small congregation being assisted by Jackson Mabedle, owner of a trading store. This meeting started on a Thursday rather than Sunday. John was the only white man on this trip, as he was on others from time to time. He had chosen this time to camp in a safari tent with a separate ground sheet. Rain was no problem, but he made several entries in his diary which simply said, "FLIES!!!"

During tent meetings in the bush areas, the subject of polygamy was invariably one of the main issues. If it was not the subject of one of the sermons, it would come up during the question and answer sessions, or someone would come by during the day to talk about it. Polygamy is so much a part of bantu custom and tradition that it is going to be a long, slow process to teach, much less to change, the people. Chiefs often have many wives, and other men seek to have at least two. Why? Tradition? Work force? Status symbol? Physical satisfaction? The

first wife grows old and a younger one is more attractive? Sometimes it would be pointed out that "you white people do just about the same thing — only you divorce one before you take another one." There isn't much answer to that! The root of the matter is the acceptance and acting upon the Bible principles. The question is, "Do we really believe the Bible?"

At Madonsi, some unusual questions were asked. One was, "Who said we cannot eat snakes and flies?" and another was, "Why do you use bioscopes (film strips and slides) but teach against drums and uniforms (in services)?" The more usual questions popped up again, such as, "Is it all right to eat pork?" "Are there three baptisms, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?" "Where did Cain get his wife?" "Doesn't Psalm 150 allow us to use dancing and drums in the services?" Then someone took Colossians 3:17, "Whatever you do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus" to mean that you can do anything and everything you want to do so long as you do it in the name of the Lord. No wonder the questions and answers went on far, far into the night!

There were 14 baptisms in the Madonsi meeting, with attendance ranging from 80 to 600. Several Venda men assisted, but Samson Ramulumisi was the main one because of his knowledge of the language of the Shangaan people.

John wrote in his report to the USA, "One breakthrough accomplished at this meeting was that financial help was received from two different African congregations. We have always asked that the local church that gets the benefit of the tent help to some degree on expenses, regardless of how little it might be. Usually they pay for the fuel that runs the power plant, and they also help care for the black preachers who accompany us. In July when we held a meeting at Duthuni, where no church existed to do this, when help was asked, they said, 'No, that is the preacher's work. Let them pay' this time the Madonsi church gave R6 and Mavhunga donated R5. These churches are poor but they must be taught their Christian obligations."

About the people in the area, he wrote that there were many Zionists. Besides being a group that will admit no white people, they assess their members for what they must contribute, they practice polygamy, have drums and dancing in their services, immerse three times for baptism, and have as their officers, a bishop, deacons, evangelists, preachers, pray-ers, and door-keepers. These facts account for some of the questions that were asked at the evening tent sessions.

GA-MMAMABOLO

The tent was taken directly from Madonsi to Ga-Mmamabolo, the name meaning "the place of Chief Mmamabolo." It is 27 miles east of Pietersburg in a Sothospeaking area, not far from Turfloop University (black). There, after some difficulty, John found Isaiah Mahlape who was taking the lead for the church in the area. Isaiah had taken two short courses at the Natal School of Preaching in Pietermaritzburg, and was known to be a very enthusiastic young man.

Quoting from John's report: "Isaiah took me to the site he had selected for the tent, between a shop and a school. We put up my safari tent and I settled in for the

night. Saturday morning the wind was blowing a stiff breeze and we had a difficult time erecting the big tent. Usually, the scores of young boys who gang around the operation become nuisances, but this time we put them to work holding the ropes to keep the tent top from blowing and flapping, until we could drive in the stakes and tie down. There are over 40 such ropes which hold the wall poles tight. We managed to do a fair job . . . meantime, while black clouds were gathering, John Manape from Pretoria, who was to interpret for me, arrived by bus, along with four Christians from Pietersburg who had come for the weekend. Brother Frans Maibelo said I was the first white Christian he had seen.

"I took them all to Isaiah's house, over and around rocks and dongas and returned (to the small tent) to clean up. I was down to socks and underwear when a terrific storm blew up . . . wind . . . rain . . . then hail . . . the rain softened the soil, tent pegs came loose and the windward side of the tent began to collapse, pole by pole, until the whole side . . . was falling in . . . I started pushing against it to avoid a complete collapse . . . I had caught a cold, and this was not going to help the situation . . . the hail began to hammer the palms of my hands as they pushed against the tent wall, and water beat through the canvas. The ground sheet became slick and I began to slip and slide. I was getting tired by this time but could not release my hold or my 'whole world' would literally collapse on me and I would find myself in a tangled mass of canvas, poles, lamps (a pressure lamp was burning), bedding, clothes, food, and dishes.

"I began to think of all the strong-man heroes I had

read about and their superhuman efforts they had put out over long periods of time! Then I realized that most of them were half my age of 59, and things got bleak again. I thought about the two-pound hammer I would need to repair my tent . . . it was in the big tent some 100 yards away . . . Finally a lull came and I slipped into my boots and a nylon shirt (why, I'll never know for it did not protect against the rain and cold) and ran to the big tent. I found that the whole side of it had blown down — every single stake on that side pulled out of the ground and piles of hail lay where it had slid off the roof. Couldn't do anything about that by myself, so returned and repegged my small tent, got it upright and cleaned up inside. Part of my bedding was soaked, but I managed to snatch a few winks of sleep "

Sunday morning, Isaiah and Robert Moraba who had arrived from Sekhekhuniland and some local men helped redo the big tent, and services were held at noon. The afternoon was spent setting up the power plant and putting up the wiring, but water had blown into the fuel, and evening services were held by gas light.

Monday the power plant had to be taken into Pietersburg, and when assisting in the unloading of that heavy piece of equipment, John tore a fingernail out by the roots. When the plant was finally in operation, only the outside lights would come on, so after the film strips had been shown, the outside lights were brought inside the tent for the rest of the evening. Tuesday was beautiful, and Wednesday began in the same mood, but the wind came up then, worse than ever. When the very existence of the big tent was threatened, and it became obvious that meeting inside

it would be dangerous, the decision was made to abandon the effort for the time and return at a later date. John tried to get a good night's sleep, feeling somewhat relieved and relaxed as a result of the decision, but even that was not to be. The nylon ropes on the safari tent snapped, the food shelves collapsed together with the little cook stove, and the definition of "shambles" came into focus. With that, John grabbed his sleeping bag, blanket, and shaving kit (with blood pressure pills) and spent what little remained of the night trying to sleep in the cab of the truck.

Even the packing up of the tent was difficult, with the wind defying all efforts to spread and fold the large, heavy sections, but eventually it was done. After some trouble in cashing an out-of-town check for petrol for the homeward journey (everything had been spent on power plant repair and doctor's bills for the torn fingernail), the two John's were on their way. By the time John Manape had been left at his home in Atteridgeville and John Hardin made it to Benoni, it was after 6:00 p.m., and the Hardin family were about to leave for the midweek service. John had been known to turn right around and go on to another service even when tired and dirty, but this was one time he stayed home.

The sole diary entry for the following day was, "Purposely did nothing all day. Stayed in bed until 1:00 p.m. Then just laid around. Exhausted physically and mentally." The following morning, both tents were taken to Roodepoort for extensive repairs, and in the afternoon we all had a relaxing time at the Benoni Sunday school picnic. On Sunday the family were all together for worship, and in the afternoon John and the boys watched

part of a cricket match at Willowmoore Park. Even on Monday, John's diary read, "Still exhausted from trip."

Happily, most of the tent meetings occurred when the weather was more kind. One valuable lesson was learned — it is too much for one man to take full responsibility for a meeting in the big tent in the bush, camp in a small tent nearby, do his own cooking, and keep everything running. Jerry Hogg was in the states on furlough during these experiences, and when he returned in January to resume his part of the work, things improved.

THE CHILDREN

But there were the children! Always the children! Where did they all come from at the tent meetings? There were swarms of children, but where were their parents? Outside, they romped and shouted, as do children the world over. At Tshidimbini where there had been a church for several years, they had been taught to behave at services, and they would sit perfectly still - so still that we were amazed. Now the meetings were inundated by great waves of unruly boys and girls. Sometimes they sat on the dusty ground in the tent, wall-to-wall, a restless sea of children. If their clothes had ever been of different colors. they were no longer so, for all were the same color as the earth: old, worn, washed in brown river water if at all. On chilly nights, the children would huddle under earthcolored little pieces of blanket, sometimes falling asleep as time wore on, but always that moving sea of children! At times — often, in fact — we thought these little black youngsters must have weak bladders, for the many times they were in and out, in and out. And in every crowd

there was at least one smart-alec who grinned gleefully each time he made his trip outside.

Oh yes, there were the children. They troubled us in more ways than one. How they needed to watch those films that had been provided for them! How they needed to listen and learn of the One who could change their lives. But how could we reach 200, 300, 400 lively youngsters with one or two busy preachers in the one-week-long gospel campaigns! If we had ever made a list of disappointments with regard to the tent meetings, our inability to reach and help the children would have headed the list. We had to try to reach the parents first, for they had sent their children, or at least permitted them to go to see the excitement of the big tent, but they themselves came to scoff and criticize, and even to stir up dissention. If only we could have had children's classes during the days as we did in the first two Vendaland meetings! But that took a staff of 6 or 8, and we didn't have the people or the money for such projects.

A RUMOR

One day, early in 1973, Jackson Sogoni came bearing the news that "a man" in Soweto had said the tent would no longer be welcome in Vendaland because Hardin did not respect the African. Sogoni knew as well as we that Hardin did respect the African, far more than most other white people in the country had ever done, so the only explanation had to be that John taught with regard to custom and tradition that when they were contrary to Biblical principles, custom and tradition would have to be foregone. Bible truths must be above all. Nothing came of the rumor

so perhaps it was just the threat of one man.

It's the storms and the misfortunes that are the stuff of exciting reading, and we have gone into detail about those times. There were many tent meetings that came off "without a hitch," and scores of people were baptized. Churches were strengthened, new congregations sometimes begun, people's lives enriched. The tent campaigns made a good impression on many, despite the criticism of some, and despite occasional open opposition. Several weeks after a successful campaign in Vendaland, one of the brothers wrote in a letter, "The tent is *still* working," or in other words, the things taught in the tent were having their influence.

The chapter on Southern Africa Bible School relates the history of its lectureships over a period of 12 years. Until the new Benoni church building, seating over 600, was completed, the question of lectureship venue was always difficult. At first, the old Benoni building was adequate. Then, when the SABS class room building was completed, it was thought best to have lectureships at the school property. For several years, then, the big tent was pitched near the building and used for the main daytime lectures, with the class rooms being used for smaller groups, and the big night sessions being held in a school assembly hall in town. After the lectureship venue was moved to the new Benoni building, the 30-foot section of the tent was set up nearby for serving teas and lunches.

BANTU YOUTH CAMPS

Next to the evangelistic campaigns and gospel weekends in the tent, its greatest use was for youth camps for the black people, the first of which was held in January, 1971. Venue was again a great problem, but after an extensive search, with the assistance of John Manape, a small farm belonging to a black man named Mashala was selected. Mrs. Mashala operated a small shop on the property, and there was a small dam and a well on a piece of ground large enough for the big tent and a playground.

Simon Magagula was our master of logistics. He sat down with paper and pen and price lists and figured to the penny what each camper would have to be charged. He arranged for women of the Daveyton congregation to supervise the cooking and chaperone the girls. So, for a week in mid-January, a successful Bantu youth camp was conducted, the first of its kind. Its best recommendation was that the children did not want to go home when Saturday morning came.

The big tent was used for everything except the cooking which was done outside. Curtains divided the tent into three areas: one end for boys and men, one end for girls and women, and a center section used for classes during the day and a no-man's land during the night. Bible classes were held for several hours each day, and there was plenty of time for play. Thorn bushes made a quick end of the soccer ball, but there were other games. The trading store nearby got the benefit of the spending money the children brought along for cool drinks and sweets. On Friday night, there was a talent show with original skits and plenty of musical numbers. Before the children left, they expressed great interest in having a yearly camp, so they were admonished to begin right away to save up their money for the next year.

With a year's experience in camp planning behind him, Simon became the main man to plan for the camps that followed. The second encampment went from December 30, 1972, right through the New Year holiday until January 10. People from Vosloorus, Atteridgeville, Ga-Podile, Mamelodi, Dube, Boekenhoutfontein, and Daveyton worked together and brought the total number of campers to 62. The black brethren took care of much of the teaching and various white Christians drove out by the day and assisted. Fifteen were baptized before the end of the 12 days.

It was during the middle of this youth camp that our son Neal flew out of South Africa to attend Abilene Christian College. He had stayed in Benoni with us for three years after finishing high school and had attended SABS. The nest was emptying, one fledgeling at a time, and it was a sad time at our house. John was back in Benoni that day, struggling with a brake problem on the Toyota truck. Neal's plane was late in departing, and we only returned to the camp site on the following day.

Before the end of this camp, excitement was building to a high pitch at the prospect of camping the next year at the south coast. An area called Umgababa had been set aside for the use of black people and good facilities had been provided. Camping at the coast would be more expensive because of the 400 mile trip via chartered bus, but the children determined that they would get part-time jobs and save money. Most of them had never seen the ocean, and the coming opportunity to do so became the subject of much conversation for an entire year. By camp time, 31 from Daveyton, 13 from Atteridgeville, 11 from

Mamelodi, and other smaller groups had signed up.

John and Jerry armed themselves with the permits they knew they would need - one from Pretoria, and another from the Kwa-Zulu government offices in Pietermaritzburg. John drove the truck with the tent equipment while Jerry drove his Kombi, pulling the caravan for his and John's accommodation. Upon arrival at the camp site, they found that the caretaker had given the spot they had reserved to a Dutch Reformed camping group, but they were able to select another that was almost as good. They proceeded then to set up the caravan with its side tent-the safari and space age tents had now been replaced by this setup - a far more secure piece of equipment. A white man at the railway station across the way called to them saying that they were not allowed to camp there - it was for blacks only. Obviously he reported the matter to the police, for soon a van drove up with one white and one black policeman who asked to see their permits. The white policeman seemed to doubt its validity, so he soon returned with another white policeman wearing civilian clothes. This man scrutinized every word of the permits, found nothing illegal, and said, "Well, have a good stay here."

Three brethren from the Natal School of Preaching assisted with the teaching at Umgababa: Samson Peters, David Nkhatini, and Vincent Ngema. For some of the evening devotions, whites, coloreds, and even one or two Indian Christians visited the camp, promoting inter-racial fellowship of a sort that our young people had not enjoyed before.

Afternoon tours were made to the huge sugar terminal, the aquarium, and a radio station in Durban, and

included in the fun was a boat ride in the Durban harbor. Brethren Nick Nel and Hans Zwart who had a wholesale produce business in Durban donated generous quantities of fresh vegetables and fruits, and one evening Lydia Zwart brought ice cream for everyone. There was fun for all, but serious business too, and 5 young people were baptized.

Umgababa had been an expensive camp, so the next one was held at a farm 30 miles northeast of Pretoria, again timed to include the New Year holiday. We had feared that this would be a let-down after the more exciting time at the sea, but there were 10 baptisms. Only one unpleasant incident occurred, and when all of the young people were warned that anyone else who broke the camp rules would be taken home forthwith, there was no more trouble.

The following year was another Umgababa experience with 8 baptisms. It is impossible to report all that occurred during all of the camps, but it is obvious that much good was accomplished. All of the assistants worked hard, especially the cooks who prepared huge quantities of food in three cast-iron cooking pots over open fires. Aubrey Steyn of Benoni contributed many bags of off-cuts from his woodworking factory to be used as fuel, and Alwyn Hefer made available a large number of reject enamelware plates, mugs, and pots at greatly reduced prices from the factory where he worked.

An early 1984 report from Jackson Sogoni states that a successful youth camp was held (altogether by the black people themselves and without the big tent) in Butterworth with 4 being baptized, and subsequently a new congregation started at Mt. Frere. Plans were already in the

making for another camp at Mfundiswani in Pondoland East.

There were youth camps held for white young people as far back as the 50's when John Maples was in Durban, but only once, when the camp was held at East London, was the big tent called into use, mainly for assemblies.

THE TENT IN CITY LOCATIONS

When the tent was used in city locations, there was always the problem of guarding it against vandals. Guards were hired, some of them with guard dogs, but sometimes they were ineffective against mischievous children who would slide on the roof or swing on the ropes. Nothing serious ever happened, but threats were made at times, and we were always concerned. In addition to the location meetings already mentioned, the tent was taken to Daveyton (several times), Tokhoza, Mafeking, Nancefield, Kimberley, Westcol, Wattville, and perhaps others that have been missed. The greatest portion of the tent work was in "the bush"

Bush meetings continued with varying results. At Mavhunga in April 1974, there were 43 baptisms. There was already a good church at Mavhunga so the new converts would be able to receive further teaching. On the other hand, there were perhaps some of the meetings that should not have been conducted at all. Some who requested that the tent be brought to their areas seemed to regard it as a miracle-working item that would somehow suddenly convert a community, just as there are some churches that seem to think that building a new meeting hall will automatically build a bigger, better congregation. A real effort

was made to hold meetings only where there were members of the church capable of continuing teaching and holding worship services, but obviously this was a variable factor.

In January 1974 we were delighted to receive money from the 29th and Yale church in Tulsa to purchase a new power plant. We had spent more than the price of a new plant in trying to keep the old one going, but until now we had never had the lump sum required to replace it. The new plant was easier to operate and gave little trouble during the four years of its existence. It was stolen from the tent during the night at Ga-Matsepe in May 1978. When the theft was reported to the police of the area, they showed little interest and expressed little hope of its recovery.

Considering that there was no way of locking a tent, there was comparatively little theft, although the baptistry garments and towels disappeared early in the tent's history, numerous small tools seemed to grow legs and walk away, and curious children pilfered little objects such as film strips and a floodlight bulb which could have done them no good. During a tent meeting in Kimberley, John's camera was stolen from under his chair while he was preaching his sermon, and once again, police offered little help and no hope.

One of the better means of reaching some of the people was through film strips: the life of Christ, the book of Acts, and the Jule Miller series on conversion. In addition, John often showed the people slides of themselves and of other groups of Christians similar to them. At the time of the moon explorations, much interest was aroused. Some of the blacks thought perhaps it was a hoax fabricated

by the white people — a sort of Buck Rogers story, so John obtained a set of slides from the Los Angeles observatory to show to them. He also took along the telescope that our son Don had bought for his dad in Japan, and allowed some of the people to look at the moon, or at Venus and Saturn. There were many "Oooh's" and "Ah's" and "Hau's" of amazement at these newly-revealed wonders of creation.

A NEW TRUCK IS INITIATED IN BOTSWANA

When we returned from our 1974 furlough, we had the money for the new truck which we purchased with great joy and thankfulness. A special metal frame was built over the truck bed to support a tarpaulin which would protect the contents, and a strong locker was added for the safekeeping of projectors, tools, luggage, etc. A trailer hitch was added so that the caravan could be drawn behind the The new equipment had seen some use before November of 1974, but in that month, it received its real initiation, making a trip across Botswana to Maun, some 700 miles northwest of Benoni, over roads that should have been traveled only by Jeeps or Land Rovers. Eldred Echols, Al Horne, Jerry Hogg, Roy Lothian, Evelyn Mundell, Molly Redd and sons Lee, John, and Billy, and John Hardin made this trip, together with Samson Ramulumisi from Vendaland who could interpret the Tswana language better than anyone else who might have been available. Eldred's "bakkie" had brake trouble before they even got to Pretoria, and it was discovered that the caravan was hitched too close to the truck so that when the truck cornered, the rear of the bed rubbed the corner of the caravan. A couple of hours were needed to rectify those problems, but they made it through the border post by nightfall and set up camp at Palapye.

Good roads ended at the Botswana border. John's comment was that the average farmer's driveway would look like a super highway by contrast to Botswana roads. All three vehicles had tire trouble. The new truck had three blow-outs, and it was fortunate that replacements were available at Francistown. Heavier-duty tires were purchased. Just out of Palapye, they came across an African man who was also having tire trouble, so they gave him a lift into the village, then had a hard time finding their way out again. "We asked directions from two young men who were standing together," John wrote. pointed one way, and the other pointed in exactly the opposite direction. We said 'eenie-meenie-mynie-moe' and headed out on a street which proved to be a dead end. Enough! We camped right there for the night, hoping to do better in the light of a new day."

At Francistown, they could have bought petrol, but all of the vehicles had a fair supply and all decided to wait and purchase refills in Nata, 120 miles away. Imagine their chagrin when they arrived in Nata to find only a dry pump. There had been no petrol for two weeks and the proprietor had no idea when his supply was to arrive! Nata is little more than a village of thatched huts, with only a couple of stores and a police station to give any semblance to a town.

"Not to be defeated," John continued in his diary, "we camped and began to preach. This was Saturday. Preaching from Sunday through Wednesday, we baptized

six people, thus establishing a small new congregation of the Lord's church where there had been none before. Perhaps it was God's will that the petrol pump was dry." There is a congregation in Nata to this day.

On the Tuesday, a man from near Benoni came from Maun in his small pickup, nearly out of petrol. Our people drained all they could out of the three vehicles and gave to him so that he could get to Francistown. Jerry rode with him to purchase another new truck tire and took along all the tins and containers to be filled and returned to Nata. All of our vehicles were ready to be on their way, and our good Samaritan was happy to have been helped when he needed it as well.

Since arrival in Maun was late, the big tent was not erected but film strips were shown on the side of a store and preaching services held for several days at a clinic in the center of town. The seasonal rains had begun, and the winds were strong, so it is just as well that the tent was not subjected to further punishment. Seven were baptized in Maun, and later, Clive Biggs and Les Massey returned and baptized 18 more.

In the years following, there have been many trips made into the interior of Botswana, mostly by Echols and SABS personnel and students. There are missionaries at Gabarones, not far from South Africa, but there need to be many others to go and stay for longer periods of time in the interior. At the time of this writing, there are three young couples from Abilene Christian University planning to go to the Maun area, having in mind an extended program of 10 or 12 years.

A TIME OF LESSER CONSEQUENCE

Perhaps this paragraph should be headed, "A Masterpiece of Misunderstanding." It was on the 9th day of May that Jerry and John arrived at Namakgale, the location at Phalaborwa in the eastern Transvaal. They had been expected on April 15! Determining whose fault the misunderstanding was would have been a fruitless pursuit, so they took it as they found it - there hadn't been much preparation for April 15 anyway, so after discussing the matter with Simon Mashego and Pitius Mametja, the men who took the lead in whatever work was done at that place, they finally decided to have a series of lessons that would be designed to strengthen the little group of 21 or 22 John and Jerry camped in the caravan at the Christians. Phalaborwa tourist camping site, so personally they enjoyed more comfort than usual - hot water, showers, drinking water, etc. The caravan park is near the boundary of Kruger Game Reserve, so they may have very well wondered what they might have seen or heard, since Kruger has no fences. On their second night, they heard lions roaring, but they knew how many impala and zebras and other dinner time favorites of the lions abounded in the reserve, so they were not worried.

Try as they would, the men could never find all the people who were supposed to be members of the congregation at Namakgale, and on Sunday there were only 13 people who held a service in Simon's home. Obviously, services had not been held regularly, and the people had a mixture of different beliefs. Once again there were some who were concerned about whether baptism is one immersion or three. (Zionists and a number of other sects

immerse three times, some of them even more. On a number of occasions, we heard of some pitiful, misguided candidate who had been drowned by an over-zealous baptizer).

A few impromptu gatherings were called in Chief Malatjie's village and in Chief Mashishimali's village, but little interest was expressed. It appeared that much of the indifference could have been a reaction to Simon and Pitius' attempts to preach without having sufficient knowledge to do so. Pitius especially had the idea that the Holy Spirit would give him the words as he spoke — a promise that was given only to Jesus' apostles. The rest of us have to study! Pitius went so far as to claim that the Holy Spirit helped him remember any scripture from Genesis to Revelation. What a good case of wishful thinking!

A NEW LOOK AT BUSH MEETINGS

After all of the Hardin sons had "flown from the nest," it was possible for me to accompany John on a number of extended tent campaigns. The Vendaland lectureship has been described in another chapter. When that lectureship ended, we dismantled the tent and moved it to the village of Lwomondo. There was already a church at another area some 4 or 5 miles away, but Andries Mulaudzi, who did the preaching at that place, asked to have the tent brought to the actual village. Lwomondo village is much larger than most and has some stores and a beer hall. It was mid-July and school break time, so we were given permission to set up the tent and caravan on the school grounds.

This was the home of Patrick Magadumisi who had been baptized during the Nzhelele campaign several years

John had assisted Patrick's mother to work out a big problem in the life of her family, and all during the week at Lwomondo, she brought gifts to our caravan: pawpaws, bananas, oranges, avocadoes, sweet potatoes and more produce which grew nearby and was sold at roadside stands. On our last day in the village, she and Patrick invited John and me to visit their home at about one o'clock. No mention was made of a meal, so we ate a bite of lunch before we left the caravan. When we arrived, we were escorted to the best rondavel in the kraal. Inside was a cheery, clean room with a cement floor. The furniture consisted of two single beds, a sofa, and a small table and chairs. After brief conversation, Patrick's sister, dressed in the typical striped wrap-around garment of Venda women, came in with large bowls of canned peaches topped with thick cream. John and I were left alone, as their custom is when entertaining white people, and we decided to regard the peaches as dessert following upon the lunch we had already eaten. But soon we were brought tall glasses of orange drink, and then huge plates of food: chicken, rice, pumpkin, cabbage!!! Not wanting to hurt anyone's feelings, we made a tremendous effort to eat a reasonable Some very scrawny cats were sniffing about. and when nobody was looking, we slipped them the best meal they'd had in a long time. Try as we would, we could eat only about half of what was on our plates, and then we were served tea. Uncomfortable as we were, we were happy to be invited to walk around outside. As we prepared to depart, more gifts were pressed upon us. They wanted to give us a huge bag of at least 50 very large avocadoes, but we explained that there were just two of us,

and 8 or 10 would be all we could possibly manage to consume before they would spoil. I was also given a pottery bowl and flower pot. The bowl has a design worked on it with ordinary old-fashioned stove polish like our grandmothers used on their wood-burning kitchen stoves. Before we left the kraal, Mrs. Magadumisi apologized because she did not have a goat for us to take home.

Our caravan was parked for the week on the open school grounds, near a fair-sized tree. It was there that I learned what a monkey in a zoo must feel like with children by the hundreds watching them every day. They came in droves and formed a semi-circular cluster, three and four deep at times, watching, watching, watching. The caravan's side tent fastened with a long zipper which we had to keep closed at all times. The mesh-covered "windows" of the side tent were needed for ventilation, but sometimes it was better to close them and be too hot than to leave them open to all the little staring eyes. Often we had our Vendaspeaking friends ask the children to go, but they always drifted back. Our white skins and the strange contraption we lived in aroused their curiosity, understandably, but that curiosity was never satisfied.

Each evening, John went with the truck to fetch people from the congregation on "the other side" (of the mountain) as it was always designated. Twenty-five or thirty people could fit into the truck bed without overloading it. At the close of each meeting, the trip had to be made again to take the passengers home. We began to wonder why the return load always outnumbered the arriving load. Here was free transportation! People who had not attended the meetings found out that the truck

was going "to the other side" at about 10:00 each night. Included were some who had spent the evening at the beer hall, but John wanted to be big-hearted and not make a fuss about it even though there was somewhat of an overload. But one night, which happened to be moonless and as black as the abyss, John sensed that the load was heavier than ever. It was only when the truck went through a bit of a dip before going onto the main road and the truck bed scraped the dual rear wheels that he knew it was serious. Stopping the engine, John walked around to the back of the truck and shone a flashlight inside. There was not one cubic inch of space. The people were told that the truck could not possibly take so many, and some would have to wait for a second trip. Nobody budged. folded his arms and said that nobody was going any place until every one got out of the truck. When they saw that he meant what he said, they began to climb out: 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70 of them! If their average weight was 140 pounds (and many of them were heavy), that was close to 5 tons of humanity! The truck itself did not break down, but in the press and push, several of the welds on the frame that supported the tarpaulin were broken. If only those folks had tried as hard to hear the gospel as they did to ride in the truck!

Again the swarms of children disrupted the evening services. The main problem was that they were unaccompanied by adults, and in some cases, we were informed, they had been told by their parents to make trouble for us. Andries appealed to the chief to send a messenger to tell the children that they had better behave, "or else." When the "or else" appeared not to have much sting to it, the

children continued their disruptive behavior.

This was the meeting where Hubert Mashonga and several young men gathered and sang numerous songs from the English song book over the speaker system — a highlight of our week. It was encouraging too to have several young men who came to the caravan from time to time to have private talks with John. John Nengwenani, Philemon Makhado, Allan Kriger, and others associated with the Vendaland Bible School assisted with the Lwomondo campaign. Despite the discipline problems and the truck passenger problems, there were 11 baptized that week.

One night, four came at the invitation, requesting baptism. Since the portable baptistry was no longer in use, it was necessary to go to the river, some distance away. The question and answer session was left in the hands of brother Tshisudi who had preached the sermon of the evening, while John went in the truck with John Nengwenani and the candidates for the baptism. Being emcee for questions and answers requires a lot of Bible knowledge plus the ability to control the audience. The policy at these sessions had always been that the question be asked and the questioner listen quietly during the answering of it. If not satisfied, he may then ask further questions or make some reasonable comments. It was the policy to avoid debate and argument, and if anyone wished to engage in discussion, they were welcome to private talk sessions at other times. However, brother Tshisudi, nor anyone else, for that matter, could have made one young lady cease and desist her ranting. She grabbed one of the two microphones and all but took over the platform. At that stage, John returned, saw what was going on, and literally pulled the plug on the

speaker system, after which the meeting was brought to a close. John wrote in his diary, "It was quite a rumpus!"

John was himself a good one to handle questions and answers. His knowledge of the Bible was broad enough that he was rarely at a loss for a scriptural answer to just about anything. He stood big and tall and had a commanding air about him, but more importantly, he had endless patience to answer some of the same questions over and over again, and his answers were always thorough.

GA-PHAAHLA

After the Lwomondo meeting, we had two weeks in which to return to Benoni, catch up on all that had gone undone in our absence, and prepare for a campaign at Ga-Phaahla, outside of Marble Hall, again in a Sotho-speaking community. Brother John Manape, now growing old and slowing down, stayed for the week, patiently and tirelessly interpreting and teaching. Others from his congregation in Atteridgeville came for the weekend: Ariel Ramusi, Manape's son-in-law, Daniel Malatjie and others. Brother Malatjie drove a van and was always ready and willing to take groups of people to church activities. He was a good man. (He was killed in a car accident just a couple of years later). I called him "brother Smiley." He was just that. A happy Christian.

Cornelius Pahlamohlaka was preaching for the church at Ga-Phaahla, a quiet sort of person who goes about in his own way and gets a lot of things done. For a long time there had been no school in this large community, and on his own time, and without pay, brother Cornelius taught many children to read, write, and do sums, until finally a

government school was established.

Our week in the caravan at this place was pleasant. It was set up inside the fence surrounding Cornelius' property, so we were free of the usual "audience" at our "zoo." Many of the people lived on little fenced properties. Each family had a few goats, some chickens, and a garden spot. Every day the goats were taken out to grasslands for grazing, and at night when they returned to the village, each goat knew its own home place and went directly to it.

The week's effort brought two baptisms, and all things considered, it was a good campaign, though not as great in numbers as some others. Crowds varied from 60 to 256. I taught a ladies' class in which I emphasized such scriptures as "Cast your cares upon him for he careth for you," and "In nothing be anxious, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be known to God, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." The women were touched by these scriptures, and from conversation that followed, I found that their teaching had been mostly on the fundamentals of the gospel, baptism, obedience, and other doctrines. In the short time I had with them, I wanted them to know that their relationship with God is personal, that God cares about their troubles. As I write this, I am thinking that if ever I have the opportunity to speak to African women again, it is going to be about God in their personal lives on an every day basis. They have been kept in subjection beyond that required by the Lord, and I want them to know that Jesus lifts womankind above the level to which they are accustomed, not to make them rebellious against their status on earth, but to find spiritual fulfillment.

A REPORT – THE FEMININE INFLUENCE

Missionary wives often get to write a few paragraphs in their husband's reports — the feminine point of view. Some made kind comments about my article called "Life in a Caravan in an African Village," so I shall be bold enough to print some of it here.

"The chilly breeze was blowing down between my shoulder blades so I snuggled another inch or two down into my sleeping bag, almost covering my head. That monotonous drumming and repetitive singing — was it going to go on all night? I turned to look at my watch by flashlight — 4:15 a. m. It did go on! And on. And on. Eventually the rising sun, together with a couple of dozen roosters, announced the dawn. John had stepped outside to observe Venus and Jupiter, which have been hovering in close conjunction just before sunrise, and he saw the six drummers and singers as they came marching past . . .

"For several years, John has been living in the caravan for a week or two at a time while preaching in the villages, but it is only this year, with all the children grown, that we can share the experience as we are doing now . . .

"Picture us in a 3-ton Ford truck pulling an insignificant little trailer, $10\frac{1}{2}$ x $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet by $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high (in its collapsed state). We leave the main road and go bumping across trails, and sometimes across grassy places where there is no trail. Little black

children appear from everywhere . . .

"Having selected a fairly level spot, we unhitch the caravan and open first one end, then the other, raising the top portion - the fiber glass "lid" which now becomes our roof. Dangling from it are the canvas sides which we zip down and fasten to the floor section, and there is our bedroom, complete with a small wardrobe, cupboards, and drawers. We lift out one cupboard and hang it from the outside of the caravan, set the 2-burner gas stove on it, and there's our kitchen. This outside area is completely protected by a side tent which opens out to a roomy 10 x 20 feet, with a slick blue ground sheet to complete the setting. At one end of the side tent John has a small desk and his typewriter. A folding table and folding chairs are the main furnishing, and the far end of the tent is a clutter of 5-gallon water bottles, gas cylinders, tools, mop, broom, and boxes of supplies . . .

"The caravan, having seen much use, is showing alarming signs of age. The zipper, one of the century's greatest contributions to modern living, is also vulnerable. Two of them have broken entirely, so John has substituted a series of battery cable clips—the male way of thinking—while I exercised my feminine thinking by stitching lengths of twill tape which tie the sections of canvas with bows. So there we are, held together in places by battery clips and bows...

"After living in a rambling old house with 5 bedrooms, life in a caravan is 'something else.' Our house

is too big for two people, but the caravan would be too small for permanent comfort. We do have foam mattresses, gas stove, portable radio, gas lamps, and lots of natural air conditioning. For that matter, we sometimes have our own garbage disposal — or two: one named Nanny and one named Billy. They are silent except for light footsteps and an occasional "baaa."

"Our way of living fits in with ecology too . . . especially the water. We bring our city water in a number of 5-gallon containers to avoid becoming sick from unsafe water supplies. We only throw it out when it gets too thick to pour. One basin of water serves for washing hands several times. Our dishes are carefully scraped and wiped so a quart of water is sufficient for washing them. After wiping up around table and stove, that quart has to be thrown out. Another quart of boiling water rinses the dishes, and then usually goes into the hand washing basin for further use there. Bath water (we bathe in about 2 quarts each) is used to wash the floor and ground sheet, and because we haven't thought of anything else to do with it, we throw it out on some thirsty bush.

"It's rather a relief to have no telephone ringing, no tires screeching at the traffic light on the corner, no real rush to meet deadlines. It is good, for a while, to have the desk so close to the dish pan that John can reach from one to the other and dispose of his empty mid-morning cup. It's nice, for a while, to have so few dishes that they all fit

into a small drawer. It's a treat to be away from the noise of a vacuum cleaner. It's even rather nice to be wearing flat squashy shoes, comfortable and ugly instead of having to wear 'city' shoes for the sake of fashion.

"I will enjoy going home to my kitchen because I won't have to worry about the cooking spattering onto John's bed. Then, after this town-bred gal has soused the 9 days' accumulation of dirty clothes in the washing machine, I'm going to pack away the chamber pot, go into the bathroom and listen to the water run. I'll sit in that bath water (more than two quarts), and then I'll appreciate it further as I hear it gurgling down the drain. That is, if the telephone doesn't start ringing at the same time as the doorbell, if you can hear them over the noise of the traffic, and the neighbors' dogs doing double duty, barking at whoever is coming up our driveway — Hey, John, when's the next tent meeting when we can get away from the city commotion?"

There were a great many other tent meetings held in many places: Masakona, Dlaulale, Mulima, Teyateyaneng in Lesotho, Ramaghopa's Village, Damani, Acornhoek, and others too numerous to add in detail. When 1978 rolled around, and we knew that we would be returning permanently to the states in a few months, John began to hand the tent work over to others so that he would have time to make one last big round of visits to congregations he had helped through the years. It took every weekend for many months, and even then, we didn't get to visit all the places

or say goodbye to all the people.

A LOOK BACK

I once sang under a choral director who told us after a so-so performance, "No post-mortems now!" Sometimes, though, someone somewhere can learn by taking a backward look. So then, what about the tent experience? First of all, it was a big undertaking, involving considerable expense and a whole lot of very hard work. Was it worth it? Who can say? Of the 500 to 600 baptized, there are many who have fallen away. Was it worth it for those who have remained faithful to the Lord? Ask any of them if it was worth it.

Did we make mistakes? You may as well ask if we are human. If it were to be done again, what changes should be made? More preparation in the areas where the meetings are to be held: door-knocking, personal invitations, advertising in every form. More all-out efforts to conduct special classes for children. More people actively involved in the program. More follow-up by the tent personnel in addition to local preachers and leaders. More teaching of the local leaders to make them capable of more effective preliminary and follow-up work. Hopefully, better equipment to avoid the constant hassle of breakdowns and repairs.

In order to carry on a lengthy series of tent meetings in the bush, one doesn't necessarily have to be a lover of camping and of the out-of-doors, but it certainly helps. Lacking that natural love of camping, one does need to have the ability and willingness to adapt to all sorts of living conditions and varying degrees of discomfort and

inconvenience. Couple that with love for the Lord and concern for lost souls, and you have the primary ingredients for success.

On the lighter side — it might help if you buy your tent and have it repaired by someone with an easier name to remember than Shloberbofsky, which was the name of the man we always had to see!

Life in "the Bush"

A favorite route of travel between Port Elizabeth and Johannesburg was "the long way," through the Transkei. Although the unpaved roads were often deep in white powdery dust, the giant rolling hills sparsely covered with grass that struggled for survival in thin topsoil, and dotted neatly with small clusters of identically decorated thatched huts, created a scenic drive in contrast to the tedium of the flat Free State route. Along the way were the old-fashioned Xhosa women in their blankets, dyed red by the ochre that had been pounded into them. If it were a special occasion, they might be decked out in their sweeping orange-red skirts, banded with rows and rows of black, skirts that moved beautifully with the graceful gliding walk of women who were used to carrying loads on their heads. On a work day, though, they would be there in the mealie patches. loosely wrapped in odds and ends of red blanket, hoeing away at the weeds and puffing on their Xhosa pipes, those typical pipes with long stems and thin little bowls. married girls could be seen in their leather aprons that were slick-looking, black and greasy from long wear, their hair beautified with red clay and their arms and legs decorated with coiled wire and the rubber rings from canning jars.

We were speaking once with Jackson Sogoni who was born and raised in the Transkei before moving to Johannesburg. John said, "Brother Jackson, the Transkei is a beautiful place," and Jackson replied, "Ah yes, brother Hardin, but you can't live on beauty."

If anyone is inclined to regret that the red blankets have almost disappeared and modern things are gradually taking their place, he must remember that the old "scenic drive" was scenic partly because of the poverty of the people who lived in those picturesque huts and wore those red blankets. Who can now deny their following the trend toward what the rest of the country is doing?

What has been said of the Xhosa can be said of the other tribes, only in differing settings: the Zulus with their beadwork, living in "beehive" huts, clustered in or near the Valley of a Thousand Hills, the Ndebele with their beaded circlets and their fancily painted houses and walls, the Venda women in their typical striped cloth, the people of Lesotho in their cone-shaped hats and their multi-colored blankets. All are part of the passing parade of humankind. Sooner or later, they will eventually blend into the monotonous conformity of the more modern world.

Books could be written about each of the tribes. South African readers will already know more than can be included in this one chapter, so it must suffice for now to include some generalities to help American readers to "get the picture." Each tribe has its own traditions and customs that set it apart from the others, so for now it will be necessary to mention some things more or less common to all.

Perhaps the thing a first-time traveler would notice on driving through a tribal land would be the work done by the women. They are walking at the sides of the roads with all sorts of burdens on their heads: heavy bundles of firewood, loads of thatching grass, laundry going to or from the river, mealie to be ground, supplies from the trading store, basins of dung for paving floors and courtyards, and even such an

awkward thing as a large cast-iron pot. Babies are carried on backs. Women are hoeing fields, carrying water, making clay pots, making mud bricks, cooking food, nursing babies. Never would they think of their lot in life as "picturesque." Their labor is for real, and it is every day. In the past, and to a great extent even today, the rural black woman is thought of by her husband as a worker, and so the man who can have more than one wife feels fortunate in having increased his labor force.

Marriages are still often arranged by the elders in the family. Only through association with western culture has come the idea of choosing one's own mate and marrying for love. In the church, we found it necessary to teach what the Bible means when it says that a man should love his wife as his own body, that he should cherish her and be considerate of her, treating her as the "weaker vessel."

Girls begin at a very early age to help with the carrying of loads. "Big" sisters of six or seven years may already carry baby brothers or sisters on their backs. Young girls must carry water, sometimes for miles if the season is dry. A few prosperous people have built rectangular houses with corrugated roofs from which it is possible to catch rain water to store in a tank. But you can't catch much rain water from a circular thatched roof - and you probably couldn't afford to buy a tank anyway.

Rivers and other water sources become centers of much activity. Wash day is an all-day affair and a chance for women to visit and gossip as the clothes are scrubbed and pounded and spread on the bushes to dry. Bathing often takes place in the river as well. If a city dweller is inclined to criticize the country dweller for a certain lack of

cleanliness, he must try to imagine walking along a dusty trail to the river and bathing in water that is less than clear, only to walk back home along that same dusty trail. It must be difficult to do more than merely exchange one layer of dust for a newer one.

The people who live in little villages and kraals try to raise at least a part of their food, but often their plots of ground are small and the soil is poor. Since mealies are the staple food, everyone tries to raise a good-sized patch of that grain. Pumpkins are the most popular vegetable, the tender young leaves used as a green vegetable (we ate them too - they are better than spinach), and the white-skinned ripe pumpkins stored to last through the winter. A good harvest of pumpkins is cause for rejoicing, and in some places, celebrated with a ceremony of the biting of the pumpkin.

Most people in tribal lands have some cattle and goats which are carefully herded by the young boys. Wealth is still measured in many places by numbers rather than quality of cattle. Chickens are permitted to run in the open, scratching to find whatever food nature provides. Dogs and cats are treated in much the same way, left to scavenge and squabble over odd scraps of food or to hunt for rats and mice. Without veterinary care, they are almost always scrawny, infested with worms.

Often it is necessary for someone in the family to go to a city and work so as to send money back home to help eke out existence on worn-out land. Sometimes such a one finds new associates, even new wives, in the city and fails to send money home as promised, thus plunging the family into worse straits than ever. Others find good jobs and send

money home faithfully, to be reflected in improved houses and better clothing for the families.

Among the poorer folk, children seldom have clothes that are new. They can be seen in adults' cast-offs which are many sizes too large, often ragged, and sometimes hanging in shreds. Whatever color these clothes may once have been, they will have become the color of the soil of the area. Often very small children run stark naked when the weather permits, and when poverty is at its worst, many of all ages are poorly clad against the chilly winter winds.

The blanket plays a big part in the life of an African person in the bush. A pretty new blanket is a status symbol, a sign of prestige. A blanket serves many purposes: it is a coat on a chilly day; it becomes a wrap-around skirt when the day is warm; it holds a baby securely on its mother's back; and when the day is over, it becomes a blanket once again. The Basotho blanket, thicker and more closely woven than some others, is a necessity, for the altitude of Lesotho brings ice and snow and biting wind. But the Basotho blankets are still status symbols with a great variation of color and design.

The typical rural home consists of a cluster of huts, perhaps surrounded by a low wall, all constructed of mud. There is at least one main hut for sleeping, with a cook hut and one or more storage huts. A polygamist will have a separate hut for each wife, and when families grow large, a man may provide other huts if he is able. A prosperous man may well have one or two huts containing modern furniture, but the average family still lives in a simpler state. Prosperity allows some to have cement floors, but many still have dirt floors or a flooring of mixed cow dung and mud

which is spread to dry and is fairly durable and odorless as long as it does not become wet.

Cooking is usually done in cast iron pots over a wood fire. In fine weather, it may be done outside, while on rainy or cold days, a fire is built on the floor in the center of the cook hut. With no chimney, the smoke must filter out through the thatch of the roof, making the hut look as though it is smouldering and ready to burst into flames. Surely it must be hard on the lungs of the cook! A little firewood must go a long way, for wood is scarce and expensive. Sometimes all the woodland is the property of the chief who sells it to the people at a considerable profit.

There is more than one way to build a new hut. Sometimes the women tamp mud into place in a circle, building up the wall bit by bit. Otherwise, they make bricks by packing clay into wooden forms, then gently unmolding the soft bricks to allow them to dry in the sun. When it is time for the roof to be raised, the men arrange poles in the typical conical shape and tie cross braces firmly in place. The entire cone is lifted into place upon the wall and fastened down, and then the thatch, which the women have gathered and carried, is combed and sewn into place with a large wooden "needle" threaded with twine made of twisted bark strips. The hut may be left in its natural earth color or painted in designs typical of the area or tribe. If the builders have enough money, they will have inserted window frames and a good door. Otherwise the only light may have to come from the doorway which is covered at night with burlap, straw matting, or blanket material.

In city locations, government housing projects have

provided houses for blacks to rent at reasonable charges. The houses are often built of concrete blocks with corrugated roofing and metal window frames and doors. They are small compared to the houses of most white areas, and they are lined up in monotonous long rows, their identical construction making them look like match boxes. Yet, the rural black in his hut would see a concrete house as a great step upward on life's ladder.

I had designed a set of Bible class lessons to be used for black children in a city, and was using them to teach a class in a village situation. I had cut pictures of an urban "match-box" house, together with pictures of food, clothing, family groups, and other of God's gifts for which we are thankful. Before long, I had lost my audience. The children were pointing at the poster on which the pictures had been pasted, chattering excitedly. My interpreter explained to me that they were talking about the good house and hoping to go to the city when they grew up so that they could live in that sort of accommodation.

Often, however, as we mixed with these people of uncomplicated background, we sensed a deeper happiness than among a good many of the city folk. Several older rural black brethren expressed to us their firm belief that it was better for them to remain as they were rather than move to the city where crime and moral degeneracy were rampant.

Carrying water buckets on their heads, country girls laugh and have a good time. Children herding cattle wave merrily to people who drive by. Adults have time to sit and talk at leisure. Lacking bright lights and entertainments, they have evenings for conversation which often

goes to Bible subjects which are discussed for long hours. Not rushed by deadlines and appointments, they never seem to mind if a church service continues for hours. They are hungry for more learning, and will ask questions and listen patiently to the answers which sometimes must be lengthy.

Studies conducted among the blacks in their homelands have revealed conclusive evidence of an extremely low rate of heart disease and related ailments. It is fairly certain to be related to diet and low stress. These people do not eat meat often. They live mainly on whole unrefined corn meal and vegetables. They walk long distances, get plenty of sleep and are seldom under pressure of time schedules. Blacks who have moved to busy cities and eat richer foods including larger amounts of meat, show a rate of heart disease nearly equal to that of the white city population.

There have been many years of tragic famine conditions farther north in Africa. Drought conditions sometimes hit the southern part of the continent too, but the drought of 1982-1983 was one of the worst in history. People within South Africa itself are usually, but not always, provided for by local relief measures, but this time, the populace of Botswana have been severely stricken. Food is available in such towns as Francistown and Gaborones, but the people have no money. Eldred Echols found conditions to be tragic at Nata and other places in Botswana, and he made an appeal through which means more than \$125,000 was raised in America before the end of 1983, with more to come. Food is purchased by the ton as money becomes available, and hauled to the famine areas for distribution. Unfortunately, it is usually the children

who suffer first, and not only in times of drought. According to the customs of some, when food is prepared, the men eat first, and often there is no protein available to the children who may then develop a deficiency disease called quashiorkor, characterized by distended tummies, dry patches of skin, and white patches on the scalp. Babies on the breast are safeguarded by the mother's milk, but when they are weaned, they become victims of the protein deficiency. Some blacks give the disease a name which means "that which a little child gets when the next baby is on the way." Education in nutrition has been slow to spread, and poverty hinders the obtaining of better foods, but some progress is being made. Sometimes the simple addition of an egg to the mealie meal porridge works a seeming miracle. (If a person has an egg).

In most tribal areas of South Africa, there are hospitals, many of them run by missions. These hospitals have clinics and out-patient departments, and treatment is available, either free or for a very low fee. Yet it is often a walk of many miles to the clinic, and many sick go untreated. Vaccinations are available and fairly widely practiced so that the old dreaded smallpox and other epidemic diseases are held in check. Few rural black people have any dental work done other than the extraction of decayed teeth.

Most doctors and many of the assistants are white, so in black areas, small children fear all whites — they think they are about to receive injections whenever white people approach them. Some dear black friends had twins and asked John and me to give them their English names. We saw them when they were babies, but later we could not visit them because they were afraid of all white people.

Names are an interesting subject. The African people have their own tribal names which are quite unpronounceable and unrememberable by most whites, so many of them have two names: a tribal name and a "white" name. The tribal names have specific meanings, similar to Biblical and American Indian names, so we often had to explain that we choose names simply because we like them. We named the twins Claire and Carol, and then had to search out the meanings in order to satisfy the parents. We told them that Claire means "clear, bright and shining" while Carol is a "happy song." We hadn't thought of it before, but it turned out well.

Biblical names are great favorites, and among our friends there are many Samsons, Philemons, Johns, Marcus', Lucas', Lazarus', Thomas', Peters, Jacobs, Jobs, Timothys, Abrams, Simons, Samuels, and others. There are fewer Bible women, but there are Marthas, Marys, Annas, and others; there are more who have names like Betty, Lizzie, Rosie, Mina, Agnes, or other modern names.

More about life in "the bush" appears in connection with stories of work in bush areas, especially with the big tent.

The Hardin Family

Much of what is in this book is centered around our work as missionaries in the church of Christ with a few personal family highlights sandwiched in between the many activities. There are, however, some Hardin happenings that require space of their own to make the story complete.

War is an unspeakable catastrophe. Scarcely a generation escapes having to give some of its youth to feed that horrendous monster. John and his two brothers had all been drafted in World War II, so their parents knew and shared the agony of giving sons to serve and, perhaps, to All three survived the war, and Leon saw further service in the Berlin Airlift and in the Korean conflict. Now it was our turn to face the uncertainties of the Vietnam war. Don enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps in order to have a choice of type of service rather than being drafted into the army and likely being put into the infantry. He saw several years of stateside service during which he had several courses in Avionics. At the end of his term of enlistment, he was offered a generous bonus for signing up for another two years with the proviso that one of those years must be spent in overseas service. The news of his impending departure for Japan and Vietnam struck deep into our hearts, for American boys were giving their lives by the thousands, and some of Don's friends had been numbered with them.

We were busy putting out our family newspaper, "Die Stamboom," when word came. I went into the

bedroom, closed the door, and poured out my heart in a prayer which I wrote down. I showed it to John, saying that it was not for the "Stamboom," but he printed it there anyway. This is what I wrote:

"Dear God, My Heavenly Father, as you look down upon me this day, you alone can know how a mother feels when her much beloved son is being sent to fight a useless war. If all the grief of all the mothers who have thus given their sons today and in all the wars of ages past could be gathered in one place, all eternity could scarcely hold that solemn wail. And so to you my lonely tears could seem insignificant — if you were not so great and mighty that you even know if a sparrow falls. But oh, I need your help, your strength.

"Four sons I yet have beneath the roof of home, young sons who need to see a mother strong enough to bear whatever comes, and need to know that all strength comes from you in heaven above. Let my tears not overcome me. Let my pride in my son who has thus volunteered to go to war be such that it may lift from my shoulders the crushing weight of anxiety and ease the pain in my heart. For in my mother-heart there is place for each of my children. When one is gone, what a sore, bleeding place is there — oh God, You know! I cannot ask to have him back as when he nestled in my arms — a babe. But please, dear God, may his angel keep watch over him. May thy love be in his heart of hearts and may he so live that if we do not meet again upon this war-torn earth,

we can meet in heaven and share eternal rest and peace.

"And Lord, a selfish prayer I would not pray my husband, too - may he find strength and solace as he always has - in You. A man - staunch and stolid - he cannot find release in the sweet balm of tears, but I know that way down deep, inside that brave exterior, lie feelings that hurt - hurt - hurt. May I, Father, be more of a loving wife than ever before, and may the two of us, hand in hand, go down the road of life together, the better to meet whatever our remaining days hold in store. You have blessed us so bountifully with children, with health and strength, with enough of life's necessities always, and with opportunities to live a great life in your service. I pray that having Don go to Vietnam will in no way hinder our service to You. May it rather give us more understanding of the griefs and anxieties that others bear and thus enable us to be of better service in your kingdom. We walk but blindly in this life. Father. We know not what even the next moment brings. Hold our hands. We ask in the name of Jesus - the Son You gave."

Our daily prayers for Don were that he would neither have to kill or be killed. His assignment overseas kept him in Japan most of the time and in Vietnam only a few weeks, his job being maintenance of electronic equipment aboard the U. S. Marine aircraft. Once during his tour of duty, his wife, Dian, visited him in Japan. They visited Hiroshima and were deeply impressed by the existing evidence of the

A-bomb of 1945.

From Japan, Don brought back a camera and a fine telescope for John. The Hoggs brought the camera to us when they returned from a furlough, and Bess and Ernie Shoemaker brought the telescope when they came to visit us in Benoni in 1973. John had long taken an interest in the stars and had wished for a telescope but had never felt able to afford one.

1972 brought the death of John's younger brother, Leon. The winter of '72 was bad for my health too - I went down with bronchitis and was sick all winter. I lost a great deal of weight, and late that year developed a frozen shoulder which had to be manipulated under anesthesia. Neal was going to be finishing up at SABS in December of '72 and leaving for the U. S. in January of '73. With the unhappy events of the year, I found his departure hard to face.

1973 was a year of variety. Neal left in early January, and in June, Brian moved to his own flat in Johannesburg to be more independent and to put an end to the tiring commuting by train. Brian was now 22, Neal 21. We'd had them at home longer than the average which should have made us feel good, but somehow we missed them the more. Now only Dale and Gary remained at home.

The Shoemakers were to be arriving in mid-June, so we began early in the year to anticipate their visit. Dale and Gary said that their dad did everything during those months "before Bess and Ernie get here." We framed and hung pictures, painted, had new cupboards built in the dining room, and even bought a VW Kombi so that we

would have a vehicle large enough to carry us all on the trips we were planning. We'd needed to change cars anyway — the Peugeot had traveled almost a hundred thousand miles and was becoming decrepit — so we traded in both the Datsun and the Peugeot for one VW.

Bess, Ernie and Robin arrived on 17 June. This turned out to be the first of several visits, for they fell in love with South Africa. Ernie loves to hunt, but John had persuaded him to do his hunting with a camera so that the animals could live to see other days. We spent some time showing them various areas of our work and they enjoyed meetings with us in Benoni, Daveyton, Atteridgeville, Mamelodi, Pretoria, Vendaland and SABS. We made two sight-seeing tours: one to Kruger Park and a second to Southern Rhodesia where we visited Victoria Falls, the Motopos Hills, and Bulawayo. At Bulawayo, we visited the W. N. Shorts and the J. C. Shewmakers, our two oldest missionary couples who were at that time living on adjoining properties and the two men were serving as elders in the church.

The Kombi served us well. Designed to carry 10, it carried the seven of us with our luggage, cooking gear, and food supplies with room to spare. On the road to Victoria Falls we had a slight mishap to the rear bumper, and on the homeward journey, we hit an ox in the road, just hard enough to cause the left headlamp to shine crazily off to the far left. John saw the ox and braked hard — it could have been much worse. On our last night in the Motopos Hills, Bess wanted to stay in a quaint little hotel. We did so, but she didn't enjoy it, for she suddenly came down with a severe flu attack. She was still ailing when they flew

home and narrowly escaped having pneumonia.

In August that year, Dale sang in the chorus of the school production of "Iolanthe." Most of the leads were played by teachers and adults from outside the school, while minor roles and chorus were done by students. Dale was enthusiastic about the production and also took part in some one-act plays.

During the staging of "Iolanthe," Gary had a bad experience. He and a friend had pitched a tent near the Benoni Lake, meaning to camp there for one or two nights. They had finished setting up camp, and by the light of a lantern, they had just settled down to enjoy the privacy and quiet of the evening. Their bicycles were concealed in the long grass and they felt no apprehension, but suddenly they were attacked by two black men who robbed them of lantern, radio, boots, and other items. Act I of "Iolanthe" had just ended and the lights had been turned up when Gary came and found us to tell us his sad story. To make matters worse, his friend had fallen on his bike and had numerous abrasions and bruises. All of us left, and the two fathers helped the youngsters take down the tent and gather up the remaining items. We returned the following evening to see the entire production of "Iolanthe."

Dale was rapidly ending the days of his high school career. All South African white boys are drafted for two years of military service immediately upon completion of high school. Each of our South African-born sons held dual citizenship until he rejected South African citizenship and retained only American. Each time, we initiated the process when the son turned 16. Now Dale was nealy 18, and his papers had not gone through, so he received orders

to report for duty at Walvis Bay in January 1974. John moved quickly, made some phone calls, wrote some letters, and made a trip to Pretoria before the record was set straight.

Rejection of South African citizenship did not mean that we hated South Africa. We did, however, think it best in every way to retain our American citizenship, and felt that the whole family should be united in this. There was some chance that one who served in the South African military forces could lose his American citizenship.

When we'd lived in Benoni the first time, between 1957 and 1959, there was already much talk of building a new English-medium high school in Rynfield. In 1974, it finally became reality, but our home was in the zone for the old high school, so even Gary did not receive the benefits of a new school. The old school was renamed "Willowmore" and had a new principal who promised sweeping changes and improvement which never came to be. With high hopes, we attended organizational meetings and PTA meetings, but after the months passed and we saw the realities, we were disappointed in most ways.

Our 1974 furlough was most eventful. When we landed at Tulsa, the drama was almost more than we could stand. There were Don and Dian with little Tara Jean whom we had never seen. At nine months, she was happy and friendly and came right to us. Then there was Neal with a pretty girl whom he introduced to us as "Elaine, my fiancee." (It even surprised Elaine). When we had a chance to recover ourselves and turn to look, we saw several of the elders and members from the 29th and Yale church who had also come to meet us, and we went then to

the apartment that had been arranged for our use.

We made headquarters in Tulsa and traveled to many parts of the country to report to congregations that were assisting us, to visit relatives, and to do some "grand-parenting." It was surprising how many we saw with South African connections: Masseys, Worthingtons, Leonard Grays, Tex Williams, Abe Lincolns, the parents of Donna Horne, Moneys (elder who visited Pretoria in 1962), Bill Humble who once did a seminar at SABS, Frank Pack who was once a featured speaker at a SABS lectureship, and probably others. We saw a baseball game at the Houston Astro-dome, visited Carlsbad Caverns, walked in the petrified forest, saw the Painted Desert, gasped at the vastness of the Grand Canyon, and stood in awe in the midst of the ancient giants of the Sequoiah forest.

We had visited little Tara only a few times - not enough to satisfy a grandmother — so I went and stayed one week with her (and her parents, incidentally) while John was doing some fund-raising. The full realization came to me only then - the sacrifice our children's grandparents had made by having us live so far away. Only a grandparent can understand what a wonderful being a grandchild is. Tara was to have her first birthday on the first of September, and our departure flight was on the second. We had an early birthday party for Tara on August 31, a Saturday. On Sunday the church in Tulsa had a special service in honor of our return to the mission field. At the close, John and I stood at the front of the auditorium while everyone in the congregation came past and either shook hands. hugged us, or kissed us in farewell. That same night, Neal, Elaine, and Dale were to drive to Abilene: Neal to enter his final year of work on a BA, Elaine to continue at secretarial school, and Dale to enter ACC as a freshman. We gathered in our apartment, and after a while, conversation ceased. We just sat looking at one another with tears in our eyes and lumps in our throats. It was almost more than we could bear, but neither Neal nor Dale could initiate the first move to pack the car and drive away, but finally it had to be done.

The next morning — Monday — Don, Dian and Tara came to the airport to see us off. It was the moment I had thought I could never endure. But after the sad partings of Sunday night, I had prayed long and hard that the Lord would give me the strength and courage to do that which I knew I needed to do, and my prayer was answered. I cannot say that I was light-hearted, but my burden was lifted, and after we were on the plane, I actually began to look forward to returning to our home in Benoni. I knew then that heaven is not only a place of rest and of release from pain and tears, but it is a place of no more partings.

In October of '74 we had a visit from old college friends of mine — Otto and Theda Olson. Otto was president of a Lutheran synod in Canada and had, together with some other church leaders, signed some resolutions concerning South Africa's racial policies. The South African Consul in Canada had invited the Olsons to visit South Africa and investigate the situation personally, and during that time, they met a number of dignitaries, business men, professors, and others. They had one free day which they spent with us, and we took them on a tour of a number of places. After their visit to South Africa, they amended their opinions to some degree.

Neal and Elaine were planning to be married in June of '75, then upped the date to February 15. By scraping the bottoms of a couple of barrels, I was able to make the trip to Abilene to attend the wedding. I stayed on for the lectureship, and then visited the other sons and Tara, and made a quick trip to see mother in Minnesota before flying back to South Africa.

My plane landed at Jan Smuts airport at 8:30 on a Sunday morning. John met me, whisked me home to bathe and change clothes before going to the morning service, arriving just in time. The Benoni congregation was in the midst of a big gospel campaign with Ivan Stewart and his group. During the announcements, Al Horne said that everyone was glad to have Bessie back again. John stood up and said, "Amen."

In April of '75, Brian received his certificate for having completed all of the required work and the exams to become a Chartered Accountant. This was not a degree, but represented five years of hard work on the job during the days and attending lectures at night. He passed the exams the first time around, a creditable performance in itself.

On the 21st of June, Brian was married to Elizabeth Steveni, a Johannesburg girl. They lived at first in a flat, then bought a house in Parkhurst, a few blocks from Liz's parents' home, and not very far from the first house we lived in when we moved to Johannesburg in 1950. Brian continued to work for the firm of auditors with which he had done his articles, and was later offered a partnership. It was fun to have them living in Johannesburg, and we visited back and forth frequently.

In October, Gary played the Captain in Gilbert and Sullivan's "H. M. S. Pinafore," and did a fine job of it, probably enjoying it more than he had any other event in his entire school career. It was the first time that an all-student cast had performed such a production in Benoni, and the newspaper reporter commended them highly.

1976 appeared on the calendar. We had lived in our home at 4 Whitehouse for 10 years. We had been a family of 6 in that house, with frequent company, as many as 14 at a lectureship. We had managed with one bathroom. Now that we were three, and soon to be two, we added a second bathroom, some carpeting, a new dining room floor, a new ceiling in the back veranda, and an exterior paint job. We justified the expense by referring to our plans to return to the States in 1978 when we would probably sell the house, and these improvements should be to our advantage price-wise.

In '76, the Shoemakers came for a second visit, but without Robin. Ernie's trigger finger got the better of him and he just had to go hunting in Africa. First, however, they attended the SABS lectureship after which we made a trip to Natal. We visited friends and brethren in Pietermaritzburg, Pinetown, and Durban and enjoyed that lovely part of South Africa. The hunting trip was in the Graaf Rienet area where arrangements had been made for Ernie to hunt on a farm. The four of us camped in the caravan by the Melk Rivier — the first ladies ever to camp there were Bess and I — a surprise to the owner of the land. No game was shot, and one day John twisted a foot badly when it was wedged between some rocks, but we had a good time nevertheless.

My bronchitis flared up badly that November so that I nearly had to be hospitalized, but responded to a new powerful anti-biotic. Then on December 4, Gary was in a pretty bad accident. He was riding a motorcycle, and was hit by an ambulance which went through a red light. His helmet probably saved his life, but he had a number of cuts and abrasions and a broken elbow. He had just finished his high school days and had to delay his travels to the U. S. where he hoped to enlist in the Air Force. When finally, after about a year at various jobs in Oklahoma, he was able to enlist, he turned up shortly with bronchial asthma and was given a medical discharge.

Gary had left South Africa in February of 1977. In June, Brian and Elizabeth also departed. They sold their house and most of their furnishings and went to Austin, Texas. Neal was then in his second year of law school, in Austin, and Brian found that to practice his skills in the States, he needed a degree, so he too enrolled at the university. By this time, Kent had been teaching in Nashville for several years, Don was established in a TV business in Stillwater, Oklahoma, and Dale and Gary were trying various types of employment. Our nest was indeed empty. It had to be faced — our children were grown. That was when I began to accompany John on most of his bush trips, described elsewhere in this book.

With some vacation time coming, we decided to visit Lesotho. John had been there a few times, always on church work, but this time we stayed in the Holiday Inn in Maseru, relaxed, and did a good bit of sight-seeing. The majestic mountains of Lesotho make breath-taking scenery, but the Sotho people who live there have a difficult time

eking out a living. They are a colorful people, though, with men and women wearing the typical Basuto blankets and conical straw hats. Many of the men ride horseback and are sometimes called African cowboys. The altitude makes Lesotho bitterly cold in winter, and there is often snow, but we were there in October — Spring.

1978 was almost a whole year of goodbyes. We began very early to make rounds to as many as possible of the churches which John had helped through the years. Nearly every Sunday found us in a different place, and we had to tell our brethren everywhere that we were due to leave South Africa in early November, probably for good. In mid-year, the Echols family sold their house to SABS for a men's dormitory, and moved to the states, working first at Michigan Christian College, and then back in Texas, in close association with mission work everywhere.

Bess and Ernie Shoemaker returned once again for a visit, this time to hunt in Southwest Africa with Greg Wood. Bess and Ernie flew directly to Windhoek while John and I made the long journey by car and met them there. While Ernie and Greg hunted, Bess, John and I did a lot of sight-seeing. Ernie had a successful hunt this time: kudu, springbok, warthog. From Windhoek we drove to Cape Town and saw many of its famous attractions.

In August 1978, we sold our house — for much less than it was worth, because the market was very poor at the time — to a Toweel, a relative of the well-known South African family of boxers. We moved out on September 30 and stayed in the old Echols house until we left for the states. During that time we had the last of the lectureships directed by John — it was the 12th — and enjoyed having

John Bannister and the Joe McKissicks staying with us. The McKissicks and we then spent three days on a trip to Kruger Park — the last one we were to make — we'd been there many times and never tired of it.

On the 9th of November, we flew away from the country that we had all but adopted as our own. Despite the fact that our children were all in America — and the drawing power of that fact was very strong — leaving South Africa was incredibly difficult. Somehow, we kept thinking that we would return some day. En route to the states, we spent about 8 days in Jordan and Israel. It was, we thought, perhaps our only chance to see the Bible lands.

Back in America, we stayed at first in Tulsa. John had hoped that his support might be continued for a few months so that he could write this book, but his request was refused. He was 65, usually considered the age of retirement, but we couldn't afford to retire, so the difficult task of finding a job had to be addressed. John longed to go back to Africa, yet saw that it might be best to stay in America. It was hard to face the fact that many congregations looking for a preacher want a man who is 35 years old and has had 20 years of experience. Numerous doors closed simply because of that age barrier - 65. One door opened - the one at 11th and Willis in Abilene - but John was not sure that it was the door for him. We made several trips to talk to the elders, and to Ian Fair, whom we had known in South Africa for many years and was now doing the preaching at Willis. They were wanting a personal work minister, and Ian knew John to be a self-starter - one who could see for himself what needed to be done and did it. And so, in April 1979, we moved to Abilene.

It took John a long time to settle down and feel satisfied with being anywhere except in Africa. It was only after almost two years that he began to feel that he fit into his job. We were undergoing "reverse culture shock" as it is now known. Research has shown that returning missionaries are likely to suffer more culture shock upon their return to America than they experienced when they went to the countries of their labors.

In early 1981, we began to make plans to visit South Africa for the lectureship and for several weeks afterward. We had set aside the money – in fact we bought our tickets in March to avoid fare increases. We had obtained new passports and had the address necessary for writing to obtain visas. But God had other plans, and on April 29, John had a massive heart attack and died on May 9. Since that time I have remained in Abilene, for I have more friends here than in any one other place in the states, and I have the house we bought in September, 1979. The 11th and Willis church is made up of some of the most loving and caring people anywhere, and just the job I needed came looking Since January 1982, I have been relief house mother at the Christian Home for unwed mothers. It is part-time work and supplements the widow's benefits I receive from Social Security. It is a needed, worthwhile work, sometimes more difficult, sometimes more pleasant. Some of the girls have called me their "House Grandmother," and several have said that I remind them of their own grandmothers.

I did make that trip back to visit South Africa in September - November 1981, and hope to make another visit "back home" some day.

Missionaries

This book is the story of the Hardins, woven together with the story of the church of Christ in South Africa. It is not meant to be a text book on missionary work, but, having spent most of 29 years in the field, one feels compelled to pass along some nuggets of wisdom accumulated during so long a time.

As stated elsewhere, we went into the mission field at a time when the brotherhood had few helps available in the way of books, seminars, college courses, or any other means of specialized training. We desired to go, someone was willing to send us, and we went. Denominational groups work through missionary societies. We do not, for each congregation is a unit in itself — autonomous. Many times we remarked that we could see why there are advantages to centralized control of missionaries, for the society selects, screens, sends, supervises, and recalls. The New Testament has no example of such organization, and following its examples as well as its precepts, we labor under looser "controls," leaving the work of missions up to individual congregations, some of which perform their tasks better than others.

All who have been on the mission field would stress the necessity of a close friendship between the supporting congregation and the missionary. They should know each other personally so that there will be a genuine interest in each other's welfare. The congregation should have confidence in the person that they send so that, even when there are thousands of miles separating them, they will trust the decisions made by the man in the field. The missionary needs a like confidence in those who send him. There needs to be a specific agreement between senders and those sent as to areas of work, type of work to be done, length of time to be in the field, vacation times, and rest periods for the missionary, what reports are expected by the supporting congregation, and perhaps other pertinent points.

There is much more than the monthly pay check involved in the support of a missionary. The man in the field needs to inform his supporters of his activities. He needs to give an accounting for the spending of work funds, but not of his personal pay check. The amount of a missionary's salary is his own private concern and should not be common knowledge through financial reports. Neither is it a good idea for missionaries to compare income figures, for these amounts come from different sources according to individual arrangements. Reports of the work done in the field need to go to all of the members of the supporting congregation and not be stopped in the pigeonholes of the elders in the church office. The missionary should be the recipient of frequent communications from his supporting congregation - personal letters from the members to give encouragement and official letters from the elders in response to requests for advice, assistance, suggestions, and even possible changes of status. Letters need prompt reply from both sides. An air letter from South Africa to the states takes from six to nine days. Add to that a similar time for a reply, and you have two to three weeks elapsing before a reply is at hand. If someone waits weeks before replying to an urgent request, there are not

only lost tempers but lost opportunities.

In the flow of zeal and enthusiasm of the missionary about to go into the field. he may think it is unnecessary to have specific arranagements made about the details of There have been missionaries whose salary his support. checks have been delayed for a month or two or three, simply because the treasurer failed to be diligent in his duties. It is not difficult to imagine the budget-juggling a missionary in such a fix must do to pay his bills and feed his family. What is even worse, there have been some whose support has simply been cut off with very short notice, and even a case or two where no return fare was provided for the journey home. The missionary is likely to be unable to obtain a work permit to get a job in the country, and it is well nigh impossible for him to raise other support from the states. He may have to sell everything he owns to buy a ticket home! Most missionaries of my acquaintance live from paycheck to paycheck with every cent budgeted to cover living expenses and hefty amounts contributed to the work they are doing.

"BEATING THE BUSHES"

The most difficult part of funding a mission effort can be the way the missionary has to travel all over the states, speaking, preaching, showing pictures, urging his hearers to take action. He may have his salary assured for his tenure in the field but find it necessary to raise work funds, money for vehicles and equipment, and his travel fare. Blessed is the supporting congregation that says to its missionary, "We will support you with everything you need. We will pay your travel expenses, not only to go to

your field, but to return for a visit after the close of your specified time." The Hardins had it both ways: the fully supported way, and the begging-trail way.

During one furlough, we needed to raise money for a better truck than the one we had been using. Our supporting elders told us to raise what money we could elsewhere, and they would make up any lack. John traveled so hard and so far that he was nearly worn out, when at last a congregation promised to pay half the price of the truck if our supporting congregation would pay the other half. This was arranged, and when we were back with the supporting congregation, one of the members, on hearing of this experience, said to John, "If the elders had just told us, we would have raised the full amount right here no trouble." This is recorded, not to criticize the elders concerned in the story, but to point out the fact that the best way to raise funds could very well be right at home. Again and again, we heard members of various congregations say that they would do more if the programs of work were presented to them and the needs made known. Do we have the cart before the horse?

LOVE OF THE FIELD

Missionaries often learn to love the countries in which they spend their years of labor. This was our experience. We loved South Africa so much that we did not feel that we were sacrificing to be there. The only real sacrifice was the separation from loved ones such as parents and grand-parents. Now that I have grandchildren of my own, I realize that our folks sacrificed very much indeed, not to be able to watch their grandchildren grow up, except for visits

every five years.

Loving South Africa as we did, we were hurt by friends and members of the churches in America who asked us why we wanted to go off to such a far-away place. Naturally we loved the country of our birth, despite its faults. But it isn't the only place on earth that one can love. We did not love South Africa for its apartheid, its separation of the privileged from the non-privileged and its rigid laws that keep it that way. No, we didn't love its slums and its riots, its hurts, or any of those ugly things. We loved its people and its beautiful places.

TO WOMEN PLANNING TO GO TO THE MISSION FIELD

There are chapters one could write, but there are already books on the subject existing today, and mission courses and seminars to attend. Yet, I am compelled to speak my piece, though briefly, perhaps to the point of over-simplification.

First and foremost, no one should even think of going unless she believes in the great commission. Anything so fundamental should need no mention. Yet, there have been wives who have gone simply to please their husbands, and one case I know of in which the wife was full of zeal for the mission field and the husband only conceded to give it a try to please her. (It didn't work). If you do not love the Lord above all else, and if you are not convicted of the necessity of preaching the gospel to the lost in all the world, you need to stay at home.

If you arrive on the mission field not thoroughly convinced of your need to be there, you will be like the

missionary wife who, from the day she first set foot on the dry land of Africa, began counting the days until she could leave it and return to her mother. She did some good, to be sure, but she was miserable inside of herself, and she always talked about how much better everything is in the States, not making the South African people feel good about her or her message.

A person who is determined to be adaptable will, in a few months, learn to accept a new and different life style. Eventually such a one can become so entirely involved in every facet of the new life and the vast amount of work to be done that the old longings for home fade into the background. Perhaps for the person who, after two or three years, is still in a "culture-shocked" condition, the mission field was a wrong choice and she *should* return home. Sometimes a visit home is a cure, and a second period of service becomes easier than the first.

A person who cannot adapt herself can do as much harm as good in the mission field. Therefore, it is to prospective missionaries that these thoughts are addressed. If you are not prepared to adapt to a different way of life among different kinds of people, you are not prepared to be a foreign missionary. We do not go to another country to Americanize but to evangelize. We are the tiny minority. We are the aliens in the land of another people. We may not ever become just like them, but we must be prepared to accept them and to love them for what they are. They may be the mountain people of Peru, the primitive people of Papua-New Guinea, the Arab population of Israel, or the many population groups of South Africa, but we learn first to accept them, and then to love them.

. "ALL FALL SHORT"

Not all missionary work is a bed of roses. There are thorns, and unfortunately some of the prickliest of the thorns are the missionaries themselves. Human relationships can be ticklish, and when we are in far-away places, problems can be magnified out of all proportion. We all make mistakes, yea blunders, and terrible sins of omission in all of our relationships. I would hate to see a catalog of all the mistakes made by ourselves and our co-workers in those early years! But mark my words, you are still going to make mistakes when you go into mission work.

If a new mission point is being opened up and all the missionaries are new, that area will be unique in its development, whether good or mediocre, but those new workers are free to use what methods they wish. But when a new missionary joins a veteran in the field, there can be all sorts of problems. Permit me to give some examples.

An Afrikaans family had started work at a mission point and had met with considerable success. They had developed a workable relationship with the black people to whom they had gone, based as you might expect upon the generally accepted pattern of inter-racial dealings. Everyone was reasonably happy. An American family, newly graduated from a preacher training school, full of zeal (but not according to knowledge), arrived on the scene. Naturally they brought with them the prevalent American integration ideal, and their treatment of the blacks was considered by the Afrikaans family to be much too "soft." That led to other differences and caused the two men to be at cross purposes, resulting in hurt to the work. They failed to sit down and cooly and calmly talk over their

problems and come to an agreement as to how best to operate and why. I believe that the newly arriving people should have kept a low profile for a while, observed what was being done and why, asked questions about the people of different races, and only then come forward with new ideas and suggestions.

There have been more than one group of new missionaries to arrive in the field at various times, "knowing more" than the old experienced men. With heads full of textbook methods and hearts full of zeal to turn the world upside down in very short order, they succeeded in doing little more than upsetting everything that had been done. Too late to do anything then except pick up the pieces, they worked here and there for a time and eventually went back home. One missionary, of many years standing, pleaded with a friend not to send him any more new people to work with him.

What is the word of advice then? Just this: if you go to an established mission field to work with older experienced missionaries, keep your eyes and your ears open and your mouth closed for a long time, maybe six months, maybe a year. If you see things you think are amiss, if you see places where you think you could improve things, hold your fire. Listen to what the experienced people are saying. Watch what they are doing. Try to determine the reasons for whatever they do or say. Listen to what the people of the country are saying. The established missionary will not be perfect, and his methods may lack in various ways, but he has reasons for what he does. Work with him and learn. When you have had plenty of time to make an assessment of the situation, kindly and lovingly make

suggestions, introduce new ideas, and work with the veteran missionary, not against him. Only when your own experience has grown to the point where you have first-hand knowledge of all the angles of a work are you in a position to make great changes. If you find then that you are not compatible, if you must break away, do so quietly and lovingly, for the sake of the Kingdom.

THE MISSIONARY COUPLE

Prospective missionaries — be sure, if you are married, that it is a good marriage. If you are having marital problems in America, you will have marital problems in the mission field, and they will probably be magnified because of the necessity of adapting to a whole new way of life, and because you are going to be far away from Mama. Any preacher loses effectiveness in the pulpit when his marriage is on rocky ground, and this is emphasized in the mission field. So if you need counseling and time to work on your marriage, do so before going out as missionaries.

Missionary wives, you and your husband are a team. The "team" element of marriage is stronger in preacher and missionary relationships than in any other profession. A doctor's wife is not expected to be at his side in his consultation rooms. A teacher's wife is not with him in the classroom. But a preacher's wife is expected to be with her husband on many occasions, and her presence at all events and meetings of the church, except for business meetings and committees, is taken for granted. In the mission field, this is accented even more, for the conscientious and devoted wife will feel the urgency of being beside her husband in many of his activities, and in addition, she is likely to

become the "secretary."

Although there is nothing wrong with becoming involved in a certain amount of activity outside the church, one must be careful to set limits. One missionary wife placed herself in a position to be criticized when she spent a great amount of time in secular musical and stage productions. Another spent her time taking modeling lessons and appeared in public in outlandish clothing and makeup.

Whatever is true about a preacher and his wife is even more so in the mission field, so there cannot be too much emphasis placed on the fact that missionaries' lives need to be above reproach. You are ambassadors of Christ in a foreign land. You are living models of what Christians are supposed to be, whether or not you like it. You will be imitated by those who are desiring to be Christians, else you will be discovered in your failings and become stumbling blocks and even objects of ridicule. In a foreign land, you may well find that people have difficulty in accepting your American ways, so there is already enough distance between you and your prospective converts without adding to it with behavior unbecoming a Christian.

"ALL THINGS TO ALL PEOPLE"

In some instances, you may be called upon by circumstances to give up things which you believe are all right. In an area where there are members of strict denominations, a woman may need to discontinue the use of makeup in order to win those who have always been taught that its use is a sin. If people are poor, we need to "dress down" and not flaunt our earthly possessions. If Paul could give up the eating of meats in order to win souls, we must be

ready to give up things to which we normally have a right.

A newcomer to a mission field needs to learn the language as soon as possible, or if English is spoken, as in South Africa, it is necessary to learn the local idiom. Words and phrases that are good and acceptable in the states may cause offense in South Africa, and vice versa. For instance, "Shut up" is considered by South Africans to be extremely rude whereas Americans say it to their children simply to mean, "Be quiet." "Shut the door" is less polite than "Close the door." There is a difference between a "lady" and a "woman" when referring to a man's wife. The word "bloody" is considered to be as bad a curse word as any, and whereas in my own American surroundings, we had said that someone "screamed bloody murder" when injured or frustrated, we learned that in South Africa. such a one "screams blue murder." A southern American may compliment a child by saying that he is a "cute li'l bugger." South Africans recoil in horror at this, for they accept the first definition of the word as listed in Webster's dictionary, which is "sodomite." Expressions we learned in South Africa are sometimes not acceptable in America, so in experiencing "reverse culture shock," we had to remember, for instance, that in the U.S. one does not refer to making a phone call as "giving a tinkle." These and other examples may seem humorous and innocuous, but one's influence can be totally destroyed by inadvertently using words which are offensive.

A very dear friend of mine never did learn of a problem she caused by her use of an American way of greeting. She was accustomed, as so many Americans are, to greeting with the words, "How are you?" but not really expecting an answer to the question. She was thought to be insincere and unconcerned when she would ask, "How are you?" and not wait to hear a detailed answer. I explained that my friend was not insincere, and that she used the brief question only as a means of greeting, but offense had already been caused and my explanation was doubted. The "offender" had already left South Africa so I have never had to warn her to use other means of greeting.

All Christians are instructed by the Bible to pay their debts — to owe no man anything. One family of our acquaintance left the area of their work not only with unpaid personal bills, but with bills in the name of the church for office supplies and other items to such extent that it took months to get them all paid. Stores in that city withheld credit from the church, and it was a long time before they could be reassured that matters were in hand and that accounts would be paid promptly. Even if the family in question sent money at a later date to pay off their personal bills, there had been bad reflections cast upon the name of the church.

A WORD TO MISSIONARY WIVES

Stand by your husband and be faithful to him in everything. Be the president of his "fan club." He is going to have problems and heartaches, so be a prop upon which he can lean. Be a listener, a sounding-board. Pray with him. Together, learn to have an optimistic outlook. Rejoice in the Lord and let your joy be made known. When you are busy rejoicing and being thankful, you have less time for complaining, for home-sickness, or any of the "ailments" to which one might be prone. You will have reason

for complaining at times, but never, never voice your complaints to the people among whom you are working. Your husband should be willing to listen to you just as you have listened to him, but keep whining and nagging out of the picture.

Don't worry if you are unable to do all the teaching and personal work you would like to do. If all your energies are called for to do what is necessary to keep your husband going, you are doing a worthwhile work. In the States today, the average American husband is expected to share the housework and child care. In a foreign land, it may be considered degrading for a man to perform these tasks, and if so, it would be your missionary work, in part at least, to relieve him of some of the things he used to do for you around the house. In South Africa, we found that it was to our advantage to employ servants. John did not have to spend time helping me in the house, so he had extra hours every day for his own work. My having someone to clean floors, wash dishes, and iron mountains of school shirts gave me time to help my husband and to prepare for teaching classes.

It took our family doctor to rescue me one time from a condition to which ministers' wives are prone — he told me that he had a number of patients — preachers' wives — complaining of the same symptoms as mine. I was tired all the time. There were "knots" in my tummy. I felt unable to cope with the situation. The doctor, not a religious person, talked with me for a time about my activities. He knew us fairly well, having doctored all the family and having made numerous house calls. Finally, he looked at me and said, "I'll bet you have a whopping guilt

complex because you are unable to do everything you think you should." Never had anyone hit a nail more directly on the head! He advised me to reassess my activities, cut down on some of them, take time for relaxing and accept my human limitations. It worked. We need to use the common sense the Lord gave us.

ABOUT THIS THING CALLED "CULTURE SHOCK"

At an ACU lectureship in 1975, Joyce Hardin, who with her husband Dan (no relative of John) had spent many years in Korea, spoke to a ladies' group on the subject of "Culture Shock." Her own experience had been in a land where she had to master a foreign language in order to communicate about the simplest of daily needs, and where the way of life was totally different from what she had ever known. As I listened to her speaking of all the contrasts, I was made to wonder why Americans experienced any culture shock at all when going to South Africa where one can get along almost anywhere with the use of English, and the standard of living of the white people is close to the American standard. During a discussion period following the lecture, I asked Joyce about it. Her reply was that although there are many obvious similarities, there are many more subtle differences. This, she said, is why Americans sometimes are unhappy when they move from one section of the United States to another and find different ways of life and different attitudes. I'd lived in South Africa for a quarter of a century before receiving this insight, so with new insight giving me improved hindsight, perhaps these thoughts may give future missionaries to South Africa a bit of improved foresight.

Many things in South Africa are very similar to America. You can live in a comfortable home in a good area, enjoy modern conveniences, and drive a car. But vou may find your home and those of your neighbors surrounded by walls and hedges and guarded by a watch dog. You may find your neighbors "unfriendly" by American standards. Your modern conveniences will be of unfamiliar makes, and they're priced considerably higher. Your car will be of British, continental, or Japanese make and will cost you much more than its American counterpart. It will run on "petrol" that costs two to three times what you paid back home. You will have to look under the "bonnet" to find the engine, carry your luggage in the "boot," keep your odds and ends in the "cubby hole." put air in the "tyres," and park in a ga'-rage (emphasis on the first syllable).

If you are an American missionary in South Africa, you will likely be white. Your children will attend segregated schools. They will have stricter discipline than they experienced back home, and they will have a curriculum with high academic standards. But they will have fewer choices of courses of study, fewer electives, and less opportunity to take part in extra-curricular activities such as bands and choruses. Your PTA will take a different direction — it should be called a PA, for the teachers are seldom present, and its primary objective is to raise funds to purchase things not made available through the regular school system: sports equipment, library books, etc.

The American housewife can buy all sorts of good food in South Africa, but she may experience culture shock when she finds unwrapped, unsliced bread with an

unfamiliar flavor and texture. She will have to relearn the names of cuts of meat. She will be able to buy a wide variety of fresh fruits and vegetables, but they're mostly as they come from the gardens, not wrapped in the plastic bags and displayed on refrigerated counters as they were at home. "Pizza Inn" and "Kentucky Fried Chicken," Coca-Cola and Pepsi are all there, but there is no hamburger to suit the American taste bud unless you make it at home. There are excellent restaurants, but they are different. It will take a while to become accustomed to the metric system: foods by the kilogram, liquids by the litre, distance by the kilometer. So many things are nearly the same, and just as good, but different.

Newspapers play a bigger part in the life of a South African than they do in that of a modern American who depends so much on his TV for everything. Different newspapers have different political leanings, so you may be influenced by them, and eventually your own political preferences are made known to your associates by your choice of newspaper.

English spelling is different (colour for color, harbour for harbor, for instance), and pronunciation is not the same as in America. While you may think at first that the accent is affected, the South African will think your accent strange and may even feel that you are slurring words or running them together (Whatcha doin'? I dunno). The Afrikaans person speaking English will roll his "r's" and speak with a different lilt. Only the more accomplished Afrikaans linguist will speak English like the English do, and of course, the Afrikaans person finds that few English people do justice to Afrikaans.

The colored people, most of whom use Afrikaans at home, usually have a distinctive way of speaking English, and as you would expect, the black person speaking English is again very different. When you have lived in the country for a long time, you will be able to "hear" who a person is and sometimes where he came from by these differences. At first, they will confuse you and contribute to your subtle form of culture shock, but they become one of the charming memories of South Africa to one such as myself.

Probably the most subtle culture shock to creep slowly into your consciousness will be the differences in attitudes which will come to you one by one, perhaps over a period of many years. One can soon become adjusted to different accents, different spelling, different meanings of words, and new names for old familiar things, for these are on the surface and quite obvious. Attitudes, different sets of values, are more difficult to handle once they are uncovered.

It is feasible here to give only a few examples of differences in attitudes. One of these is familiar to Americans from southern states, because only a few years have passed since they were much the same — this is the attitude that "I don't have anything against the black man as long as he stays 'in his place'," implying, of course that the 'place' is one of submission, a second-rate place. In the late 20th century, an American may find this hard to handle; yet, as indicated elsewhere, he must do his mission work within the boundaries set by the South African government or be asked to leave the country.

Still prevalent but gradually disappearing is the idea

that the black person is to perform certain tasks that white people just don't do. It took me a long time to accept the fact in 1950 that even the poorest of white people often had servants, and that a perfectly healthy white person had a black assistant to carry even a small package from a shop to the car. A strong white lady could be seen standing over her black gardener, pointing out which weeds to remove. I would think, "Why doesn't she do it herself?" Today, servants are becoming a disappearing class, but they are still present, and old attitudes die hard.

There is a noteworthy similarity in the histories of South Africa and America, even to the wars that divided them within. America's Civil War, and South Africa's Boer War both left aftermaths of bitterness, hatred, and resentment, but America's wounds of division have healed considerably better. Feelings between English and Afrikaans people can still run very deep. This is regrettable, but the missionary entering South Africa must be prepared to try to understand it and work with and around it.

An article from a Nashville, Tennessee church bulletin presents thoughts worthy of quotation. It is titled "Cut It Down and Forget It!" It remarks on the bitter aftermath of the Civil War. There were constant angry recriminations, accusations, and denunciations. To quote — "One man who refused to participate in or condone this terrible harvest of bitterness was General Robert E. Lee. In word or deed, Lee urged reconciliation between north and south. He knew that the war was over and that the future of the nation demanded a new attitude for a new day. To the day of his death . . . he was never heard to speak an unkind word about those who had formerly been his enemies. Lee

even opposed the erection of Confederate monuments because he thought they would only serve to keep wartime passions alive. On one occasion a lady in Lexington, Virginia, where Lee lived after the war, showed him the scarred remains of a tree in her yard. All the limbs had been shot off by Federal artillery during a raid. Thinking the General would share her sense of outrage, she waited expectantly for him to comment. Finally, Lee spoke: 'Cut it down, my dear lady, and forget it'."

TO SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT

Whenever a person is actively engaged in a particular place, he is likely to feel that everyone else should be as interested as he is in that work. Obviously this cannot be so, but we were frequently surprised, and sometimes upset, that people close to us didn't seem to know much about South Africa. Admittedly, we knew little about it until we went there, but after we had been there for four years, or ten years, or fifteen and longer, it was disappointing to find among the very churches that supported us, individuals who did not even know where South Africa is. We constantly had to explain that "South Africa" is not a region, is not just the approximate southern end of the continent of Africa, but is an independent country. Until 1961 it was the Union of South Africa, part of the British Commonwealth but actually self-governed. After that it became independent and is now the Republic of South Africa. South Africa for short.

We have missionaries in Kenya and Tanzania on the east side of Africa, but they are too far away from South Africa for visiting back and forth. Nigeria on the western

side of the continent, is too far away. Only the bravest and hardiest of adventurers would venture trips by car. The little country of Malawi is a long hard journey away, and Zambia is not far behind, though trips are not impossible. The nearest country where we have missionaries is Zimbabwe, but it is still a very long day's journey - or two easier days' trip — from Johannesburg to Salisbury, Zimbabwe. South Africa itself is nearly equal in area to Texas, New Mexico and Oklahoma together.

We have known of American friends who have confused South Africa with South America and have even received mail addressed to Benoni, South America. The postman had scribbled "Try South Africa." One lady asked us if we were near Cambodia and if we were in danger because of the war in Vietnam. We have had people write to us and tell us they have sons in the service in Algeria and would like to have us look them up and encourage them. We have had people connected with World Bible School write and ask for help in contacting some of their students in Nigeria and in Kenya and have replied that it would be as difficult for us as it would be for them to make such visits.

In case you are thinking that our feelings in this matter are unusual, let me hasten to say that they are not. In late 1981, a research project by several men at Abilene Christian University, in which questionnaires were answered by a number of returned missionaries, showed that among the problems experienced were "attitudes of U. S. Christians," and "indifference of those in the U. S. about the missionaries' experience." When a returning missionary has to explain to some in his old home congregation where

he has been in the world, and what he has been doing for the last three, four, or five years, when all the time there have been reports, photos, and maps available, that missionary is certain to feel disappointment, yea forsaken and neglected. This thought is not being inserted here for the purpose of winning sympathy — it is for the purpose of saying to all readers — get to know the missionaries your congregation supports, and learn all you can about where they are and what they are doing.

Updates on Various Congregations in South Africa

AN APOLOGY

Several factors have made it extremely difficult to compile a section of updated information regarding congregations all over southern Africa. There have been a few instances of failure to receive requested information while in other cases the information received has become rapidly outdated. By the time this book reaches you, there will have been many changes in various congregations, so the best we can do is to present whatever information is available at the time of writing, in 1983 and 1984. There will almost certainly be some inaccuracies in cases where peoples' memories had to be called upon to produce facts and It is not possible to include all of the names of the hundreds of people who have made great contributions in many ways to the growth of the South African congregations, and for this we are sorry. We hope that the information herein provided will be of some use, and that we can all rejoice whenever there is evidence that the work of the Lord's church has gone forward.

ALBERTON

In early 1978, the Doug Ross and Nick Nieuwenhuizen families left Turffontein to work with Basil van As (SABS 1975) in Heidelberg, 50 km southeast of Johannesburg. The two families lived near Alberton, and when travel to Heidelberg posed a problem, they began to meet

Updates on Various Congregations In South Africa

at the Nieuwenhuizen home. In July of '78, they began to meet in a school building and membership increased to about 35.

In May, 1979, Jerry D'Alton became Alberton's minister and Basil van As returned to Heidelberg. When Craig Ross (son of Doug) graduated from SABS in 1980, he began to work as an associate minister, and when he went into the army, he was still able to perform some ministerial duties during weekend passes. A year later, when Craig was posted close to home, he was able to do even more.

At the time of this writing, Craig is working with the Benoni congregation. Jerry D'Alton is preaching at Pretoria, and Alberton, with about 25 members, is much in need of a minister.

BENONI UPDATE

When the Hardins left Benoni in 1959, they were replaced by the Andy deKlerks. The land presently occupied by the Benoni church was bought at that time. It had been a dairy farm and consisted of some 14 acres with a house, a barn, a milk shed, and various other small sheds. More than half of the acreage was immediately sold to the town of Benoni for the construction of a school, and the money from that sale helped to pay for the portion that was retained. At first, the milk shed was renovated and made suitable for a meeting hall seating 100, and when that was filled, the barn, a concrete-block structure, basically sound, was beautifully redesigned to create an auditorium seating about 220. There were four class rooms in the auditorium building, and the first meeting hall was divided into four

class rooms.

When Andy deKlerk left Benoni, Ian Fair moved there to take over the preaching and only left in 1963 because of family health problems. Ian worked extremely hard with cottage meetings nearly every night of the week.

Tex Williams moved into Benoni in 1964 and worked for about a year. During Tex's last eight months, the Al Horne family were also in Benoni and during that time, Al went to the aid of some of the colored churches in the area.

Benoni was one of the first South African congregations to have elders and deacons. In 1975, Doward Runyan (American vocational missionary), Bob Stephens (also an American working in the country), Vincent Hunt, Aubrey Steyn, and Al Horne were ordained as elders. Present elders are Melville Sheasby, Vincent Hunt, and Al Horne. There are at least 5 deacons.

In the mid-1970's, a building seating 600 was completed. The present membership of some 300 do not fill the building, but the annual lectureship crowds fill it to over-flowing. This building, together with a classroom wing of 11 rooms, and the building which was made from the barn and which now serves as a fellowship hall, makes a very efficient and spacious setup for the Benoni congregation.

The Benoni church benefits by having a number of the SABS students worshipping and assisting there. Yet the good number of regular Benoni people who are hard workers keep it a live, growing congregation. Some special features are their "Round Robin" visitation program on alternate Sunday nights, Action Groups with "love feasts" at noon following Sunday services, a dynamic puppet program (thanks to the art work of Rene Sofianos), an enthusiastic Sunday school, and a very active ladies Bible class of over 30 members. Special mention in behalf of the Sunday school work goes to Anne Hogg and other preacher wives from the Sunset School of Preaching group who brought to South Africa a great many innovations in the way of visual aids, and to Donna Horne who is often involved in teacher training efforts.

BLOEMFONTEIN

The story of Bloemfontein is the story of Phil and Lucy Steyn. Phil is a graduate of the University of Pretoria with a major in clinical pathology. In 1951, Phil and his brother Conrad were baptized in Pretoria by Don Gardner. In 1956, the Phil Steyns sold their home and went to America where Phil obtained his degree in Bible at Abilene Christian in 1960. In September of that year, the family returned to South Africa and began the work of the church in Bloemfontein.

Services were held at first in the Steyn home and later in the Trade Union Hall, where the church met for about 4 years. Bloemfontein was a growing city, and new land was being made available for church buildings. Believing that it would be a wise move to build in a new area, Phil stood in line and worked hard to get a piece of land and a building permit. Phil sold his large American station wagon and bought a small car in an effort to raise funds, and the Garland Road church in Dallas made the congregation a loan of \$5,000. The members did much of the work themselves with Phil perhaps doing more than any of them. In

1969, during a second phase of the construction work, a metal splinter flew into Phil's eye, causing loss of the eye.

There were no members of the church of Christ in Bloemfontein when the Steyns moved there, and they depended on contacts being made "through the natural flow of people one meets." Newspaper advertising was used effectively for the first 3 years, and an Afrikaans radio program from Lourenco Marques helped in the early stages.

Membership at this time of writing is about 100, and there are plans for appointing leaders. They are innovating the ministries system with promise of success. The work is predominately Afrikaans, but all services are "spontaneously bilingual," a method which works with great success in that Free State city.

BOKSBURG

The church had its beginning in Boksburg in about 1966 when a group of Christians worshipping in Benoni but residing in Boksburg decided to begin a congregation closer to their homes. The Carrs, Wisniewskis, Jenkins, Hartmans, Bothmas, Seiderers, and Auntie Kate Anderson were the first members and others joined them later. Property was purchased with the help of the Benoni brethren, on the corners of Bass and Tim Streets, consisting of a large house and a separate large garage. The house was sold to the Harold Fairs (parents of Ian Fair), and the garage remodeled in several stages. Before classrooms were constructed, some of the Sunday school met in the Fair home.

For the first two years or so, the Boksburg members carried on the work by themselves, assisted at times by such

men as Eldred Echols, John Hardin, Les Massey, and Joe Seiderer. Some of the local men developed into quite capable speakers. About the middle of 1968, when the need was felt for a full-time gospel preacher, Tex Williams was contacted at the Sunset School of Preaching in Lubbock. Tex knew that the Jerry Hoggs were planning to work somewhere in the Johannesburg area, so he thus informed the Boksburg brethren who extended the invitation to Jerry to come there and preach. Attendance at that time was around 50 to 60. Jerry evangelized in the area and visited some delinquent members, and in the 18 months of his stay, many were restored and 22 were baptized, and attendance grew to 70 or 75. The Hoggs' move from Boksburg was for the purpose of spending greater efforts among colored and black people.

After the Hoggs left Boksburg, the work was carried on at times by local members, with assistance by men such as Eldred Echols. Aemmon Morgan served regularly for a time, and in more recent years, the pulpit work has been done mostly by Dave Rodger.

CAPE TOWN

Rosebank. The story of the early church in Cape Town appears elsewhere in this book. You may recall that its origin dates back to early in the century. The church work that has developed as a result of the entrance of Caskey, Echols, Miller, and Hardin, as well as others from 1950 onward, actually had its beginning for Cape Town with the conversion of Conrad and Pietra Steyn in Pretoria in 1951. Conrad attended Freed-Hardeman College and

Abilene Christian College in the U. S. and returned to South Africa in 1956 to commence the work in Pinelands, Cape Town. Property was bought in Rosebank and a double-storied building erected. The church prospered and as many as 120 were converted between 1956 and 1968.

In 1968, Philip Leibbrandt became the preacher for Rosebank. Philip and Pat were contacted at the church's stand at the Goodwood Agricultural Show in 1964 and were soon converted, and went to Freed-Hardeman for training. They worked with Rosebank until late 1983. Rosebank prospered, but sometimes the growth has not been reflected by attendance and membership figures, for there have been several congregations formed in other parts of Cape Town, each of them taking several Rosebank members as a nucleus.

Bellville. In 1966, Conrad converted Alan and Aileen Fraser who also attended Freed-Hardeman College and returned to Cape Town to start the church in the Bellville area in 1969. The first meeting place was in the double garage of the Fraser home. In 1971, the Lord was with the congregation in that they were able to purchase a suitable plot of ground for R1. The brethren did the building work themselves, and at first constructed an education block. By 1978, crowded conditions made it necessary for them to erect an auditorium. By 1982, a membership of 200 was reported. When Alan Fraser returned to the U. S. for further study, he was replaced by Dave Savides, a SABS graduate who had been converted in Mondeor in 1968. Latest reports are of good progress by Dave.

Milnerton is the most recently established congregation in Cape Town with Alan Fraser heading up the work.

Updates on Various Congregations In South Africa

The only information available at this time is that there were about 80 in attendance at the opening service in the old town hall, and brother Fraser is optimistic about the future.

Goodwood. On the first day of 1967, the Goodwood church had its small beginning in the home of Henry and They had come from Durban and were Margaret Botha. supported by the Durban congregation. After 3 weeks, the congregation then numbering 55, rented a shop on the Vasco Boulevard. Later they rented a church building and ultimately purchased it. Renovations were done, and in 1968 a classroom block was built and additional land purchased. In 1977, the Bill Bryans arrived from America to assist for a while until they moved to Kempton Park. In 1981, the Jerry D'Altons assisted for a year, followed by the Buddy Lawrensons. Presently, Henry Botha is assisted Johan had been converted at by the Johan Snymans. Benoni, and in 1979, he attended SABS. After his graduation, he assisted the Rosebank and Lansdowne congregations, finally moving on to Goodwood.

Kraaifontein. In 1972, Eddie and Yola Bristow were converted by Alan Fraser and went to study at Freed-Hardeman, returning in 1974 to start the work at Kraaifontein. At first the congregation met in the Bristows' lounge. By 1975, the membership was 40, and land was obtained and a building seating 200 was erected.

Brother Bristow suffered a brain hemorrhage and died prematurely in February 1982. George Harris, also converted by Alan Fraser in 1974 followed the Bristows at Kraaifontein. His wife, Louise, is the daughter of Conrad

Steyn. Membership is about 50.

From the Kraaifontein congregation went Peter and Dulcie Rode to study at Freed-Hardeman and Harding Graduate College and return to work in the Cape Town area, and Kerr and Carol Sloan, now working with the congregation they have established in George. Also from Kraaifontein are Paul and Ingrid Brady, (SABS 1974), now in Pinetown, Natal.

Somerset West. A new congregation in Somerset West meets in the home of Peter and Dulcie Rode. By March, 1984, several families were meeting, including a family originally from Rosebank.

It is significant to observe the manner in which the Cape Town congregations have arisen as a result of converted members moving to new areas to begin new works.

DURBAN

The city of Durban, with a population in the mid-50's upward of half a million, was yet untouched by the church of Christ. With its busy seaport, its sub-tropical climate and unrivalled beaches extending far to the north and south, and its thriving industries, including sugar refining, Durban presented another of many white fields ready for harvest. Durban was founded in 1834 and named after Sir Benjamin d'Urban, then governor of the Cape Province. Its public buildings face the Victoria Embankment along Bay Beach, and the residential district is on a range of hills which overlook the harbor.

The history of the church in Durban has its roots in Pretoria. A young man named Clyde Gillespie and his mother, Ethel, were among Pretoria's first members. Clyde

had a tumor on the brain and suffered extremely poor health, so in an effort to give her son some relief and a bit of pleasure in his last months, his mother took him to a resort south of Durban named "Doonside." They did not have a lot of money, but they managed to stay at the Potluck Hotel, a little place for those of moderate means. Clyde did not have long to live, but his mother never ceased to share her knowledge of the Lord with people everywhere. (Clyde was buried in Pretoria, and when Martelle Petty was killed in his motorcycle accident, he was buried next to Clyde). In 1954, Alex Claassen moved to Doonside and converted several people who met for worship in a small rented hall, and the Leonard Grays assisted at that place from September to December 1955.

When John Maples arrived in March, 1956, he decided that it would be advantageous to begin work in the greater population center of Durban. Soon after his arrival in Durban, John was "lost" in that metropolis and stopped at a funeral home to ask directions. (What an unusual place to ask directions!) The incident was the beginning of a friend-ship with the home's director, Walter Dove, one of Durban's influential citizens, who had a great deal to do with the early building of the Lord's church in his city.

Among early members were the Doves, the Bill Dicks, and the J. J. Potgieters. Meetings were first held at McIntosh Hall in Albany Street and later in the Scottish Rite Hall in Berea. The first building owned by the church was a renovated house at 7 Queen Mary Avenue where the congregation began to worship in November, 1957. Earl Ross, who went to South Africa with the Leonard Grays

in 1958, moved from East London to the Bluff in Durban and established a small work there in 1959.

Property at 1 Queen Mary Avenue was obtained in 1959. By 1961, the first part of an extended plan of construction was completed — an auditorium and a Sunday School wing. Fifteen years later, in 1976, a larger auditorium was constructed, the older one being made into a fellowship hall.

For a long time, John Maples had noted a number of denominational black preachers in the Durban area — in clerical garb with the typical "backward" collar. One day, John struck up a conversation with such a one who said that he was a member of the "church of Christ," although our ministers do not wear distinctive garb. His faith was, however, close to "ours" and he and brother Maples worked closely for a time in a number of places, with Zulu and Swazi peoples. The report at hand states that the black man "turned out to be a wicked person himself, but through him, the Lord was able to lead John to hundreds of souls." It brought to mind the stately old hymn, "God Moves in a Mysterious Way."

The Maples family returned to America in 1967, after 11 years in Durban. Brother Maples was the only preacher that most of the Durban members had ever known, so his departure brought difficult times for the congregation. The Lionel Burgers, South Africans who had gone to America for schooling, moved to Durban to preach but remained for less than a year. Tex Williams arrived in Durban in 1968 with Jan Mauck and Jim Suddeath. In 1969, Tex moved to Pietermaritzburg, leaving Jan and Jim. When Jan also moved to Pietermaritzburg in 1970, Jim carried on

the Durban work until the end of that year. Durban was without a preacher for 18 months. Local men carried the burden of the work, with Gordon Uys, then of Pietermaritzburg, assisting once a month.

In July of 1972, Durban asked Gordon to become their full-time minister. The congregation supported Gordon for a time, and the church showed healthy growth. At the time of this writing, Gordon is mostly self-supporting and works as pulpit minister while Reg Branford, a later SABS graduate, is personal work minister. There have been 60 baptized within a year, and the membership is about 200.

In mid-1979, a good number of Durban members went with Paul Brady to Pinetown to start a congregation there. At present, there are about 30 Durban members living in Amanzimtoti on the south coast, and plans for another congregation to be started in that place are well on the way. The Durban church works at peace and has a good relationship with other congregations, Empangeni in particular.

The Durban Lectureship has now become a regular annual affair with as many as 300 in attendance and in no way detracts from the popularity of the SABS lectureships in Benoni.

Among Durbanites who have so far graduated from SABS are Clive Biggs, Dave Rodger, Colin McKay, Allan Kriger, and Dick Waldie.

EAST LONDON

Early in 1952, our missionaries in Johannesburg and

Pretoria agreed that the time was right for men to begin work in East London and Port Elizabeth. There had been responses from both cities to the radio broadcast and the correspondence course, and although there was more than enough work to be done in Johannesburg and Pretoria, we needed to branch out as well. Leslie Blake of Johannesburg and Don Gardner of Pretoria set out to find housing in Port Elizabeth with the idea of moving there. Finding no houses available in that busy industrial city and seaport, they went to East London, found houses there, signed leases on them, and returned with the announcement that they were moving there. Eldred Echols and we were to have gone to East London, and if we had had any specific reasons for preferring it over Port Elizabeth, we might have been upset over the summary decision on the part of Blake and Gardner. As it was, however, none of us knew much about either of the two cities except that both had good prospects, and the church was needed in both, so everyone was satisfied.

In May of 1952, Blakes and Gardners made the move, and before long had baptized Dick Voogt, his wife, Winnie, and other members of his family. After meeting in homes and in rented facilities for a time, a piece of property at 89 St. George's Road was purchased. Upon it stood a forlorn stable built of concrete blocks, neglected but basically strong. After renovation, it made a presentable building, and the addition of a wing created Sunday school rooms, rest rooms, and an apartment where the preacher might live. One problem remained — the building had an echo that magnified every sound: moving in the noisy folding chairs, babies fussing, feet shuffling, a book

dropping — all sounds rose to the rafters, reverberating and mingling with the voice of the preacher in the most incredible way. Drapes, carpeting, accoustical board — anything would have helped, but all funds were gone, and the echoes had to live on.

East London was off to a good start and showed slow but steady growth. Special meetings were held including a singing school conducted by John Hardin. John reported that he had never seen people who loved singing any better — they wanted to go on until 10 o'clock every night. A picture taken at that time includes Cyril (Squeak) Crosley who has been a song leader now for many years.

In mid-1954, the Gardners returned to America and the Blakes to Johannesburg. Replacing them was the Ray Votaw family. Ray was an ultra-conservative preacher at all times, but well-spoken and very popular, much in demand for gospel meetings and special occasions. Later, about 1959 or 1960, Ray became one of the leaders of the so-called "anti" movement in South Africa, and in 1965 he was "marked" and withdrawn from because of his attitude of pressing anti issues, by his own admission, to the dividing of the church. During his years in East London, he and Thena were great friends of the Leonard Grays and ourselves and we often visited each other and worked as closely as it is possible to do when living 200 miles apart.

When Votaws left East London in 1958, they were replaced by the Leonard Grays and the Earl Ross's. Grays had worked in Port Elizabeth until 1957, then spent nearly a year in the states, intending upon their return to Africa to go to Pietermaritzburg. It was upon Ray Votaw's

insistence that they decided upon East London, and the Grays felt later that their move to East London was through the Lord's guidance, for at about the same time, Tex Williams moved to Pietermaritzburg. After working with Grays for about a year, the Ross's moved on to Durban to establish a second congregation on the bluff.

Leonard and Marguerite Grays' own story would be worthy of a book of its own. Perhaps they will write it one day. Leonard had served as a pilot in the Air Force during World War II. At the end of the war, he considered commercial flying but decided that it may not be the best thing for his marriage. A brief stay at a state university convinced the Grays that their professors were trying to make atheists out of them so they transferred to Abilene Christian. During one summer, the couple sold Bibles in Tennessee and Leonard did some preaching at the little town of Soddy. While there, they were told by their doctor that they would never be able to have children. They'd been married for several years and wanted a family, so this was a hard bit of news to accept.

The Grays trusted in the Lord for guidance, and they decided that if they were to be childless, they would devote their lives to work in a mission field somewhere. They set their sights on Alaska and went so far as to apply for homestead rights. Then they met Collin Smith, at that time the only preacher for the church of Christ in all of Australia, and they about decided to go there. A move to the Birdville church in Fort Worth introduced the Grays to the Echols' relatives, and soon they were drawn to the idea of work in South Africa. Eldred Echols, having been in on the Johannesburg and Port Elizabeth churches'

establishment, spoke of those places, and Port Elizabeth became the Grays' ultimate goal.

Grays would have been in Port Elizabeth before August of 1954, but they had a rather serious accident in May. Their arrival to begin work with us in Port Elizabeth is described in the Port Elizabeth chapter, but long before this, they had proven their doctor wrong and were the happy parents of Fred Leonard and Randy. Susie and Linda were born later.

The Alaska – Australia – South Africa change of mind, says Leonard, proves that "God will move you if you're movable." With this example and these words, he would like to encourage all would-be missionaries.

Leonard and Marguerite experienced much hard work and a fair share of heartbreak, but there were some gratifying results too. One of the best things Leonard did during his first term in East London was to hold training classes for the men, and for a long time he worked with Cyril Crosley, Jimmy and Eddie Petzer, Lionel Burger, and Joe Seiderer. When the Gray family went to the States for a furlough of almost a year, those men carried on so well with the preaching and other work of the church that there was measureable growth in the congregation. Often, when a preacher leaves for a while, the work goes downhill, but not so in this case. There are other faithful workers who could be named, but it is not possible to include them all.

At a later time, it was the same Jimmy Petzer mentioned above who suffered a heart attack and died in the pulpit. Many preachers have been heard to say that they want to preach until they drop, but perhaps not so literally. Jimmy was not an old man, and although he had had some heart trouble, nobody expected him to be stricken as he was. It was a clear illustration of what preachers often say — "Be ready, for you never know when it is your turn to go!"

Much has been said about the weaknesses of "negative preaching." "Don't tell people they are wrong. Just preach the truth, and they will catch on." But in 1960, several of our brethren cooperated in a series of "What's Wrong?" meetings in several of the South African cities where we had churches. To quote from Leonard Gray's bulletin put out just after the East London series - "... our efforts never brought more wonderful results . . . The preachers brought such good points in their lessons and the 'Question and Answer' time proved to be a most interesting and worthwhile part of the evening. To me it was significant that the only time disorder began to develop, an apology was offered by another member of that same denomination on the behalf of his unruly brethren! . . . next morning . . . a man of another denomination . . . called to express his appreciation to the men on the panel for their 'Christian Spirit' under the circumstances.

"From the attendance standpoint this was far and away the best thing we have ever done. Over the 5 nights we had a total of 375 visitors . . . Several good contacts were made . . . On the first night of the meetings a gentleman handed me a long list of questions, requesting of me that I write out the answers and hand them back to him later. After several discussions and attendance at two services on the Lord's day, the man, Mr. G. Calder, was

baptized into Christ." Leonard also reported that there were some who had attended the meetings who later visited Sunday services.

The white work in East London made a big step forward when they realized they were outgrowing the Oxford Road building, with attendance sometimes 120-125, leaving standing room only, and in 1967 they completed and dedicated a beautiful, roomy, useful structure at 20 Keam Road, Baysville Extension. It was paid for entirely by East London brethren, a most commendable accomplishment.

Leonard worked with the black people in the East London area too. He gives much credit to Reffie Kotsana. Reffie had been a member of a denomination and was mowing lawns for the East London municipality when he picked up a pamphlet in a gutter - a pamphlet bearing the name and address of Don Gardner. He contacted brother Gardner and was eventually convinced that the church of Christ had the truth he needed. After Leonard moved to East London. he and Reffie often studied together. One day Reffie came for help concerning a discussion he was expecting to have with some people who were keeping the Sabbath instead of the Lord's day. Leonard gave him a number of scriptures and explained them as thoroughly as he could. Reffie returned after the discussion, Leonard asked him how it went. "Hau!" Reffie exclaimed. "Brother Gray! When I did hit them with these things, their knees did go to watah!"

At hand is a copy of a letter written by Reffie Kotsana to Leonard Gray on April 22, 1967. I quote it as he wrote it, for its particular charm, written by a man whose home language is Xhosa:

"Dear Bro. Gray, Greetings, I am writing this letter for you and Sister Gray, that you may know you became an example to all that believe in South Africa not only to the whites but to the non-whites as well. I can say well done for the Lord sake. I did travel with you among the Africans in many places as far as Transkie and Ciskie with your own expenses. I worked with all the American missionaries as far back as 1952 but the length of time working with you is longer than any one that it is why I cannot keep myself quiet. At this moment, as you are about to leave for the U.S.A. We will miss a Gospel Preacher of Christ go home Bro. Gray you did taught us the truth. You were very nice to us all and you will always be as long as you live. Please remember us while you are away.

"But although my heart is twisted on your person, Bro. Uys is here on your stead he will take where you left and go forward as our Lord will guide him.

"May our Lord be with you and keep you always and blessed the churches of Christ in EAST LONDON. My WIFE and I salute you. Your ever yours on Him, Reffie Kotsana."

Following the Grays in East London, in early 1967, the Ivan Uys's began their work. Ivan had been our very dear friend and teenage right-hand-man when we lived in Pretoria from 1960 - 1965. During his education period, as he was preparing to preach, he contacted those who were

much more "liberal" or modernistic than we, or the Grays and others who had worked in East London. As a result, he "bumped heads" with some of the East London people who had been taught by more conservative men. We Hardins were in frequent contact with Ivan and Sue and could witness to the fact that they worked very hard and were earnest in their endeavors, but they finally became discouraged and returned to Texas.

There was a considerable period of time when the congregation had no full-time preacher, but there were members capable of teaching and preaching, and this they did on a rotating basis. In 1972, Johan Smulders, a 1971 graduate of SABS took over the East London pulpit. He was fully supported by that church for the first 6 months, then partially supported by them until he went into the East London school system as religious education instructor.

An American team of evangelists from the Sunset School of Preaching moved to the East London area in 1976, consisting of Mike van der Berg, Jerry McCaghren, Kerry Morris, Hank Wagner, and Harley Todd. It was our understanding that these men were to make headquarters in the East London area and evangelize a number of smaller towns for miles around. Unfamiliar to me were some stumbling blocks that, to a large degree, hindered the accomplishment of this goal. A period of discouragement followed and eventually all of the team returned to the states. The van der Bergs and Morris's worked for a time in King-Williamstown, but as of this writing, there are no members in that town.

By 1982, the Dennis Hofschilds, also of Sunset, were in East London to carry on with the work there. Johan Smulders and his family went to Abilene, Texas for about a year during which Johan completed work toward his Masters degree in Bible. Johan has hopes now to move to Amanzimtoti to start a new work together with Clay and Cherry (Echols) Hart, perhaps in 1985. John Graham, a 1983 SABS graduate, is preaching full-time in East London.

The East London congregation has produced a number of men who have graduated from SABS: Chris and Dave Savides, Reg Branford, Angus Gordon, and Andrew Williams. At the time of writing, Dave Savides is reported to be doing an excellent full-time work in Cape Town and Reg Branford in Durban.

In addition to Reffie Kotsana, among the non-white population are Garner Kentane who preaches at Butterworth, Gilbert Nayeti and Abednego Tushe in Duncan Village, and Johnny Kluit (colored) in the Parkside area. All of these have been educated at the Natal School of Preaching in Pietermaritzburg.

EMPANGENI

For many years, we Hardins could say that we knew nearly every member of the church in all of South Africa. Certainly we knew all of the preachers and were acquainted with all of the congregations, and in many instances we were present for opening services, and dedication of buildings. Gradually the churches grew in numbers and in memberships until we could no longer know everybody.

Sometimes we humans have the feeling that the world simply will not go on after we leave it, so I suppose

it is not uncommon for a retiring missionary to wonder how things are going to go after he is gone. We can all be thankful that we are not indispensable, and we can rejoice in reporting that since we left South Africa in November, 1978, many things are going on just as well and even better in 1984.

Not long after our departure from South Africa, we heard that there were some members of the church who had moved to Richard's Bay, a port on the Indian Ocean, 100 miles north of Durban, where there was to be a tremendous amount of construction. Rumor had it that Richard's Bay was to become the biggest port in South Africa. The report was more than rumor, and already by 1983, the harbor facilities were handling more shipping than Durban, and it boasts of the world's largest computerized coal exporting business.

By 1979, five families in the church of Christ were living in the Richard's Bay area and holding services in a rented hall. Recognizing their inability to make great progress by themselves, they asked for someone to help them. As a result, the Jim Pettys and Jerry Hayes moved to Empangeni, 12 miles inland from Richard's Bay, ready to begin their work in early 1980. In mid-1983, they reported 80 members.

Richard's Bay has a population today of about 12,000 and Empangeni 15,000 whites plus some 75,000 blacks, but it is officially projected that by the year 2000, the combined population could pass the half-million mark. One could say that we are "in on the ground floor," ready to meet and work with the people who are expected to

move in from many places. With that in mind, a building program has been planned. The Empangeni members have already raised almost one-fifth of the necessary funds, and when sufficient money is available, they themselves will do most of the construction. Among the members are qualified workmen of all sorts who will contribute their labor and make the cost of the building about half what it would cost to have it built for them.

Jim and Jerry moved to Empangeni with a wellformulated plan of action. Perhaps they had learned from the mistakes of early missionaries who "just went," without benefit of training or knowledge of methods. Step one was to strengthen the existing Christians. two - make the community aware of the church and what it teaches. Step three - evangelize the lost. To facilitate these steps, a downtown office with a book and tape library was set up. Services on Sundays and mid-week began to be held in a school hall. In addition to Sunday Bible school classes, there were soon a ladies' Bible class and a men's training class, a special teenage program, monthly fellowships, monthly sing-songs, and other activities. Just two months after arriving, Jerry and Jim arranged for a letter and tract to be mailed to every household in Empangeni. All newcomers in the town are visited if possible, and newspaper advertising and articles help to keep the church in the public eye. They conduct a Bible correspondence course, had a booth at the trades' fair, contact people with C. B. radio, and are active in first-aid classes, St. John's Emergency, blood bank - any way and every way to meet the people. The church has an active bus ministry with two buses owned and operated by them,

besides providing a Bible call and counseling service for the community. All of the above is involved in the work with the white people. The black work is not omitted — Maurice Charlton, a SABS graduate who worked first at the Manzini Bible School in Swaziland, lives in Empangeni and works with the Zulu people of the area, all in fellowship with the white Christians.

Each year, during America's summer months, a group of young people from Abilene, Texas, go to Empangeni to assist in a big Vacation Bible School—1983's VBS brought 800 children, so God's word touched many families in town.

In 1985, the Pettys plan to return to the states for the university education of their children while the Hayes plan to remain an additional three years. In the meanwhile, training programs in leadership will be conducted so that by the time the Hayes leave, a SABS graduate, hopefully, can step into the pulpit, supported by Empangeni.

GEORGE

When Kerr Sloan finished his studies at SABS in late 1978, he remained in the Benoni area for a time and then moved with his family to the town of George. The situation in George is somewhat different from that in other towns—it is in the midst of a popular holiday resort area so that, in addition to serving the local population, it provides a place for people on vacations to assemble with brethren. George itself, in early 1984, has a membership of 15 and shares fellowship with three families in Plettenberg Bay, and at times with a family in Oudtshoorn.

George has a population of about 17,000 or 18,000 and is situated half-way between Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, some four and one-half hours' drive either way. There are no nearby congregations with whom to visit, so brother Sloan is appealing to SABS graduates or others to move to areas close by. He says that George is reported to be the second fastest growth center in South Africa. What an opportunity for the spread of the gospel!

In addition to baptizing people who live in and around George, there have been as many as 8 "itinerants" converted. In one holiday season, there were six visiting families, from Cape Town, Welkom, Stilfontein, and Port Elizabeth. In a period of two years, there were 60 families or individuals who visited the church while on holiday. There are both white and colored members of the congregation.

Five kilometers from the center of George, the church has obtained a large plot of ground with two old dwellings, one of which is used for meetings and one to house the Sloan family. The Benoni congregation have assisted in efforts to raise a loan on the property.

The Sloan family are partly supported to work in the church in George, and Kerr has a selling job which takes him to numerous towns all around, giving him many opportunities to meet people and speak of the gospel. Clive Biggs, a SABS graduate, teaches in George and assists the church by teaching the adult Bible class. Clive's parents are soon to retire and move to George, a step they would not have taken if the church had not been there. George is becoming a popular retirement center, another way in which it can serve in expanding the Lord's church.

GRAHAMSTOWN

What makes a missionary? Whatever combination of events causes a person or a family to go to a mission field, one thing is certain — it is seldom a sudden decision. The story of the Tutor family and their work in Grahamstown had its beginnings at least seven years before they actually set foot upon South African soil. Various friends tried to get Charlie and Betty Jane to go to the east coast, to Australia, to the British Isles, to Canada — but the time was not right and they felt unprepared. They had discussed mission work with the Joe Watsons as early as 1954, but it wasn't until 1963, at a retreat for the youth, held in Austin, Texas, that their hopes suddenly began to take direction.

Charlie describes the incident this way: "As Betty Jane and I sat at the front of the building eating a sandwich, late in the afternoon, this voice behind me asked, 'Are you ready to go to Africa?' Without looking up or missing a bite I answered, 'Sure.' The voice belonged to Leonard Gray whom we did not know." They sat down and discussed the Grays' plans to go to East London and the need for the church to be taken to the city of Grahamstown. A couple of weeks later, the Tutors decided that "into all the world" meant for them "into Grahamstown."

In 1964, the Tutors landed at Port Elizabeth, met Andy Jooste and the Port Elizabeth members, sailed on up to East London for a week of "orientation" with the Grays, bought a car, and motored on to Grahamstown. Their four children ranged in age from 11 down to 3. The work was a pioneer effort with many discouraging days at first. The family lived first in a residential hotel, then in

two different houses, in each case holding services in portions of their accommodations. Eventually the growing group met in the Scout hall, the Tutors being assisted at times by brethren from Port Elizabeth and East London.

Charlie was deeply affected when the Port Elizabeth church began to be infiltrated by "anti" brethren and was instrumental in getting Joe Watson to move to Port Elizabeth to help stem the tide.

In late 1966, Ned Tutor developed a hearing problem requiring surgery which was to be done in East Lon-On a Sunday night, after the evening service, the Tutor family left Grahamstown to drive to East London, but they never reached their destination. On a hilltop near the Gwanga River, between Peddie and Kingwilliamstown, an old-model car with 5 drunken men, careened toward them on the wrong side of the road. They had no lights, and by the time Charlie saw the car, it was too late. The collision threw Charlie, Tim, Nancy, and Ned out of the car while John and Betty Jane remained inside as the car overturned three times. Little Nancy, age 8. certain that her mother and father were dead, began to mother and comfort her brothers. Charlie had been flung far down the road and suffered extensive damage to his head and face. Expert surgery restored the crushed facial structure to near normal, but the olfactory nerve was destroyed. Charlie cannot taste or smell - he can only remember the delicious flavors of Betty Jane's cooking.

Everywhere that they have worked, Charlie and Betty Jane have found that their children have been assets. They met many people through them by means of school activities, neighborhood friendships, etc.

When their four-year term in Grahamstown ended, Tutors left South Africa reluctantly. Later, when the family returned and moved to Kimberley, Timothy returned to Grahamstown and attended Rhodes University where he met and converted Errol Williams of Salisbury, Rhodesia. This is of particular significance because Errol later attended SABS and has preached for many years in Umtali (now Mutare).

After Tutors left Grahamstown, the work was assisted by men visiting from Port Elizabeth and East London. Oscar de Vries was there for a time, and Ernie McDaniel served for some time until he moved to Springs in 1978. Since that time, the small group of Christians have been hanging on, taking care of the work by themselves. At the time of this writing, there is hope of renewed effort in the city, and the time is ripe for a SABS graduate or other to move in and work full-time.

KEMPTON PARK

The church at Kempton Park had its small beginning in 1966 when the Phil Theron family moved there from Welkom. They were supported by the West University church in Houston, Texas. Of the earliest members, some have moved to other places, some have fallen away, but the Willem Theron family are still there. (Willem is not related to Phil). During the Therons' period of service, an attractive little building was constructed at 28 Grenat Street in Edleen, on a plot of ground large enough to allow for future expansion.

From 1967 to 1977, Dave Rodgers, one of SABS'

earliest graduates, preached for Kempton Park. Dave supported himself with secular work. From time to time, SABS students Gordon Uys, Izak Theron, Colin Kaufman, and Chris Savides assisted with preaching, and the Echols family attended there regularly as a means of encouragement to the small group: Eldred, Jane, and Cherry all assisted with some of the teaching. At times, other SABS students attended Kempton Park on a regular basis without actually doing any of the preaching.

In 1977, the Bill Bryans, under the sponsorship of the church at Iowa Park, Texas, moved to Kempton Park, and in 1978, the John Reeses, supported by Oxford, Mississippi, joined the Bryans. To quote from a letter from John Reese, "The aim of our work has been to take a small struggling congregation and help it to mature to the extent of having a strong membership, qualified elders and deacons, a fully supported South African preacher, and positive momentum for continued growth and outreach. Although the work has been slow at times, it looks likely that these goals can be reached with the Lord's help quite soon." Target date for the departure of the Reeses is July 1984, while the Bryans will remain through 1985. John is to be "Visiting Professor of Missions" at Harding University in Arkansas for the 1984-85 school year, after which the family hope to return to the Kempton Park area and spend much of the time doing follow-up work for the World Bible School (correspondence course from the United States).

As of mid-1983, Kempton Park listed 78 faithful people: 54 of them baptized, and 24 non-baptized children of faithful families. The original building's 80 seats have

been outgrown. December 1983 marked the beginning of the new 350-seat auditorium with 8 classrooms, which should be completed before the middle of 1984. Plans are to obtain sufficient donations to pay off the building within a comparatively short time so that the congregation will have the means with which to fully support a full-time South African preacher.

Several types of training courses are being taught to the men of the congregation so that they will be prepared to be leaders. Hopefully, there will be qualified elders and deacons as a result of this training and maturing period.

Johan Pienaar, brother-in-law of Andy Jooste of Port Elizabeth and Uitenhage, is presently stationed with the police force in the Kempton Park area, and is teaching the adult Bible study. Brother Reese and brother Bryan assist the little congregation in Rustenberg once a month.

THE REESE STORY

The Reese family's involvement in African mission work began in about 1928 when Alva and Margaret Reese went to Zambia and worked at Sinde and Namwianga missions until 1956. Boyd Reese was a young lad when the family moved there, and he too became a missionary, moving down to Nhowe in Zimbabwe. While still at Namwianga, he met Sibyl Rickman, a single missionary who was working with Myrtle Rowe, and they later married.

Boyd and Sibyl Reese had two sons, Robert and John. The parents later separated, and the boys received much of their education in Salisbury. Robert and his wife, Mari-Etta, are now missionaries in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe

while John married Beth Paden and now works in Kempton Park.

Beth (Paden) Reese planned all her life to go to some mission field. She was in Rome, Italy during the summer of 1971 as a mission intern from Harding, and spent the summer of 1972 on a three-month campaign in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. John and Beth are both Harding graduates and well prepared for their service in the mission field. They took part in a number of gospel campaigns and spent six months with a follow-up team in Salisbury after the completion of a campaign by Ivan Stewart's group.

After John received his Master's degree, the Reeses worked for six months with the church in Oxford, Mississippi, to get to know the members and make preparation to go to Africa under Oxford's sponsorship. At first, they worked in Salisbury with the Avondale congregation, together with Mark and Flora Swartz and Carl and Leslie Swartz.

The Alva Reeses were some of the first missionaries we met after arriving in Africa in 1949 and we stayed in their home when we visited Namwianga. They were then already veterans of nearly 22 years. It looks as though their grandson, John, will one day equal their record.

The Bryan background is not a missionary one but both Bill and Cheryl come from Christian families, and Cheryl's father is an elder. Bill is a graduate of the Preston Road School of Preaching in Dallas, and had early set as his goal to enter the mission field by 1980. The church at Iowa Park, Texas, which was already supporting Hennie Botha at Goodwood in Cape Town, was influenced by John Maples to undertake the Bryans' support much sooner

than that, and Bill and Cheryl were 5 years ahead of schedule when they landed in Cape Town. After 18 months at Goodwood, the family moved to Kempton Park.

The Bryans' assessment of the Kempton Park work includes the important statement, "The bulk of the work is gradually shifting from our shoulders to those of the members, and we're hoping that in the not-too-distant future they'll be begging us to go somewhere to start another work because they want to and can afford to support a South African preacher."

KIMBERLEY

Before the Tutor family left Grahamstown in 1968, they made a trip to Kimberley in the northern Cape Province to "spy out the land" for the establishment of the church. There had been some members of the instrumental group in Kimberley, but never a very large or active group, and we had never worked with them, so to all intents and purposes, Kimberley was a new area. Tutors were well impressed with the city and made some long-range plans for the future there. It was after working for three years with the church in El Campo, Texas that they made the move to settle in Kimberley, supported by the El Campo church.

It was July, 1971. Tim Tutor soon left for Rhodes University in Grahamstown, where he was able to meet with the church his family had worked to establish in the 60's. The Tutor family bought a home in a middle-class neighborhood and met to worship in the home, inviting neighbors and newly-met friends. As is always the case in a newly-begun work, progress was slow, but it was steady,

and the little congregation became a very closely-knit group, spent time together studying the Bible, praying, singing, eating, and playing. "We were trying to teach them by word and example of life," said Charlie.

The family were well received in the town. Nancy was the first girl to be elected "Junior Mayor" of Kimberley. The children were active in the schools and won scholastic honors, and Betty Jane served on the school committee for three years. The Tutors give much credit to their children: Nancy for her teaching, and the boys for their active part in all phases of the services.

Charlie wrote the following: "In Kimberley, we were well-situated to have visitors who came to see the 'Big Hole' and the museums full of historical artifacts about Kimberley's 'dazzling diamond days.' Also, we were a good 'halfway house' for Christians traveling from Cape Town or other points south of us up to Benoni or Johannesburg. This brought us very special hours with other Christians." (Sometimes there were carloads of young people on their way to or from youth camps who would sleep wall-to-wall on the Tutors' floors, then eat them "out of house and home" for breakfast in the morning.)

Nearest sister congregations are Bloemfontein and Welkom, 113 and 180 miles apart, respectively.

During the Tutors' years in Kimberley, several gospel meetings and two door-knocking campaigns, with SABS students assisting, were held. Twice, John Hardin took the big tent to the locations outside Kimberley, and Charlie worked closely with black brethren there and on farms. One black leader, Johannes Ohaletse Mamapule, went regularly to Charlie's home for Bible study, and Charlie

mimeographed a great deal of teaching material for black brethren around Kimberley and in Lesotho.

One young man from Kimberley, Keith Minnaar, has graduated from Southern Africa Bible School. Six months before Tutors' return to the states, another SABS graduate, Eddie Baartman, and his family, moved to the city, so for that time, the two families worked closely together. Says Charlie, "Thus, the transition from the missionary who began the work to the South African who took over was very smooth."

Having met first in the hotel where the Tutors stayed when they arrived in Kimberley, then in the Tutor home, and then in a hired hall, it was a big step forward when the church bought a small but pleasant building from another religious group. Tutors loved Kimberley, and have expressed their great joy in knowing that because their family went there and preached God's word, there is today a church of the Lord in that city.

Shortly before the Tutors left Kimberley, the Eddie Baartman family arrived from SABS to take over the work. The year was 1976. At that time, the Marony family, the Minnaars, and the O'Hely families were members. Maureen Baartman writes in early 1984, "Over the past eight years we have seen many families come and go. The reason for this is not that all members become unfaithful but because Kimberley is not a place where people go to settle permanently. Promotion usually means being transferred to a larger center. The Maroneys and O'Helys are now in Alberton. The LeRoux's are in East London, the White family in Secunda, the Botes family in Middleburg, and the Gerber

family in Lichtenburg: 33 people who have found a haven in Kimberley . . . The people are moving on faster than we can cope. We have reached virtually rock bottom again . . . It seems that Kimberley is like an oasis, a little bit of shelter for the weary traveler."

Maureen's letter goes on to explain that Kimberley is situated so that the congregation there is able to care for soldiers posted in that area, and it is a worthwhile work they are doing to provide a spiritual home for South African soldier boys. They have the boys in their home, and Eddie visits them on the base and is able to help them with their problems. Homes in Kimberley have also been opened to the parents of the boys in service, and the Baartmans would like to encourage churches in other areas to do the same for parents and sons alike. A similar policy is adopted toward Christians who attend boarding school in Kimberley.

The black work at Vergenoeg is in progress with Johannes Mamapolo leading the congregation of some 30 members. Eddie Baartman preaches for them on Sundays after the white service in Kimberley. They meet in Johannes' home and are in need of a larger meeting place. An area of work about to be opened up is among colored folks. A few colored's have been baptized but are now unfaithful, so a concentrated effort among them is needed.

PIETERMARITZBURG

The church in Pietermaritzburg had its beginning when Tex Williams moved there from Port Elizabeth in August, 1958. In January of 1959, he baptized Ian and June Fair. Rueul Lemmons visited the work in South Africa in 1959 (it was his sermons that had been broadcast

over Lorenco Marques from 1948 and the congregation for which he preached in Cleburne, Texas that sponsored our original move into South Africa). Brother Lemmons obtained support from Ozona, Texas, for Ian in the latter part of 1959. Tex and Ian worked closely then for the next several years. Ian preached in Benoni from 1961 to 1963, returned to Pietermaritzburg, and Tex then preached in Benoni from 1964 to 1965.

The black work in the Pietermaritzburg area had its beginning in 1962 when Samson Peters began to be supported by Paris, Texas. That work moved on to a good status and later went on into the Natal School of Preaching which is described in the chapter on preacher training.

Tex returned to the States for further education in 1965, then spent two years with Sunset School of Preaching in Lubbock, Texas before returning to South Africa. He first preached in Durban in 1968 and 1969, then in Pietermaritzburg's black work during 1969 and 1970.

The church in Pietermaritzburg purchased property in 1961 and did the first building in early 1963. Further renovations were done at a later date and a Sunday school wing was built. Plans at time of this writing are to sell the present building and relocate in a new suburb.

Gordon Uys, one of the first SABS graduates, preached for a couple of years in Pietermaritzburg, beginning in 1969. At the end of 1968, a group of Sunset School of Preaching graduates arrived in South Africa and lived first in Durban. Of that group, Milton Wilson went to Port Elizabeth, Don Perry and Jim Suddeath remained in Durban, and Jan Mauck and Delbert McCloud then moved to

Pietermaritzburg. The Maucks remained until 1978. Jack Mitchell arrived in 1972. These men worked with the Natal School of Preaching but also assisted the white church in Pietermaritzburg from time to time. Reg Branford, a 1978 SABS graduate, now in Durban, preached for a while in Pietermaritzburg, and in January of 1983, Andrew Dumbriss, a 1982 SABS graduate, replaced Reg.

The present membership (early 1984) is about 94. Average attendance on Sunday morning is about 65 to 75. Colin Kaufman, who preached for a number of years in Port Elizabeth, supports himself in Pietermaritzburg and assists with teaching and some preaching. Goals for the future include the beginning of a university campus ministry.

PINETOWN

The church at Pinetown, Natal, has had two beginnings. Pinetown is near enough to Durban and the Indian Ocean that the sea can be seen from some places, but far enough from Durban that it warrants having a congregation of its own. In 1966, Walter Jubber and Peter Korsten started the church there, baptized some people, and were joined by a few who moved there from other places. During that time, Walter started a work with Indians at Chatsworth and Shallcross and baptized about 20, many of whom are still faithful today. In 1971, Don Perry, a Sunset School of Preaching graduate joined the workers. There was a problem with which I am totally unacquainted, and later in 1971, the group disbanded and most of the members joined the Durban congregation.

Paul Brady, a SABS graduate of 1976, went first to Durban for two years, then in 1979, with the blessing of

the Durban congregation, the Bradys and two other families went to Pinetown for a new beginning there. They were soon joined by a group of 20 or 25 from the Durban congregation, and families from Pretoria and Zimbabwe moved to the coastal area and found it a good thing to join the Pinetown work. From the time of his graduation from SABS, Paul has always supported himself with a secular job. As of late 1983, Pinetown helps him with a supplemental amount monthly.

In July, 1983, when Greg Woods had to leave Windhoek, Paul Brady suggested he should try to find a church in America to support him to work in Pinetown. At this point, however, history was made in the work of the church in South Africa. Pinetown became the youngest congregation in the country ever to support fully its own preacher. After being in existence for only three and one-half years, with only about 20 wage-earners, Pinetown supports the Woods, contributes toward Paul Brady's support, helps a student, and pays for Allan Kriger's transportation costs in Swaziland. Greg wrote in December, 1983, "They are a wonderful bunch, and we love them." The latest news is that they are negotiating for a piece of land upon which to build.

RUSTENBERG

For many years there have been a few members of the church of Christ in Rustenberg, with some living there for short times and moving away again, including the Andy deLange family of Benoni. I recall visiting in Rustenberg, perhaps in the 1960's and meeting in the home of Frank Saayman who has only recently moved to Randburg. The Saaymans apparently came under the influence of the Topes' "anti" teachings; the marking and separation from the anti brethren had not yet taken place.

Much later than our personal experience in Rustenberg, the Fred Gee family from Zimbabwe, members of the Christian church in Sinoia, moved to Rustenberg and started meeting with the Saaymans. The Gees have two grown daughters who have their own families: the Ashburners and the Simons-Browns who moved from Zimbabwe to the Kempton Park area. Disappointed in the Christian church they found there, they sought out the church of Christ where John Reese and Bill Bryan preached. They became happy, faithful members there, but preferred the more rural type of life and so moved to smaller Rustenberg. The Gees, Ashburners, and Simons-Browns then requested that John Reese or Bill Bryan preach for them once a month. After a year, Paul Williams, an "anti" preacher began to visit and preach on another Sunday each month, probably at the invitation of Frank Saayman. This has created an unusual situation, for in a small group of people there are representatives of three persuasions: the Christian church influence which is liberal, the "anti" people who are ultra-conservative; and the church of Christ which is in between. The move of the Saaymans out of the Rustenberg area removes some of the "anti" influence.

Recent information from John Reese indicates that the Rustenberg members have requested that neither "side" discuss the so-called "issues" in their preaching. John has refrained from so-doing, but Paul Williams has introduced some points of the favorite anti doctrines from time to time.

The Rustenberg congregation has presently about 55 members with average attendance of 48. Men of the congregation preach on the Sundays when Reese and Williams are not there. They meet in the Guides Hall and are saving money for a future building of their own. They have no immediate plans for a supported preacher to work in Rustenberg, but the potential of the town would warrant it. It is a growing town with new factories being built in addition to the platinum mining industry which has been there for many years.

SOUTHWEST AFRICA

Southwest Africa, more recently named Namibia, has been governed by South Africa under mandate, ever since Germany lost her colonies to Britain after World War I. Much of the 318,000 square miles is desert and is very sparsely populated by about 3/4 million people: tribal blacks, coloreds, and white people of German, Afrikaans, and English origin. Vast deposits of uranium and a veritable treasure house of semi-precious stones may one day change the heart of Namibia, but not its face, for that vast expanse of desert and near-desert can never change. Karakul sheep that can exist on rough karakul bush, and cattle that actually thrive on the sparse but rich grass are about its only domesticated animal inhabitants. As the traveler sees only dried-up river beds during most of the year, he may well wonder how humans exist, but some of them do. There are no crops raised, so foodstuffs have to be imported. In fact, there is no manufacturing, so everything has to be imported, with the result that the cost of living is extremely high. To complicate matters for a missionary, there are 9 official languages, although the use of Afrikaans makes it possible to communicate with most people. Greg Woods became proficient in Afrikaans and could preach in it.

Henry Ewing went to Windhoek in the mid '60's with the intention of establishing the church there, but his untimely illness and death brought that effort to naught. When the Greg Woods went there in July, 1975, there was no church of Christ anywhere in the country. From the very outset, work with the white people was difficult since most of them were South Africans working on two-year contracts with various companies. At the end of the contract period, they left. If all of Greg's converts had remained in Windhoek, there would be a good congregation there today. Top membership was 25, and by the time the Woods left in July 1983, nearly everyone else had moved out, so at best there may be only a handful there today.

Greg also started a congregation at Katatura, the black town near Windhoek. The black preacher who was brought from South Africa to help in that work seemed to be all right at first, but he became involved in some criminal activities and eventually returned to the Transvaal. This was a setback for Katatura, but there is still a congregation there.

Greg converted a German farmer by the name of Walter Kirsten, near Maltahohe. Walter and Greg began to teach the black people in the area and a congregation was begun. Services are still being held there, but it is not known how well that work is being done since Walter has

gone to the university to study medicine and is only on the farm during the holidays. There have been as many as 30 to 50 in attendance.

Two Christian families from South Africa started a congregation in the town of Oranjemund, but one of those families has since moved away. A fifth Southwest Africa congregation was started in Swakopmund by some white girls who went to work for the uranium mines there. The leader of the group was Laura Oelofse from Benoni, a girl who had always been active in the youth group there. A teacher moved there from Windhoek and one from New Zealand. Once a month, Greg traveled the 400 kilometers to hold services with them. Otherwise, Laura led the little all-girl congregation in Bible study, and they partook of the Lord's supper and listened to sermons on tapes. The girls have all gone back to their original homes, so there is perhaps no congregation at all in Oranjemund.

Greg was born in Windhoek, finished his education back in South Africa, was converted by Tex Williams, attended SABS, and then returned to his country of birth. He loved the desert and its people, and his wife, Helen, and their daughters were happy to be wherever Greg went. When the church in Kansas that had been supporting the Woods decided to discontinue that work, there was no alternative but for Greg to take his family back to South Africa. Altogether it is a story of lots of hard work and lots of disappointments. However, one can never say that it was a failure, for who knows how or where the gospel message will go as a result of Greg's converts moving on to other places, or what the few who remain may still do

with the foundation they have been given upon which to build.

SPRINGS

When the Hardin family lived in Benoni the first time, from 1957 to 1959, there were several members of the church who lived in Springs and traveled to Benoni for services. In 1959-60, not knowing that Ray Votaw had become more openly "anti" in his doctrinal teachings, John and I encouraged Ray to establish a congregation in Springs. In March, 1960, we moved to Pretoria, and for the first year or two, worked with Votaws in gospel meetings and other special efforts. Leonard Gray preached for a gospel series and John led the singing with over-flow audiences in the little meeting place that had been made from a former shop. Benoni, Turffontein, and Pretoria members supported that Springs effort. Separation from the "anti's" has been described elsewhere in this book.

Springs grew from town to city status and is a progressive and lovely city. It was not until 1978 that Ernie McDaniel moved there from Grahamstown. He rented the Hellenic Society hall, and together with the Toy Edwards family, began to hold services. The Maurice Charletons and Eric Bresslers from SABS assisted during parts of 1978 and 1979. In August, 1979, the Sam Wisharts, also from SABS, placed their membership in Springs. McDaniels were due to return to the States in November, 1980, so Sam gradually worked into the church program so that he could eventually carry it on by himself.

In early 1980, brother McDaniel received some financial help from the U.S. to pay down on a hall which they

bought from an Anglican church in Paul Krugersoord, capable of seating 200. In 1983, when the Welkom church added to their building and obtained new seating, Springs bought their old pews. Those pews had first been in Benoni's original building where Sam Wishart worshipped after his conversion, so as Sam wrote in a letter, "I now feel at home as those are the first pews I ever sat on in the church." Sam is a teacher of technical subjects in the Springs high school.

In 1983, Peet Botha (ex-SABS) became Springs' new minister. He is Afrikaans-speaking, a distinct advantage in a predominantly Afrikaans community. Late 1983 reports show 44 members and attendances in the 50's.

In the Springs black community of Kwa Thema, the preacher, Zechariah Mahlangu was at first wary of the new white congregation lest they be "anti." After several sessions with Sam Wishart, Theo Reppard, and Simon Magagula, brother Mahlangu was convinced that all was scriptural, and there is now good rapport between the two congregations. The Kwa Thema people meet in a school hall and are disturbed by a denominational group which worships noisily, with drums and hand-clapping, a situation with which many of the black congregations must cope.

UITENHAGE

In the Port Elizabeth story, the name of Andy Jooste became well known, for from the time of his baptism in 1953, he was a faithful worker, often carrying a double portion of work with both white and colored congregations. This he did at the same time as he completed his education

and worked as an architect. Andy met Freda Adkins who was in Port Elizabeth with the gospel campaigners under the leadership of Ivan Stewart. In 1971, Andy and Freda were married in Alexandria, Virginia, and the couple made their home and continued their church work in Port Elizabeth. During 1977, Andy attended Freed-Hardeman College in Tennessee, taking a number of Bible courses. He then preached for a time at Seth, West Virginia, before returning to South Africa to begin the work at Uitenhage.

Uitenhage is a mostly industrial city and its culture is mainly Afrikaans, the largest church being the Dutch Reformed. The population of one hundred thousand includes 25% white, 35% colored, and 45% black. Many of the English in Uitenhage are immigrants on limited stay.

Andy is sponsored by the church at Alexandria, Virginia. To quote from a letter from Andy: "One church . . . in West Virginia, pledged support with no personal contact and based only on the comment that John Hardin had taught Andy twenty-five years earlier."

The first meetings of the Uitenhage group were in the home of Jimmy Voulgarelis, and those who attended were Andy and Freda, Andy's parents and sister, Eugene Ward, Colleen Boast and children, and the Voulgarelis family. Other families in Uitenhage and Despatch were contacted and the Park Centre Hall rented for services. Attendances increased to 25, with the Bob Holcombes of Port Elizabeth driving up regularly for several years to assist.

Park Centre Hall had many of the same drawbacks as we had experienced with a rented hall in Port Elizabeth. When at last Park Centre was burned by an arsonist, the congregation met in the Jooste home for a period of nine

Updates on Various Congregations In South Africa

months. The residential property at 23 High Street was purchased in 1981 and adapted for worship and class rooms. In 1982 a baptistry was built. Attendance increased to around 40.

There have been 21 baptisms to date, and the little congregation contributes \$200 per month toward preacher support. Services are held on Sunday afternoons and Tuesday evenings for colored and Afrikaans people using the building facilities.

Outreach efforts include gospel meetings, an annual Vacation Bible School, visitors' evenings, correspondence courses, home Bible studies with film strips, and a monthly youth meeting. Good contact has been made with local boarding school students and several have been baptized, some of whom now worship in other towns. Andy made the comment recently that the Uitenhage church reminds him of the Port Elizabeth congregation in the 50's.

VEREENIGING

Among the many towns and cities of South Africa that are in dire need of a missionary is the city of Vereeniging. A busy center with a predominantly Afrikaans-speaking population, it offers good opportunity for the growth of the Lord's church.

From 1979, there has been a small group of members meeting in Vereeniging. At first the group consisted of John and Melba Manion and Hettie Van den Berg. Then the Heathcote family who had been traveling to worship in Boksburg, and the Dennis Behrmanns from Southwest Africa boosted the numbers to 10. Others have since come

and gone again, but the faithful "core" remain. To this number was added Antonie Maritz who was baptized after a series of Wednesday night studies in the gospels and Acts.

The little group have been carrying on their own services, the local men being assisted in their teaching by some tape recordings made at lectureships and other times. Some outreach is being done by means of a voluntary work at the Provincial Hospital and through benevolent work in behalf of a needy family contacted through Social Welfare. Hettie van den Berg has a Bible study with African girls on a Thursday evening, and Melba Manion has started a little Sunday school class. Melba is also doing a Bible study with Ezekiel, a Zulu boy who wants to become a preacher. Ezekiel will likely be meeting with Walter Paul and the congregation at Grasmere.

Hopes for the future are a meeting place, a full-time preacher, and a good program of work to "bring them in." Melba plans to start a ladies Bible class, and the congregation's contributions are being saved up for a building. The future could be bright for the church in Vereeniging.

WELKOM

In a number of places in this book, I have referred to chains of circumstances, webs of circumstances, cases of people who were converted and brought their friends to the Lord and then fell away themselves, and cases where some seemingly small effort bore wide-spread results. Perhaps one of the most delicate webs of circumstance — not coincidence at all but the guiding hand of the Lord — is woven about the story of Joe McKissick. It was in the early 50's when Joe, a single young man, was teaching

Updates on Various Congregations In South Africa

school in Athens, Illinois, that he read Martelle Petty's plea for travel funds to South Africa. Joe and Martelle had known one another fairly well at Freed-Hardeman College, so Joe sent what he calls a "small donation" to the fund. It was enough to cause Joe to be aware of what was happening in South Africa and he began to watch the progress of that work.

Meanwhile, brother McKissick moved to Cleveland, Oklahoma, to work with the church there, and met Mary Lou Stach who soon became his wife. Later, when Joe and Mary Lou moved to Dalhart, Texas, they learned that Dalhart was partially supporting Guy Caskey in Johannesburg, thus renewing their interest in that mission field.

The McKissicks' interest in missions, thus whetted, nearly led them to become involved in a mission effort in Puerto Rico. At the propitious moment, Guy Caskey made an unexpected trip to the states to raise funds and to find a replacement for himself and Waymon Miller by 1954. Another man was found for the Puerto Rico work, but none for Johannesburg, so Joe and Mary Lou asked the Lord to help them to go there.

It was just a matter of a few months after McKissicks arrived in South Africa that Martelle Petty, the man who had first brought South Africa to Joe's notice, was killed on his motorcycle in Pretoria. Joe wrote about the incident, "Just how his death fits into this pattern of things I don't know. There are some things that eyes cannot see and our finite minds cannot comprehend — but God has a plan and a purpose for each of us."

In March of 1955, it was Joe McKissick who received

the phone call from Benoni, described in the chapter on our move to that city, requesting help in teaching the group who moved away from the church which had changed its name and was planning to sign its building over to the United Christian Missionary Society.

It was the same Joe and Mary Lou who taught and influenced Dougie and Theresa Pullinger in the Turffontein congregation so strongly that when Pullingers were transferred to Welkom, in about 1956, they were instrumental in the purchase of property for a building and for McKissicks' later move to build the congregation in that city. When Dougie and Theresa moved to another town, they came under the influence of the teachings of Armstrong by means of his "Plain Truth" magazine, and sad to say, are no longer "with us." Yet what a part they played!

The Pullingers held their own little services and put their contributions into a special fund so that by the middle of 1958, they had paid for a lot upon which a church building could be constructed. When McKissicks moved to Welkom in September, 1958, they began to hold services in Pullingers' home and later in a school. In less than a year, the church building was completed. Early members include such names as Reyneke, Englebrecht, Klopper, Gerber, van der Merve, White, Evans, Pullinger, Watson, and Coetzee. During the McKissicks' stay in Welkom, their record high attendance was 112 in 1961, and by April, 1962 there was an actual membership of about 65.

Between the time of McKissicks' departure in 1962 and the arrival of the van der Spuys in 1965, there was a period of time during which the men of the congregation

carried on the work on their own, and for a time the Phil Theron family worked there. From this period we have the conversion of Frank and Iris Malherbe who later went to SABS and are now working with the congregation in Turffontein. In mid-1964, Leonard Gray held a most successful gospel meeting with an average of 19 visitors each evening and 17 responses to the invitation.

It was on the first day of 1965 that the van der Spuys began work in Welkom. At that time, attendance was averaging about 55 or 60. Brian van der Spuy was still a young man — too young to be having the health problems that he did. He suffered some heart attacks which we feared would bring a premature ending to a fruitful life, but the Lord had other plans for Brian, and at the time of this writing, he has continued for more than 19 years in Welkom.

Being a gold-mining city, Welkom has always had a problem of transient population, and with the recent dual condition of inflation and recession, members have moved away in large numbers. If this were not so, there would be a membership of many times the 125 reported in early 1984. The original building, constructed during the McKissicks' stay, has been remodeled and/or added to in five steps. First, two extra classrooms were built, then four classrooms in an upstairs block. Next, a kitchen and new restrooms were built, after which the original auditorium was enlarged, and finally, a new auditorium seating 300 has been built with the old one becoming a fellowship hall. Twice it was necessary to buy adjoining ground from the municipality for the building extensions and parking lot.

Among the faithful hard-working members are Billy Watson and his wife, Milly, who have been in the Welkom church for many years. Billy is an elder and an enthusiastic song leader, having studied music at Lubbock Christian College at one time. SABS graduate, Malan Gerber is a deacon and Bible teacher and Joe Seiderer, ex-SABS, was long a great help, but soon to move away. Brian reports many good new members, including two British couples. There are some members who travel from 20 to 70 miles to worship in Welkom, coming from Virginia, Hoopstad, and Henneman.

Immediate future plans are for a new elder and two new deacons in 1984; a regular newspaper column; increased SABS support; and plans to pay off the new building in 5 years. Perhaps most noteworthy is the move to receive possible municipal permission for blacks (not on the mines) to worship with the white congregation.

WELTEVREDEN PARK (PREVIOUSLY FLORIDA)

All around Johannesburg, there are many small towns. To the west is Florida, and there the church had its beginnings in 1972. Peter Korsten was its first preacher. A large house was purchased and renovated to make a room for assemblies and rooms for Sunday school. One of the earliest families was the Saaymans, and soon there were other additions.

In 1977, Nigel Hausberger, a SABS graduate, began to work with the Florida congregation. Nigel had a job in Boksburg and traveled to Florida for all of the services and at other times to be of assistance. Later, Les Massey, who was teaching at SABS, joined in the effort, until he

moved back to Texas.

The Florida church received a very big boost when the Norman Flynns moved there. Norman was an elder at Hillside church in Bulawayo for several years and so was a man of good repute and of experience in the Lord's work. As of December 1983, the congregation, now situated in Weltevreden Park, has about 100 members and a building seating 250. Leaflets were distributed, inviting children in the area to Sunday school, with a response of 25 children. A door-knocking program is in the plans, and a Bible correspondence course is being used. In an area of about 2000 families, "ours is the only lovely church building," to quote Norman. The community is about 80% Englishspeaking, so most of the preaching is in that language, with a small amount in Afrikaans. A new black work has been started in Krugersdorp; the man working there is a World Bible School convert from Gadsden, Alabama. The Gadsden church supports the Flynns and have contributed toward the cost of the Weltevreden Park building. Brother Flynn reports a success story about the new building. They first prayed, then started looking for a piece of land. They needed a half-acre and were short R6,000 for the one they wanted. Norman called the men together and explained the situation, and within 10 minutes, they raised the R6,000. They sold the house they were meeting in for a profit, were able to get a loan for the balance needed, and had a member of the congregation, Harry Simpson, capable of taking charge of the erection of the building at about half what it would have cost by the usual method. There are 7 class rooms, office, cry room, and fellowship room.

To quote brother Flynn: "The week the builders poured the concrete on the foundation, that Sunday, the whole congregation met at the building site, we stood in a circle holding hands and thanking God for his goodness toward us. We did the same when the roof was put on."

"PRAY YE THE LORD OF THE HARVEST"

This chapter began with an apology and it must end with this note of regret that it is impossible to include all churches of all races in such little space. Neither is it possible to include the names of all who have had a part in the growth of these congregations.

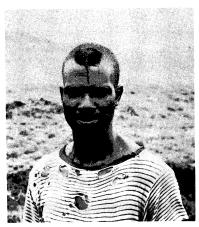
It is with joy that we can look back upon the events recorded in this book, for we see much evidence of growth, and we can be assured that the work is well grounded in the truth of God's word.

The Church of Christ in South Africa is alive and well, but the field is still white unto harvest. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest," for South Africa and for all the world.





- 62. A friendly group at Draaikraal gathers to visit.
- 63. Jackson Sogoni baptizes converts in the Draaikraal area.
- 64. Fresh from the waters of baptism, a tiny droplet of water hangs from the twist of hair between the man's eyebrows.
- 65. Ndebele woman with her ornate beadwork.







66. Keys to a new vehicle are handed over to Bro. Robert Moraba in Sekhukhuniland.

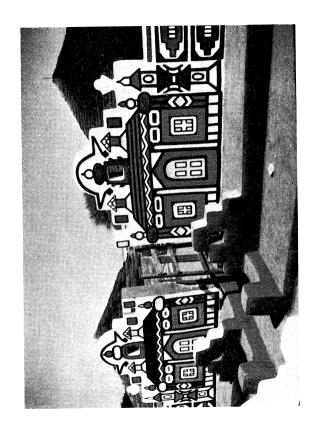
67. All burdens are carried on the women's heads.





68. A native witch doctor.

69. Brilliantly colored walls in a Mapoch village.





- 70. Coca-Cola goes everywhere.
- 71. Young girls work hard grinding meal.





- 72. A musical instrument. The player hums against the taut reed while tapping on the bow with his rattle.
- 73. Baptisms following a tent meeting at Ga-Mmamabolo.



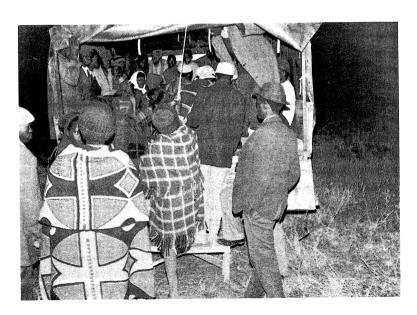


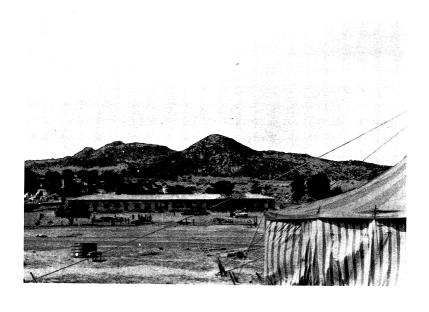
- 74. Church leaders meet in the Apel area.
- 75. The big tent set up at Duthuni.



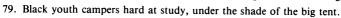


- 76. Group assembled with John Hardin during Naboomkoppies tent meeting, for special church leadership study.
- 77. Typical truckload of passengers ride home after a tent meeting. Blankets attest to the chill of the evening.





78. A typical scene of a tent meeting, erected on the grounds of a village school.





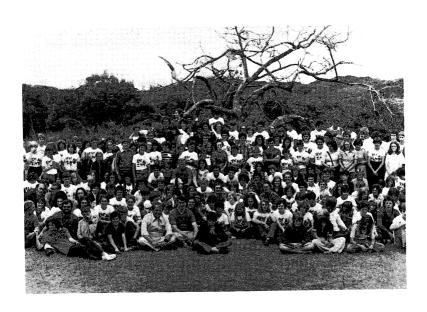


- 80. Christian youth camps always produced a number of baptisms.
- 81. Ladies preparing large quantities of food for a youth camp.

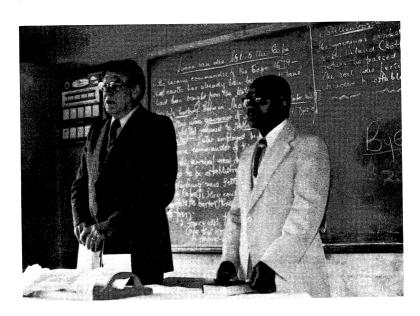




82. The church building in East London.



- 83. A camp for white youth was held at East London.
- 84. In 1978, as the Hardins prepared to leave the mission field, many farewells were held at many places. This one, with John preaching and Simon Magagula interpreting, is typical. Someone had written "Bye-bye" on the blackboard.





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